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J. Montgomery.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY

WITH A MEMOIR

FIVE VOLUMES IN TWO
VOL. I.

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first four volumes of this edition of Montgomery are a reprint, page for page, of the poems collected and revised by the Author himself in 1841. The fifth volume contains the "Original Hymns," also collected and revised by the author, in 1853, — excepting that portion of the volume so styled, which was taken from the Collected Poems; and we have added, in an Appendix, a few pieces, of no particular value, culled from a considerable mass of ephemeral verse, which the overzealous biographers of the Poet have thought proper to insert in their portentous "Memoirs."

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MEMOIR OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, one of the most popular of the sacred or religious poets of England, was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His parents were Irish — his father a preacher of the Society of United Moravian Brethren. James was designed for the same office, and in his sixth year was placed in the Moravian establishment at Fulneck, near Leeds, where he was as effectually excluded from the world and all its ways, as if he had been immured in a Dominican convent.

A love of poetry was kindled in him by hearing one of his masters read aloud Blair's *Grave*. He refused to study for the ministry; and both his parents being then dead (they had died in Barbadoes, his father having been sent on a missionary enterprise to the West Indies), the Brethren at Fulneck put James apprentice to a grocer in Mirfield. He disliked the drudgery of the shop, wrote verses, and at length ran away, with three shillings and sixpence in his pocket.

After some wayside hardships and wanderings, he got engaged as shop-boy in the pretty Yorkshire village of Wath, where he remained for a twelvemonth. He next removed to London, intent on publishing a volume of poetry; but the Brethren of the Row were as adverse to his poetical ambition as the Brethren of Fulneck; and he was glad to obtain employment from one of the number, Harrison, a well-known publisher, as clerk and assistant. He soon tired of London, and retraced his steps back to Wath, perhaps induced in some degree by recollection of a certain Nancy Wainwright, "one of the Wath beauties, whom, I am afraid," he says, "I sometimes looked at in church more than was proper." The looks came to nothing; and this is the only instance of any thing like an approach to gallantry in the long bachelor life of Montgomery.

In his twenty-first year he made another and final removal. He went to Sheffield as clerk to Mr. Gales, an auctioneer and publisher of a weekly newspaper, the *Sheffield Register*. This paper was liberal in its tone and tendencies, and Mr. Gale was marked out as a disaffected man. The whole nation was at that time agitated by the example or by dread of revolutionized France; spies and informers abounded; and local rulers, like the government, were jealous and eager to convict. The Sheffield editor was wrecked in the political storm; the *Register* went down, and in its place

the *Iris* came forth, with James Montgomery for its conductor and proprietor.

He was now in a congenial and independent position; he had a weekly outlet for all his thoughts and musings, whether in prose or verse; and, though no politician, he had a true poet's love of liberty, and hatred of meanness, fraud, or oppression. He was determined to be prudent; he was by nature inoffensive; yet within a twelvemonth, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year, he was twice convicted, fined, and imprisoned for libels. He had printed for a hawker some copies of two old songs that remained in type in the office. One of them related to the destruction of the Bastile in 1789, and was surmounted by a rude wood-cut representing Liberty and the British lion. The hawker sold the songs in the streets, ingeniously drawing attention to his wares by crying "straws to sell." The purchaser of a straw, price one halfpenny, obtained a copy of the ballads; and one of the Sheffield constables, acute as Dogberry, smelt treason in this device of the straws, and in the "effigies" of Liberty and the Lion. The printer was traced; he was found to be the suspected editor of the *Iris;* and Montgomery, after a form of trial, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and to pay a fine of 20*l.*

His second offence consisted in some reflections on the conduct of a colonel of militia, who had displayed superabundant zeal and recklessness in

quelling a street riot. After an extraordinary scene of contradictory evidence, a verdict was given against the publisher of the *Iris*, and he was sent again to York Castle, but for a period of six months, and with the further penalty of a fine of 30*l*. Such oppression seems almost incredible now; and Montgomery said, that "no man who did not live amidst the delirium of those evil days and that strife of evil tongues, could imagine the bitterness of animosity which infatuated the zealous partisans." In his own case he lived to see it all extinguished. He ultimately found friends among his old opponents — even the fiery militia colonel; but for some years he was neither democratic enough for the wild reformers, nor submissive enough to serve the purposes of the local magnates, and his editorial life was truly a life of martyrdom. He was able to retire from it altogether in the year 1825, and on that occasion a great public banquet, presided over by Viscount Milton, was given him by his townsmen and neighbors, men of all ranks, classes, and distinctions. Politics and political strife were now buried forever, and there was a long day of warmth and sunshine after the cold blasts of the morning.

The literary career of Montgomery dates from his incarceration in York Castle. He wrote there, and published in 1797, *Prison Amusements*, a series of short poems, which had only a local reputation. In 1805 he issued another poem, *The Ocean;* and

in 1806, *The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems.* The last of these volumes had gone through two editions, when it happened to fall into the critical hands of Francis Jeffrey, and received a check which, to the sensitive poet, seemed to threaten nothing less than the annihilation of his hopes and labors. The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive. The critic, however, proved a bad prophet: the work continued popular because it was really worthy of popularity; and the criticism must be set down as one of those wanton sins against good taste and proper feeling which the *Review* occasionally perpetrated in its nonage, before it had attained to years of discretion.

Montgomery's next poetical production was written to commemorate the abolition of the slave-trade, and was entitled *The West Indies.* It is in the heroic couplet of Dryden and Pope, and exhibits the poet's command of that peculiarly English style of verse, the best of all for narrative poetry. In 1813 appeared *The World before the Flood*, also in the same measure; in 1819, *Greenland*, a poem founded on the Moravian mission to that remote territory; and in 1827 *The Pelican Island*, a descriptive poem in blank verse, which is unquestionably the most original and powerful of all Montgomery's works. Numerous exquisite little pieces

from his pen came forth in the annuals and other periodicals; and he collected two volumes of sketches, published under the quaint title of *Prose by a Poet.*

In the winter of 1830–31 he delivered a course of lectures on poetry and general literature at the Royal Institution, which were afterwards published in one volume. He was now recognized as a standard English classic, unrivalled in popular sacred poetry and in the poetry of the domestic affections by all but Cowper. His verse was clear, copious, and flowing; always musical, and often strikingly picturesque. If he had no secret beauties of diction or subtle trains of thought and imagination, his works displayed a high and pure moral feeling and strong religious faith, untinctured by sectarian formality or exclusiveness. In his poetry, as in his life, James Montgomery exhibited a catholic spirit that embraced whatever was lovely and of good report. He looked beyond the grave, but never neglected any form of suffering humanity, or call of active duty and brotherly sympathy.

In 1841 a collected edition of Montgomery's works was published in four volumes; and so late as 1853 he issued a series of *Original Hymns.* To his limited means — the small hoard accumulated through years of toil and anxiety — the government, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, added a pension of 150*l.* per annum. The latter years of the old poet were thus passed in ease and

comfort. To all benevolent and missionary schemes he lent a willing hand; his townsmen were proud of him, and his society was much courted. When he had nearly reached the allotted period of threescore and ten, he made a pilgrimage to Scotland, and finding out the house in the "Half-way" of Irvine where he first saw the light, he shed a flood of tears at the humble scene of his birth. He was publicly received by the magistrates and other inhabitants of Irvine; and in Edinburgh he also met with a marked and honorable reception. His history altogether affords a fine example of virtuous and successful perseverance, and of genius devoted to pure and noble ends, — not a feverish, tumultuous, and splendid career, like that of some greater poetical heirs of immortality, but a course ever brightening as it proceeded, — calm, useful, and happy. He attained to the great age of more than eighty-two years, dying at his residence near Sheffield on the 30th of April, 1854. Memoirs of his life and writings, with extracts from his correspondence and journals (somewhat too voluminous and indiscriminate), have been published, in 7 vols. 8vo, 1855–6, by two of his friends, John Holland and James Everett.

GENERAL PREFACE.

On the appearance of a new edition of these collected works, at so late a period of his long and desultory course, the author feels himself justified in giving more publicity than would formerly have been expedient to some of those peculiar circumstances, which, having governed his choice of subjects, and influenced his manner of handling them in his earlier compositions, have continued more or less to determine the character and tone of the whole.

The small pieces, accompanying "The Wanderer of Switzerland," in the first volume, which gained for him a name, however humble, among his poetical contemporaries, were almost exclusively *personal;* — reveries, reminiscences, and anticipations referring to blighted hopes, existing troubles, and fearful forebodings of evils to come. Of this singularity, he was so little conscious at the time, that, when first pointed out to him, the discovery alarmed the morbid egotism which had betrayed him into it, quite as much as the offence itself, if it were one, shocked the modesty, and pro

voked the scorn, of critics in the highest place. Without pretending to vindicate this or any other indiscretion, into which he may have been misled by that self-love which is self-ignorance, or that ignorance of the world which is not the greatest crime in it, especially when found in a young man, — he must now, at an advanced age, hazard the charge of committing a more aggravated offence of the same kind (since what is venial in verse may be deemed unpardonable in prose), when he frankly lays before his readers such information concerning himself as shall enable those, who will take the necessary pains, to better understand, and more correctly to appreciate, the merits or defects of productions, which have incurred more censure and won more favor than can often fall to the lot of an obscure and solitary adventurer in verse.

Passing over in this place the vicissitudes of his previous life till, at the age of twenty years, he became a resident in the town of Sheffield, he will offer, as the least exceptionable mode of communicating the proposed intelligence, portions of two statements which have been locally circulated, when he retired from the invidious station, which he had maintained, for more than thirty years, through good report and through evil report, as proprietor and conductor of the *Iris*, a weekly journal sufficiently notorious in its day. The first of these documents contains an exposition of the motives and principles on which he had acted, — and acted

at his peril even to the last, — throughout his editorial career; presented in full confidence to those who, at the time and upon the spot, were the most competent judges of the writer's veracity. The following paragraphs are quoted from the farewell to his readers when he had parted with the above-mentioned property, — not because he had made his fortune, but because he could not afford to make it at the expense of so much peace of mind as the effort increasingly cost him, "so to exercise (himself) as to have always a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward men," — a duty, which he found harder and harder to fulfil, just in proportion as he became more and more impressed with the responsibility which he owed to both for what he sent forth into the world on all manner of subjects, and among all classes of the community.

"Sheffield, September 27, 1825.

"A man can seldom speak of himself, in public, without appearing vain or ridiculous. Yet there are occasions when, at any peril, it is right for him to do so. After having conducted the *Iris* for one-and-thirty years and upwards, I ought not to lay down my pen without a few words at parting.

"I came to this town in the spring of 1792, a stranger and friendless, without any intention or prospect of making a long residence in it, much less of advancing myself, either by industry or talents, to a situation that should give me the

opportunity of doing much evil or much good, as I might act with indiscretion or temperance. The whole nation, at that time, was disturbed from its propriety by the example and influence of revolutionized France; nor was there a district in the kingdom more agitated by the passions and prejudices of the day than this. The people of Sheffield, in whatever contempt they may have been held by supercilious censors, ignorant of their character, were then, as they are now, and as I hope they ever will be, a reading and a thinking people. According to the knowledge which they had, therefore, they judged for themselves on the questions of reform in parliament, liberty of speech and of the press, the rights of man, and other egregious paradoxes, concerning which the wisest and best men have always been divided, and were never more so than at the period above mentioned, when the decision, either way, was not to be merely speculative, but practical, and to affect permanently the condition of all classes of persons in the realm, from the monarch to the pauper, — so deep, comprehensive, and prospective was the view taken by every body, on the issue of the controversy. The two parties in Sheffield, as elsewhere, arrayed themselves on the contrary extremes; some being for every thing that was old, the rest for every thing that was new. There was no moderation on either side: each had a little of the truth, while the main body of it lay between; yet it was not

for *this* that they were contending (like the Greeks and Trojans for the body of Patroclus), but for those few dissevered limbs which they already possessed.

"It was at 'the height of this great argument,' that I was led into the thickest of the conflict, though, happily for myself, under no obligation to take an active share in it. With all the enthusiasm of youth, — for I had not then arrived at years of discretion, — I entered into the feelings of those who avowed themselves the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity. Those with whom I was immediately connected verily were such; and had all the reformers of that era been generous, upright, and disinterested, like the noble-minded proprietor of the *Sheffield Register* (as this paper was then called), the cause which they espoused would never have been disgraced, and might have prevailed even at that time, since there could have been nothing to fear and all to hope from patriotic measures supported by patriotic men. Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favor of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience, which (I may fearlessly say so) long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words raging in the neighborhood, beyond an occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of showing my literary than my political qualifications. Ignorant of

myself, and inexperienced in the world as a child of seven years old, having actually not lived so long among its every-day inhabitants, even when I became editor of the *Iris*, I, nevertheless, was preserved from joining myself to any of the political societies till they were broken up in 1794, when I confess I did associate with the remnant of one of them for a purpose which I shall never be ashamed to avow, — to support the families of several accused leaders, who were detained prisoners in London, under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and who were finally discharged without having been brought to trial. I simply state the fact any explanation of my motives would be irrelevant here: they satisfied me then, and they satisfy me now. Since that time I have had no correspondence with any political party whatever.

"From the first moment when I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground; I have stood upon it through many years of changes, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave when I shall no longer have a part in any thing done under the sun. And this was my ground, — a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or water, to do what was right. I lay stress upon the purpose, not on the performance, for that was the pole star to which my compass was pointed, though with considerable variation of the needle; for, through characteristic

weakness, perversity of understanding, or self-sufficiency, I have often erred, failed, and been overcome by temptation on the wearisome pilgrimage through which I have toiled: — now struggling through 'the Slough of Despondency;' then fighting with evil spirits, in 'the Valley of Humiliation;' more than once escaping martyrdom from Vanity Fair,' and once at least (I will not say when) a prisoner in 'Doubting Castle,' under the discipline of Giant Despair. Now, though I am not writing this address in one of the shepherds tents on the 'Delectable Mountains,' yet, like Bunyan's Christian, I can look back on the past, with all its anxieties, trials, and conflicts, thankful that it *is* the past. Of the future I have little foresight, and I desire none with respect to this life, being content that 'shadows, clouds, and darkness dwell upon it,' if I yet may hope that 'at evening time there will be light.' But I must return to days gone by.

"It was on the 4th of July, 1794, that the first *Iris*, in succession to the *Sheffield Register*, was published. Then, and for twelve months ensuing, I was in partnership with an esteemed coadjutor, by whose liberality and confidence I was enabled the next year to continue the paper alone. This was done under disadvantages and difficulties, of the extent of which I was little aware; I persevered, however, through a series of sufferings, desertions, crosses, and calamities without a name, against

which I had nothing to oppose but the shield of patient endurance, for neither sword nor spear was found in my hand. I had many foes, but I did not overcome them in battle; I outlived their enmity; and so mercifully did the Providence of God overrule their wrath, that when they had repeatedly triumphed over me, the very hands which had smitten me down were stretched out to raise me up, and by the arms that had fought against me I was supported for years in a path of moderate prosperity. At the commencement of my career, 'twice in the course of twelve months I was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for imputed offences.' I choose to quote these words from the preface to the first volume in which I appeared as an author. I can now add, that all the persons who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795 are dead, and without exception they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honor of the deceased, and as an evidence, that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed.

and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers. Such at least was my experience, and gratitude to God and man required this testimony from me, when the motives from which it is given cannot be suspected.

"On two other occasions I was in danger of legal vengeance. In the first case, I had been merely the printer and publisher of a tract, for a person of wealth and character, who, I admit, may possibly have been ignorant of the misery of fear and suspense in which he involved me, for, till a prosecution should be actually commenced, I had determined never to apply to him, and I never did. [Nor did he ever allude to the circumstance in later intercourse with me.] That gentleman, if living, now resides far from Sheffield, and will not be betrayed by this intimation concerning a fact, which I state as a warning to inexperienced publishers. The article itself was a speculative argument respecting war, and, like all other charges which have been brought against me, referred to the iniquity of shedding man's blood. The next case of threatened but abortive prosecution assumed a more formidable aspect, the subject being a paragraph of my own, which appeared in the *Iris* in the autumn of 1805, containing some strictures on the campaign in Germany, in which the renowned General Mack certainly saved an immense effusion of human blood by surrendering himself and his army alive into the hands of Buonaparte. I never

knew how this blow missed me, for it was aimed with a cordiality that meant no repetition of the stroke. I had made up my mind to meet it, 'as the anvil meets the hammer,' — to avow the sentiments, and stand or fall by them, without any other defence than the simple plea of Not guilty.' — The death of Lord Nelson probably saved me; for in the next *Iris*, having to announce that lamentable event, I did it in such a strain of patriotism (in the best sense of *that* word) that my former week's disloyalty was thereafter overlooked. I have sometimes thought that I was indebted for my escape to the firmness and good sense of a gentleman in authority, who declined to countenance the conspiracy against me.

"No man who did not live amidst the delirium of those evil days, and that strife of evil tongues, can well imagine the bitterness of animosity which infatuated the zealous partisans. I was peculiarly unfortunate in being the heir, I may say, to the treasured wrath that was ready to burst upon the head of my predecessor, at my very outset in the world of politics; for example, — before I had committed any offence whatever, — I found myself visited with a punishment directly intended for another, in the withdrawal of all the county advertisements from the *Iris*, merely because it took the vacated place of the *Sheffield Register*. It was years before those advertisements were allowed to me. Nay, such was the reign of terror at home

that persons, well disposed to serve me in the way of business, have brought their orders to the office, with express injunctions that no imprint should appear at the foot of their bills, &c. lest they should give offence, and come to harm for having employed an obnoxious press.

"It is true, that, amidst all these tribulations, I had many ardent and active friends, by whose help I was carried through my legal adversities with small pecuniary loss, and with all the consolations which kind offices could afford. One instance of rare magnanimity I must mention. The late Doctor Browne stood by me through every perplexity. He was then at the head of the town, and having the command of all the public business, he never failed to throw as much of it into my hands as circumstances would warrant. What rivals solicited, and enemies would have intercepted, he resolutely and gratuitously bestowed upon me, though I never asked a boon of him, nor in any way compromised my own independence to insure his patronage Even when I was under prosecution, and in prison, at the instance of those with whom he was politically connected, he never changed countenance towards me, nor omitted an opportunity of serving me. The resolutions and addresses of loyal meetings he has repeatedly brought away with him to my office, jocularly telling me what battles he had been fighting in my behalf to win them. The manliness with which these favors were conferred, gave

them a grace and a value beyond what I could estimate at the time, and, probably secured for me a measure of personal respect in the town, which, otherwise, I might not have so easily obtained. It was in the crisis of my affairs, and during the heedlessness of youth respecting ulterior consequences, that he thus delicately and dexterously aided me, both against my adversaries and myself. Meanwhile I did not shrink from expressing my own opinions in the very newspapers which he made the vehicle of his when at variance with mine; nor did I perceive that I lost his esteem by such conduct. On one occasion, indeed (not political), we had a misunderstanding respecting a point which he very earnestly urged, but which I would not yield, because I was confidently right, according to my most deliberate judgment. This disagreement occurred during a personal interview at his house; but I had scarcely reached home, when I received from him a conciliatory message, which did equal credit to his candor and his condescension. This tribute I gladly pay to the memory of the greatest public character that has done honor or service to Sheffield; and I should prove myself unworthy of his former regards, if I did not thus record the name of Doctor Browne as one of my earliest, longest, and best benefactors.

"At the close of 1805 ended the romance of my life: the last twenty years have brought their cares and their trials with them, but these have been of

the ordinary kind, — not always the better to bear on that account. On a review of them I can affirm, that I have endeavored, according to my knowledge and ability, to serve my townspeople and my country with as little regard to the fear or favor of party men as personal infirmity would admit. From the beginning I have been no favorite with such characters. By '*the Aristocrats*' I was persecuted, and abandoned by '*the Jacobins*' (as the contending factions were reciprocally styled in those days). I have found as little grace in the sight of the milder representatives of these two classes in later times; yet, if either have cause to complain, it is, that I have occasionally taken part with the other, and sometimes dissented from both, — a presumptive proof of my impartiality. Whatever charges of indecision may be brought against me by those who *will* see only one side of every thing, while I am often puzzled by seeing so many as hardly to be able to make out the shape of the object, — it cannot be denied, that, on the most important questions which have exercised the understandings or the sympathies of the people of England, I have never flinched from declaring my own sentiments, at the sacrifice both of popularity and interest. I refrain from particulars.

"If I have not done all the good which I might, and which I ought to have done, I have rejected many opportunities of doing mischief; a negative kind of virtue, which sometimes costs no small self-

denial in the editor of a public journal to practise. While I quit a painful responsibility in laying down my office, I am sensible that I resign the possession of great power and influence in the neighborhood. These I cannot have exercised through so many years, without having made the character of my townspeople something different from what it would have been, had I never come among them. Whether they are better or worse for my existence here, they themselves are the best judges. This I can affirm, that I have perseveringly 'sought the peace of the city' wherein I was led as an exile to dwell; and never neglected an occasion (so far as I can remember) to promote the social, moral, and intellectual improvement of its inhabitants. Nor in retirement can I forget, that the same duty I still owe to them. Either through the channel of this paper, or by personal exertions for the public welfare, I shall be happy to avail myself of any favorable opportunity to show my gratitude for all the hospitality, patience, kindness, and friendship, which I have hitherto experienced from the people of Sheffield."

After circulating the foregoing address at the close of his editorial course, the Author of these volumes had no thought of further intruding his personal affairs upon the public, either at home or abroad; but, in November of the same year (1825), an entertainment having been given him by his townspeople and neighbors, of every shade of political and religious distinction, avowedly as a token

of respect and esteem for him, both in his public and his private character, he was necessarily called upon to make some acknowledgment for the honor and kindness thus bestowed upon him. From the printed report of the sentiments which he uttered on that occasion, the following passages referred, more distinctly than would have been becoming in the newspaper farewell, to his literary aspirations, disappointments, and successes. The preamble and close, bearing principally upon the speaker's conduct in certain local concerns with which he had been long and actively connected, would be irrelevant here. Lord Viscount Milton (now the Earl Fitzwilliam) being in the chair, their guest gave the following account to his Lordship and the company of his former labors and sufferings: —

"I do not know that I ever stood in a more difficult situation than that in which I find myself at this moment. I have often encountered opposition, and if I have seldom triumphed, I have never been so vanquished by hostility, but that I have in the end risen above it. Against friendship, however, I cannot hold out; the force of kindness is too much for me; I yield, and cast myself on your indulgence, confident that *this* will not fail me, though both thoughts and language may, in attempting to address you under my present embarrassment.

* * * * *

"Since I came to this town I have stood through many a fierce and bitter storm, and I wrapt the man-

tle of pride tighter and tighter about my bosom, the heavier and harder the blast beat upon me; nay, when I was prostrate in the dust, without power to rise, or a friend strong enough to raise me, I still clung to my pride, or, rather, my pride clung to me, like the venomed robe of Hercules, not to be torn away but at the expense of life itself. However haughtily I may have carried myself in later trials and conflicts, the warmth and sunshine of this evening, within these walls, compel me, irresistibly, because willingly, to cast off every encumbrance, to lay my pride at your feet, and stand before you modestly, yet upright, in the garment of humility. But the humility which I now assume is as remote as possible from baseness and servility; nay, it is allied to whatever is noble and excellent in social feeling, — it is the offspring of gratitude; gratitude for the favor shown to me this day, by friends, fellow-townsmen, and neighbors. The deaf and dumb boy being required to define 'gratitude,' wrote down upon his slate, 'it is the remembrance of the heart:' — may my heart never lose its memory!

* * * * *

"With politics I do not mean to trouble you here; I have already made my last speech and confession on those topics, as Editor of the *Iris*. Respecting that farewell address, I know not that I have any thing to add, to explain, or to retract. I give credit to every gentleman present for as much

honesty in the choice of his opinions, and as much independence in the assertion of them, as I have always claimed for myself; I only ask, what, indeed, the presence of so many reputable persons of dissimilar persuasions, at this social board, assures me that I have, — I only ask that I may be judged by others as I myself desire to judge them. I may be allowed to observe, that if there be a day in the three hundred and sixty-five that compose the year, — and surely out of three hundred and sixty-five there must be one at least, — on which the civil war of parties should be suspended, and a truce, nay, a jubilee, of all true patriots held; it is the fourth of November (the speaker's birthday), on which are commemorated, not the event only, but the principles, of the revolution of 1688. From these principles we all profess to derive our peculiarities; — before we take one step then towards dissension, we are all standing on common ground, and, to be consistent, we must be concordant to-day.

"But the terms of the requisition for this meeting warrant, if they do not make it incumbent on me, that I should allude to a character, in which I have won more honor, and hardly suffered less severely, than I have done in politics. In the issue of circumstances too minute and perplexing to bear exposure here, the following was my situation when I came, a stranger, to Sheffield. I had fondly, foolishly, sacrificed all my friends, connections, and prospects in life, and thrown myself headlong into

the world, with the sole view of acquiring poetic laurels. The early, ardent breathing of my soul from boyhood had been,

> 'What shall I do to be for ever known?'
>
> COWLEY.

and to gain 'golden opinions from all sorts of men by the power of my imagined genius, was the cherished hope and determined purpose of my mind. In the retirement of Fulneck, among the Moravian Brethren, by whom I had been educated, I was nearly as ignorant of the world and its every-day concerns, as those gold fishes swimming about in the glass globe on the pedestal before us are of what we are doing around them; and when I took the rash step of running into the vortex, I was nearly as little prepared for the business of general life, as they would be to take a part in our proceedings, were they to leap out of their element upon this table. The experience of something more than two years (at the time to which I now refer) had awakened me to the unpoetical realities around me, and I was left to struggle alone amidst the crowd that compose the world, without any of those inspiring motives left to cheer me, under the delusive influence of which I had flung myself amidst scenes, and into society, for which I was wholly unfit by feeling, taste, habit, or bodily constitution. Thus I came hither, with all my hopes blighted like the leaves and blossoms of a premature spring, when the woods are spun over with insects' webs, or

crawling with caterpillars. There was yet life, but it was perverse, unnatural life, in my mind; and the renown which I found to be unattainable, at that time, by legitimate poetry, I resolved to secure by such means as made many of my contemporaries notorious. I wrote verse in the doggerel strain of Peter Pindar, and prose sometimes in imitation of Fielding and Smollett, and occasionally in the strange style of the German plays and romances then in vogue. Effort after effort failed. A Providence of disappointment shut every door in my face, by which I attempted to force my way to a dishonorable fame. I was thus happily saved from appearing as the author of works which, at this hour, I should have been ashamed to acknowledge before you. Disheartened at length with ill success, I gave myself up to indolence and apathy, and lost seven years of that part of my youth which ought to have been the most active and profitable, in alternate listlessness and despondency, using no further exertion in my office affairs than was necessary to keep up my credit under heavy pecuniary obligations, and gradually though slowly to liquidate them.

"During this dreary interval, I had but one friend and counsellor at home, Mr. EBENEZER RHODES,* and another at Manchester, Mr. JOSEPH

* The author of *Peak Scenery*, a beautiful descriptive work, embellished with admirable engravings from sketches by Sir

Aston, with whom I frequently corresponded. To these two I confided my schemes, enterprises, and miscarriages; and they, so far as they could, consoled me with anticipations of a favorable change in the taste of the times, or a luckier application of my talents, when such productions as mine might be acceptable to the public. About the year 1803 I wrote, in my better vein of seriousness (being sickened with buffoonery and extravagance), a lyric poem, which appeared in the *Iris* under a signature not likely to betray me. Such were the unexpected applauses bestowed upon this piece (especially by the friends whom I have named), that, thenceforward I returned to the true Muses, abjured my former eccentricities, and said to myself,

> 'Give me an honest fame or give me none.'
>
> Pope.

Though I made not a literal vow to this purport, yet I have ever since endeavored to act as though such a vow were upon me; and I do think, that no person in this room, or elsewhere, can rise up to contradict me. One occasional lay after another, in the same reformed spirit, was issued in the course of the two following years. I then began to collect the series into a volume for publication. While this was slowly proceeding through my own

Francis Chantrey. Mr. Rhodes might have been a poet of no mean order, had he continued to cultivate the talent by which he was advantageously known in his youth. He departed this life in December, 1839.

press, a gentleman of high talent and skill both in poetry and painting, Mr. WILLIAM CAREY, made several visits to Sheffield; and with him I soon became so well acquainted, that I freely communicated to him my poems and my projects. With zeal, intrepidity, and perseverance most exemplary, he took up my cause, and not only recommended the unknown poet in distant parts of the kingdom which he visited professionally, but made me better known as such even at home, where for a long period I had been principally celebrated as the writer of a weekly article, entitled *Facts and Rumors*, in my own newspaper.

"Soon afterwards THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND appeared, and was immediately hailed by another stranger of distinguished abilities, as a poet, an essayist, and a critic, the late Dr. AIKIN. He took the poor foundling under his protection, — I may say, adopted it into his family, — for his illustrious sister, Mrs. BARBAULD, and his accomplished daughter, Miss LUCY AIKIN (who has since proved herself worthy of her lineage by her own admirable writings), as well as two of the Doctor's sons, each eminently gifted, — I eagerly avail myself of the present happy opportunity of confessing obligations, — these, all utterly unknown to me, except by their respective works, introduced my little volume into the literary circles of the metropolis, and secured for it, within a few weeks, a reading,

which advertisements and reviews might not have obtained in twelve months. This poem and its accompaniments were rapidly rising in reputation, when a critical blast came over my second spring from so deadly a quarter (*The Edinburgh Review*), that I thought my immortality once more, and for the last time, slain. The devoted volume, however, survived, and it survives to this hour. Meanwhile one publication after another was issued, and success upon success, in the course of a few years, crowned my labors, — not indeed with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my great contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus, my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own, it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it, from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost. I attribute this to no extraordinary power of genius, or felicity of talent in the application of such power as I may possess; — the estimate of that I leave to you who hear me, not in this moment of generous enthusiasm, but when the evening's enjoyment shall come under the morning's reflection: — the secret of my moderate success, I consider to have been the right direction of my abilities to right objects. In following this course I have had to contend with many disadvan

tages, as well as resolutely to avoid the most popular and fashionable ways to fame. I followed no mighty leader, belonged to no school of the poets, pandered to no impure passion; I veiled no vice in delicate disguise, gratified no malignant propensity to personal satire; courted no powerful patronage; I wrote neither to suit the manners, the taste, nor the temper of the age; but I appealed to universal principles, to imperishable affections, to primary elements of our common nature, found wherever man is found in civilized society; wherever his mind has been raised above barbarian ignorance, or his passions purified from brutal selfishness.

"I sang of war, — but it was the war of freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the Abolition of the Slave Trade, that most glorious decree of the British Legislature, at any period since the Revolution, by the first parliament, in which you, my Lord, sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh! how should I rejoice to sing the Abolition of Slavery itself, by some parliament of which your Lordship shall yet be a Member! This great act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our day. Renouncing the Slave Trade was only 'ceasing to do evil;' extinguishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.' Again: I sang of love, the love of country, the love of my own country; for,

——— next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! thee I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults I love thee still!

I sang, likewise, the love of home; its charities, endearments, and relationship; all that makes 'Home *sweet* Home;' the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred, and country, and clime upon earth. I sang the love of virtue which elevates man to his true standard under heaven; I sang, too, the love of God, who *is* love. Nor did I sing in vain. I found readers and listeners, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and piety will not soon cease out of the land, I may expect to be remembered through another generation at least, if I leave any thing behind me worthy of remembrance. I may add, that from every part of the British empire, from every quarter of the world where our language is spoken, — from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland and the South Sea Islands themselves, — I have received testimonies of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms and eulogiums from

the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch, — the voice of posterity.

" But I might have been a notable politician in my day, and forgotten as soon as my day was over. I might have been a far greater poet than I am deemed, and have left a name behind me, which would have rendered illustrious the place where I had so long resided ; and, in either of these cases, honors and rewards ' suitable to my pretensions might have been conferred upon me, — but they would not have been such as my townspeople and neighbors have this day bestowed upon me. For these I am mainly indebted to a circumstance of equal interest both to the benefactors and the beneficiary, — I have been your fellow-laborer in many a great and good work for the amelioration of the condition, not of the poor only, but of every class of the community in Sheffield and Hallamshire. . . . . All eyes have been continually upon me ; and as I have seldom done absolutely ill, and *appeared* to be generally, nay, I will say sincerely, that I *was* actually — endeavoring to do well, I have gained credit for my deeds rather proportioned to my obvious intentions than my positive merits. The rewards and honors which I am enjoying through your kindness, therefore, are not the hasty expres-

sions of temporary feeling; — they have been more than thirty years in preparation. For these I return you my most fervent and cordial acknowledgments; but, in conclusion, let me frankly state the situation in which you have placed me from this day forward.

"You have brought me to this altar of hospitality. We have broken bread, we have eaten salt together. And you have done this, not merely to give me a splendid proof, in the eyes of all the world, of the estimation in which you hold my general conduct and character since I became an inhabitant of Sheffield; — but you have done it, also, to require of me a pledge, that my future conduct and character shall correspond with the past. And this I give you freely, fully, hand and heart and voice. . . . . But let me remind you, that you have committed to my keeping a very perilous charge. The honor awarded to me, with all deference to your judgment, is one which perhaps ought rather to have been posthumous than antedated. . . . . 'No man can be pronounced happy till he is dead,' said a sage of antiquity. In the same spirit I may say, No man's character is secure till death has set the seal of eternity upon it. Mine, however, unsealed, you have given to my own custody. Recollecting that the credit of yours is now implicated with it, I shall have a double motive to deliver safely, and in due course, this yet unratified instrument of trust,

at the grave, there to be enregistered till the great day of account. If I succeed in doing this, I may with confidence leave the care of my good name to your posterity."

The foregoing records, rescued from the perishing pages of the local newspapers of the day, will not, after the lapse of fifteen years, be less, but rather more necessary for the proper intelligence of many of the pieces, especially the earlier ones, contained in these volumes. The principal poems are now republished in the same order as they originally appeared, accompanied, for the most part, by the miscellaneous compositions then attached to them.

From the preface to the former edition of these collected productions the following paragraph shall close this retrospective preamble: "On the greater part of these poems, the judgment of the public has been so long exercised, and so gradually formed, that it may by this time be considered irreversible. Wherefore, having little further to hope, and less, perhaps, than once he had to fear, the Author is willing to acknowledge, that, with the place which has been assigned to him among numerous and far more successful contemporaries, he has abundant reason to be satisfied. What may become of his name and his writings in the next age, it is not for

him to anticipate here ; he has honestly endeavored to serve his own generation, and, on the whole, has been careful to leave nothing behind him to make the world worse for his having existed in it, and obtained an influence, however small, beyond his personal circle, and to the brief limit of what may be his posthumous memory."

The Mount, near Sheffield,
October 27, 1840.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

A POEM, IN SIX PARTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE *Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems* appeared in the spring of 1806. The volume had been leisurely printed in the *Iris* Newspaper Office, when the occasional want of better employment for the types afforded opportunity. It was begun without any definite aim, continued without a hope worth a fear of disappointment, and completed at the hazard of proving as ephemeral as the ordinary issues from the same press. Most of the contents were composed during this slow process. The leading poem itself was so produced, and substituted for one of a very different character, the sheets of which were cancelled to make room for it. Had this timely sacrifice of a favorite piece of juvenile extravagance not been made, it is hardly to be imagined that the speculation would have been other than a failure, though several of the smaller effusions, under the signature of *Alcæus*, having found admission into the *Poetical Register* of preceding years, had attracted honorable notice from critics

whose praise would have been sufficient, upon minds less depressed than the author's, to act as "Fame,"

> "The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
> To scorn delights and live laborious days."
>
> MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

The immediate origin of the first poem in the series was purely incidental. And here, having good precedents, even in this fastidious age, to avoid the idle circumlocution of telling a plain tale of one's self in the third person, I shall venture hereafter to use simple egotism in such preliminary remarks as a few of the following compositions may seem to warrant.

In the year 1798 the independence of Switzerland had been virtually destroyed by France, though, till 1803, the cantons were nominally allowed to exercise home-jurisdiction. Bonaparte then interfered, and urged them to form "a constitution for the security of both countries;" — the wolf urging the lamb to frame a league for the equal security of the fold and the den! On the 13th of January, in the year last mentioned, the following paragraph was given in my *Weekly Recapitulation of Facts and Rumors:* — "In his letter to the Swiss deputies, Bonaparte demands an entire sacrifice of all their factious and selfish passions, and in the same breath he sets them a noble example of disinterested moderation, by peremptorily declaring that he will not permit the establishment of any kind of government in the cantons, which *may be* hostile to his

own, for Switzerland *must* in future be *the open frontier of France.*" The law of the strongest of course prevailed, and the mountains were compelled to pass under the yoke; but of the brave mountaineers, multitudes, scorning submission, began immediately to emigrate to the neighboring countries, but more especially to America, whither, it was said at the time, thousands had transported themselves and their families into voluntary exile, with the view of establishing a Swiss colony in some unoccupied part of the far West. On the 17th of February, this circumstance was thus recorded, under the head above mentioned in the *Iris:* — "The heart of Switzerland is broken; and Liberty has been driven from the only sanctuary which she had found on the Continent. But the unconquered, the unconquerable offspring of Tell, disdaining to die slaves in the land where they were born free, are emigrating to America. There, in some region remote and romantic, where Solitude has never seen the face of man, nor Silence been startled by his voice, since the hour of creation, may the illustrious exiles find another Switzerland, another country rendered dear to them by the presence of Liberty. But even there, amidst mountains more awful, and forests more sombre than his own, when the echoes of the wilderness shall be awakened by the enchantment of that song which no Swiss in a foreign clime ever hears without fondly recalling the land of his nativity, and weeping with affection, how will the

heart of the exile be wrung with home-sickness! and oh! what a sickness of heart must that be, which arises, not from '*hope deferred*,' but from '*hope extinguished, — yet remembered!*'"

A friend, on reading these lines, said, "You should write a poem on the subject; it is a fine one." I answered, "It might be made the burden of a ballad;" — the idea instantly springing up, that a metrical dialogue, after the manner and about the length, of the well-known fragmentary cento of "It was a friar of orders grey," etc., would be a fit medium to comprise and communicate the sentiments of the paragraph. The thought followed me, till I was compelled to turn round and follow it. The first part of the *Wanderer of Switzerland* was then struck out at a heat, and shown to my adviser; he approved of it, and encouraged me to proceed. The phantom, however, flitted before me from one unexpected change in the plan to another, till, as I proceeded, taking the course that opened, rather than that which had been premeditated, I was carried so far beyond the original conception, that the sole point which was aimed at in the commencement was the last that could be attained, at the close of the poem: for though I never lost sight of that object in the widest discursion by the way, it continued to recede as I pressed onward to approach it, like one of the Alpine peaks in the scene of the Song, resting, when first discovered, on the apparently near ring of the horizon, yet not to

be reached till all the valleys, lakes, and eminences between, hidden among their own intersections, had been painfully, and step by step, traversed.

The remaining contents of the volume were chiefly melancholy ruminations on personal sorrows and troubles, in which I had few to sympathize, and none to console; for, though these were, externally, the obvious consequences of youthful follies and misfortunes (*see the General Preface*), the main causes of my unexplained malady lay far deeper, and were identified with the conditions on which life itself was held by the sufferer. These morbid symptoms of a "mind diseased" were too tempting not to expose the compositions that betrayed them and their author to the heartless sarcasms of those critical inquisitors, who, in the exuberance of self-complacency, delight to torment the miserable, when it can be done wisely — that is, with impunity. The unpretending volume, however, thus cast upon the world, met with such early and fostering favor among strangers of another class, that the first edi tion of five hundred copies only being soon exhausted, my liberal booksellers, Messrs. Longman and Co., adopted the foundling work, and published a second of double that number; which going off as quickly as the former, they issued a third impression of two thousand copies within a few months of its first appearance. Then came a check which threatened nothing less than annihilation tc my labors and my hopes. The *Edinburgh Review*

of January, 1807, denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive. Reviewers may be infallible in their critical judgments, — and in their own courts, they are so, of course, — but when the most sagacious of them turn prophets, they show that they have as little claim to that character as poets themselves have, in these degenerate days when it can no longer be said, as of old, that

> —— "the sacred name
> Of poet and of prophet is the same."

The writer of the article alluded to was pleased to say, in his plural capacity, "We are perfectly persuaded, that, in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or of any other of the poems in this collection;" — a prognostic as true, probably, as any thing else in the entire paper, and worthy, it must be confessed, of honorable mention, on the appearance, in the present series, of a thirteenth edition of the same poems, three and thirty years after they had been left for execution, in less than a tenth of the time which has elapsed since the sentence of oblivion was recorded. Of this, the critic himself may have had some second-sighted anticipation, when, within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a *fourth* impression (1,500 copies) of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the *Edinburgh Review* itself was issued; while, for sev-

eral years afterwards, successive editions of that and other works from the same excommunicated quarter, were printed by Messrs. James Ballantyne and Co. And all these "feeble outrages" were committed, notwithstanding the tender mercy of the reviewer towards the culprit, so amiably exemplified in his forbearance to do justice, till the third offence became "too alarming to be passed over," according to the following very frank acknowledgment in the preamble to the *critique*:—

"We took compassion upon Mr. Montgomery, on his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns, and other provincial literati, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence; and though we are perfectly persuaded, that, in less than three years, nobody will know the name of the Wanderer of Switzerland, or of any of the other poems in this collection, still we think ourselves called upon to interfere, to prevent, in as far as in us lies, the mischief that may arise from the intermediate prevalence of so distressing an epidemic. It is hard to say what numbers of ingenuous youth may be led to expose themselves in public, by the success of this performance, or what addition may be made in a few months to that great sinking fund of bad taste, which is daily wearing

down the debt which we have so long owed to the classical writers of antiquity."— *Edinburgh Review*, No. xviii. January, 1807.

When a giant of twenty horse-power undertakes

"To break a butterfly upon a wheel,"

it is ten to one but he misses his aim, and stuns his own arm by the violence of the first stroke; while the silly insect flits away, to the delight of, "it is hard to say, what numbers of ingenuous youth," who have been "led to expose themselves in public," on so august an occasion, irreverently shouting, —

"*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*"

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

*** The historical facts alluded to in the following narrative may be found in the *Supplement* to *Coxe's Travels in Switzerland*, *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and *Zschokke's Invasion of Switzerland by the French* in 1798, translated by Dr. Aikin.

THE

WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young children, emigrating from their Country in consequence of its Subjugation by the French in 1798, *arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.*

Shep. "WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

Wanderer. "In the sunset of my day,
Stranger, I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey,
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace;
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants — O their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
— In his country's battle fell!"

Shep. "SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth?"
Wand. "Ay — 'twas SWITZERLAND of yore;
But, degraded spot of earth!
Thou art SWITZERLAND no more:

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world."

Shep. "Yet will Time the deluge stop:
Then may SWITZERLAND be blest:
On St. Gothard's * hoary top
Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

Wand. "No! — Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,
Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

Shep. "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

* ST. GOTHARD is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of URI, the birthplace of Swiss independence.

On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse! I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

Shep.'s Wife. "I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims! welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief!
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

Wand. "When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love."

Shep. "Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter-fagots raise:
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

Mourners! now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,

Closely draw your fire-side chairs;
Form the dear domestic round."

Wand. "Host! thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine:
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine."

Shep. "Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys;
'Tis the fairy ring of bliss!"

Wand. "O ye loves and joys! that sport
In the fairy ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court:
I had once a home like this!

Bountiful my former lot
As my native country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills.

But those streams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain stands.

By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers,* dark with death,

* More properly the AVALANCHES; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in

Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang — suspended by a breath:

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steeps they fall;
— For a pulse will break the charm,—
Bounding, bursting, burying all.

Struck with horror, stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die: —

In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

Shep. "Hush that melancholy strain,
Wipe those unavailing tears:"
Wand. "Nay — I must, I will complain;
'T is the privilege of years:

'T is the privilege of Woe,
Thus her anguish to impart:
And the tears that freely flow
Ease the agonizing heart."

such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The GLACIERS are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the vallevs than on the summits of the Alps.

Shep. "Yet suspend thy griefs awhile:
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese from mountain-dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits;

These, with soul-sustaining bread,
My paternal fields afford:—
On such fare our fathers fed;
Hoary pilgrim! bless the board."

END OF PART I.

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. "WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

Wand. "Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of 'Hope deferr'd'
My tormented bosom tear: —
On the tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er UNDERWALDEN'S vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm: —
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke:
To the Lake of poor LUCERNE,
All submitted to the yoke.

READING then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on BRUNNEN'S plain; *
But in vain his banner blazed,
READING drew his sword in vain.

* BRUNNEN, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the lake of URI, where the first Swiss Patriots, WALTER FURST

Where our conquering fathers died;
Where their awful bones repose;
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.*

Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their fathers' graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell,
Treason made the victors slaves! †

Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part,
UNDERWALDEN last expired,
UNDERWALDEN was the heart.‡

of URI, WERNER STAUFFACHER of SCHWITZ, and ARNOLD of MELCHTAL in UNDERWALDEN, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again, in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

* On the plains of MORGARTHEN, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country; ALOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, URI, SCHWITZ, and UNDERWALDEN, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of FRANCE

† By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General SCHAWENBOURG was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

‡ The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of UNDERWALDEN

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA'S menace fired their blood;
With one heart and voice they rose:
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came:
(My poor daughter was his wife;
All the valley lov'd his name;
ALBERT was my staff of life).

alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive* or *dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

From the council-field he came;
All his noble visage burn'd;
At his look I caught the flame,
At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd;
Vigor beat through every vein;
All the powers that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On MORGARTHEN'S dreadful day;
And through SEMPACH'S * iron field
This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my Spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain.

* At the battle of SEMPACH, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of UNDERWALDEN, named ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, commending his family to his countrymen, sprang upon the enemy, and, burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

Quickly from our hastening foes,
ALBERT's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
These who loved us, — these beloved.*

Then our cottage we forsook;
Yet, as down the steeps we pass'd,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim, behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming Lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
STANTZ,† with simple grandeur crown'd,

* Many of the UNDERWALDERS, on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

† The Capital of UNDERWALDER.

Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the Widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her offspring dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

Shep. "By the lightning's deadly flash
Would her foes had been consumed!
Or amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd!

Why did justice not prevail?"
Wand. "Ah! it was not thus to be!"
Shep. —"Man of grief, pursue thy tale
To the death of Liberty."

END OF PART II.

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.

Wand. "FROM the valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach'd our shores,
Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangor of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leap'd to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held;
— Till the waves were warm with blood,

Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood.*

For, on that triumphant day,
UNDERWALDEN'S arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd invasion from her shore.

GAUL'S surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled:
Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
UNDERWALDEN'S glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

Star of SWITZERLAND! thy fame
No recording Bard hath sung;
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue!†

* The French made their first attack on the Valley of UNDERWALDEN from the Lake: but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

† In the last and decisive battle, the UNDERWALDERS were

While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light; —

Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;
All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake.

— In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb:
O! 't is venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;

overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
('T was an omen of our fate)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming rush'd between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their prey
GAUL'S remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,

Like the eternal rocks we stood
In the cataract of the Rhine. *

Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,
Children raise their little arms
In their country's evil day.

On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death.†

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew: —
O ye Spirits of the slain,
Slain on those your prowess slew!

* At SCHAFFHAUSEN. — See COXE'S Travels.

† In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the UNDERWALDERS fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own!

Virtue, valor, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the Father to the ground;
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound.*

UNDERWALDEN thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,
With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo! a band of SCHWITZERS came.†

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below;‡

* An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

† Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the canton of SCHWITZ arrived at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of UNDERWALDEN,—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

‡ The LAVANGES are tremendous torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight;
Death and silence all behind.

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before their thunder strokes,
When they laid the cedars low,
When they overwhelm'd the oaks!

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way;
Till, by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD."

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the Circumstances attending the Death of Albert.

Shep. "PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valor's consecrated bed.

Wanderer! cheer thy drooping soul,
This inspiring goblet take;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr'd brethren's sake."

Wand. "Hail! — all hail! the Patriot's grave.
Valor's venerable bed:
Hail! the memory of the Brave;
Hail! the Spirits of the dead.

Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this, —
Immortality of fame.
Immortality of bliss."

Shep. "On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,

How was noble ALBERT slain?
How did'st thou, old Warrior, fare?"

Wand. "In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious ALBERT bow'd his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
ALBERT and his warriors stood:
We were few, but we were men.

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe:
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell?
O, how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd, — they died free.
ALBERT stood, — himself an host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary gloom array'd
All the giant-mountains sleep —

High in heaven their monarch * stands
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining into distant lands
Like a new-created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
ALBERT was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
— But in ALBERT'S blood I lay.

* Mont BLANC; which is so much higher than the surrounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory, while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke, — the spirit fled,
But I *felt* his last embrace."

Shep. "Man of suffering! such a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"
Wand. "Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!
W.'s Wife. "Help, O help! my daughter dies!"

Wand. "Calm thy transports, O my wife!
Peace for these dear orphans' sake!"
W.'s Wife. "O my joy, my hope, my life,
O my child, my child, awake!"

Wand. "God! O God, whose goodness gives;
God! whose wisdom takes away;
Spare my child!"
Shep. ——————— "She lives, she lives!"
Wand. "Lives? — my daughter, didst thou say?

God Almighty, on my knees,
In the dust will I adore
Thine unsearchable decrees;
— She was dead: — she lives once more.

W.'s Dtr. "When poor ALBERT died, no prayer
Call'd him back to hated life:
O that I had perish'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife!"

Wand. "Dare my daughter thus repine?
ALBERT! answer from above;
Tell me, — are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love?"

W.'s Dtr. "Does not love! — my father hear;
Hear me, or my heart will break:
Dear is life, but only dear
For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you;
Yes! — I am a mother still,
Though I feel a widow too."

Wand. "Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
All kind names in one, — my child:
On thy faithful neck I fall;
Kiss me, — are we reconciled?"

W.'s Dtr. "Yes, to ALBERT I appeal: —
ALBERT, answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife. "Faint and way-worn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

Wand. "Yes, the hour invites to sleep;
Till the morrow we must part:
— Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel-hands your eyelids close;
Dream of Paradise to night."

END OF PART IV.

PART V.

The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his Adventures after the Battle of Underwalden.

Shep. "When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

Peace to ALBERT's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to ALBERT's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

Wand. "On the fatal field I lay
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,

Heedless though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening-dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
— She was *childless* by her look,
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

Then with desperation bold,
ALBERT'S precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

ALBERT'S angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen;
And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade; —
With such weapons FREEMEN fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife;
Ploughshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my ALBERT'S grave;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long represt,
Gush'd: — they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn, unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head
Burst asunder; — ALBERT rose!

'Ha! my Son — my Son,' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'

— 'Fly, my father,' — he replied;
'Save my wife — my children save.' —

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er:
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe;
Horror petrified my blood, —
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

Shep. "Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

Wand. "Ay! — my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew; —
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds, athwart the sky,
Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN'S heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks.
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,

Once they led their brides along,
Now! — Perdition seize thee, France!"

Shep. "Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground?"

Wand. "Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar
Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not stay;
It shall burst on GALLIA'S head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpecting dead.

From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart.

Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
He — but distance mocks my sight,
O thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

Shep. "Prophet, thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

Wand. "Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
By the midnight tempest tost,
In a sea of vapors dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost;

Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ — a melancholy pyre —
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire,
Writhing, raging in the wind.*

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funereal lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night;

While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,

* The town of STANTZ, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of UNDERWALDEN, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

Whence a slow consuming ray
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;
Still I gazed: — the spark expired —
Nature seem'd extinct: — I fled. —

Fled; and, e'er the noon of day,
Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay —
Husband — Father — think the rest."

END OF PART V.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

Shep. "WANDERER, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?"

Wand. "In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West;
There my weary limbs to lay
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,

But where Nature worships GOD
In the wilderness alone;

— Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free:
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,
Never since creation lay
On a human breast before; —

Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT'S babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

Shep. "Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thine end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

Wand. "Though our Parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new-fledg'd her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains, can ye chain the will?
Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
No; I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North.*

* There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to GOD to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding

'Freedom, in a land of rocks
'Wild as Scandinavia, give,
'POWER ETERNAL! — where our flocks
'And our little ones may live.'

Thus they pray'd; — a secret hand
Led them, by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

To the vale of SCHWITZ they came:
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labors spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose!

— So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plough the valleys, tame the floods; —

Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,

food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. GOD, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of SCHWITZ, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of URI and UNDERWALDEN.

Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied, and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

Shep. "Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind; —

And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
— Simple, tender, and sublime; —

How will thy poor cheek turn pale,
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
UNDERWALDEN'S charming vale,
And thine own sweet cottage, rise!"

Wand. "By the glorious ghost of TELL;
By MORGARTHEN'S awful fray;
By the field where ALBERT fell
In thy last and bitter day;

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise!
— Ha! the spell has waked the dead:
From her ashes to the skies
SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark! her voice: — 'My sons, awake;
'Freedom dawns, behold the day:
'From the bed of bondage break,
''Tis your Mother calls, — obey.'

At the sound, our Fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my Brethren: cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves:
Rise, — your Mother's voice obey,
And appease your Fathers' graves.

Strike! — the conflict is begun;
Freemen, Soldiers, follow me.
Shout! — the victory is won, —
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!"

Shep. "Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm!
Sheathe, oh sheathe, thy frantic sword!"
Wand. "Ah! I rave — I faint: — the charm
Flies, — and memory is restored.

Yes, to agony restored,
From the too transporting charm: —

Sleep for ever, O my sword!
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm!

SWITZERLAND is but a name:
— Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
SWITZERLAND is still my home."

END OF PART VI.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; — O my Mother Earth!
Take home thy Child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! — a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, — my brain runs wild, — I rave;
— Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
— "I am THE GRAVE

'The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen! — I will speak no more: —
Be silent, Pride!

'Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee LIVE! — repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy; — go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER? — Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE! — and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER? — Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE! — thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"Live! — and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"Live! 'T was a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask, — and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"— Whate'er thy lot, — whoe'er thou be, —
Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! — Arise! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE."

1804

THE LYRE.

"Ah! who would love the lyre!"
W. B. STEVENS

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung;
While at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We must now for ever part;

For in vain thy poet sings,
Woos in vain thine heavenly strings;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which ALEXANDER sigh'd for,
That which CÆSAR'S soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings, have died for —
Glory! — animates my breast:
Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
Pour their death-defying notes;
To arms!' they call: to arms I fly,
Like WOLFE to conquer, and like WOLFE to die.

"Soft! — the blood of murder'd legions
Summons vengeance from the skies;
Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
All in awful judgment rise. —
O then, innocently brave,
I will wrestle with the wave;
Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow, ye breezes! — gently blowing,
Waft me to that happy shore,
Where, from fountains ever flowing,
Indian realms their treasures pour;
Thence returning, poor in health,
Rich in honesty and wealth,
O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
In their lonely dwellings sing:
Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
Undiscover'd as their spring,
I will scatter o'er the land
Blessings with a secret hand;
For such angelic tasks design'd,
I give the lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in air his harp be hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark! — the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers
— Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;
To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstasies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre.

Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'T is JOVE that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part:
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the field, the main;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What, though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
Heaven — that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed, —
Heaven gave this Lyre, — and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed."

1803.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring, — the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace, —
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds, — and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads; —
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms; —
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favorite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah! WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly —
And yield the year to SPRING.

SONG.

Round Love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies:
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!
The wily Siren shun;
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone:
When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware;—
Her smile is hope — her frown despair.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

This sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled; — no longer known than seen;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been; —

But mournful Cowper, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere death the eternal mystery seal'd
— Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

When "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of Brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humor smiling:
With ermine beard and forelock grey,
His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We 'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH!"

1799.

RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain;
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form —
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;

RELIGION'S yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living GOD.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign!

1799.

"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

Ossian.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest?

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?

Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left — she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair·
Can you call to mind the feeling?
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on YOU ALONE!

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No, the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
  While the heart is all resign'd;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
  'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
  Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
  Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
  Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
  Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
  Heard a dear dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
  Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
  You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling
  From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
  While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising,
  Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
  Rose in ecstasy sublime,

Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend; and by this token,
You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

1808.

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

*** At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.

HARP of Memnon! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the SUN's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire:

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

Bright as beauty, newly born,
Blushing at her maiden charms;
Fresh from Ocean rose the Morn,
When the trumpet blew to arms.

Terrible soon grew the light
On the Egyptian battle-plain,
As the darkness of that night,
When the eldest born was slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
As the Red Sea surges roar,
Leave a gloomy gulf behind,
And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
Gallia's brightest, boldest boast,
In a deep and dreadful tide,
Roll'd upon the British host.

Dauntless these their station held,
Though with unextinguish'd ire
Gallia's legions, thrice repell'd,
Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
Towering to the sacred spheres,
Stand the Pyramids sublime, —
Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran Chief drew nigh,
Conquest towering on his crest,
Valor beaming from his eye,
Pity bleeding in his breast.

Britain saw him thus advance
In her Guardian-Angel's form;

But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
High he rode in vengeance dire;
To his friends a leading star,
To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
Slaughter feasted on the brave!
'T was the Carnival of Death;
'T was the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE'S doom,
Lightning wing'd a cruel ball:
'T was the Herald of the Tomb,
And the HERO felt the call —

Felt — and raised his arm on high;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell,
O 't would cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell!

Gash'd with honorable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendor through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,
She shall wander o'er this plain,
Rave, — and bid her orphan child
Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
O ye evening breezes, rise!
O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of MEMNON! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
O'er the plain with carnage spread,
Soothe the dying while they flow
To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones
Tremble from thy plaintive wires:
Hark! the wounded WARRIOR groans:
Hush thy warbling! — he expires.

Hush! — while Sorrow wakes and weeps:
O'er his relics cold and pale,

Night her silent vigil keeps,
In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON! from afar,
Ere the lark salute the sky,
Watch the rising of the star
That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,
In a flood of hallow'd fire,
O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,
And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
Let them pierce the HERO'S grave;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
O how sweetly sleep the brave!

From the dust their laurels bloom,
High they shoot and flourish free;
Glory's Temple is the tomb;
Death is immortality.

1801.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For NATURE never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O PILLOW! yet to me,
My gentle FRIEND survives in thee:
In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On HELICON's inspiring brink,
Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsy saw, — she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers;
The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence:
O Knowledge! worthless at the price,
Bought with the loss of PARADISE.

As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then NATURE's charms his heart possess'd,
And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast:
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
In NATURE's temple, NATURE's God:
Or pierced the human breast to scan
The hidden majesty of Man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride:
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source;
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
— Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.

No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue;
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd:
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name, — a life in death,
Denied — a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O PILLOW! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But, ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O PILLOW! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,

They stung remembrance to despair:
"A wounded spirit who can bear!"
Meanwhile disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirious fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell!
There was on earth no POWER to save:
— But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
RELIGION! — Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace:
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

1803.

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE, OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

Who, with seven others of his religious community, had suffered a long confinement in the Castle of York, and loss of all his worldly property, for conscience sake, in the years 1795 and 1796. He was a thoughtful, humble-minded man, and occasionally solaced himself with "*Prison Amusements*" in verse, at the time when the author of these stanzas, in a neighboring room, was whiling away the hours of a shorter captivity in the same manner.

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke;
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest;
Welcome from a world of woe.
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
As he bore thy soul on high;
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

— Ye that mourn a FATHER's loss,
Ye that weep a FRIEND no more,
Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
Which your FRIEND, your FATHER, bore.

Grief, and penury, and pain
Still attended on his way;
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress
('T was the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk'd with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?

Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls —
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay:
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day!"

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade!
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair:
NATURE faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er NATURE'S shrinking head:
Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
— God is Coming! — God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?

NATURE, startled NATURE reels,
From the centre to the poles;
Tremble! — Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble! — God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling NATURE gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art LOVE!
Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
"Peace on Earth, to Man good-will."

NATURE! GOD's repenting child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark the nightingale, afar,
  Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening star
  In the rosy-tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
  NATURE's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
  Was a covenant of peace;
VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod:
MERCY is the POWER OF GOD.

1805.

ODE TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,

ON THE PROSPECT OF INVASION.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie!

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR'S corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION'S breath,
And bathed in WOMAN'S tears!

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

— But the wild waves shall sweep
BRITANNIA'S foes away,
And the blue monsters of the deep
Be surfeited with prey. —

No! — they have 'scaped the waves,
'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws;

They come! but O, shall GALLIC SLAVES
Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws?

By ALFRED'S Spirit, No!
— Ring, ring the loud alarms;
Ye drums, awake! ye clarions, blow!
Ye heralds, shout "To arms!"

To arms our Heroes fly;
And, leading on their lines,
The BRITISH BANNER in the sky,
The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
Its terrible array;
Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
That thunder on their way: —

The rushing armies meet;
And while they pour their breath,
The strong earth shudders at their feet,
The day grows dim with death.

— Ghosts of the mighty dead!
Your children's hearts inspire;
And while they on your ashes tread,
Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return;
Our Fathers' spirits rise;
— My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
The lightning of your rage;
Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
The TITANS of the age.

They yield, — they break, — they fly;
The victory is won:
Pursue! — they faint, — they fall, — they die:
O stay! — the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE! rest:
Sweet MERCY cries, "Forbear!"
She clasps the vanquish'd to her breast;
Thou wilt not pierce them there?

— Thus vanish BRITAIN'S foes
From her consuming eye;
But rich be the reward of those
Who conquer, — those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
The living HERO'S brows;
But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
— His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
The dangers he has braved,
He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
Which his own valor saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, weep:
On this triumphant plain,

Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep
For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
That loved to look on you;
O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
Whose latest breath was true:

With knots of sweetest flowers
Their winding-sheet perfume;
And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
The WARRIOR'S corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION'S breath,
And bathed in WOMAN'S tears.

— Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And O be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!

Their loveliest mother Earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

1804.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

Returning from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile:

Edmund, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers;
Ella, the lily of the vale,
The rose of Auburn's bowers.

In airy Love's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To Hymen's awful chain.

"Ah! why," said he, "our bliss delay?
Mine Ella, why so cold?
Those who but love from day to day,
From day to day grow old.

"The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
Nor leaves a trace behind;
And single lives like arrows fly,
— They vanish through the wind.

"In Wedlock's sweet endearing lot
Let us improve the scene,

That some may be, when we are not,
To tell — that we have been."

"'Tis now," replied the village Belle,
"St. Mark's mysterious Eve;
And all that old traditions tell
I tremblingly believe: —

"How, when the midnight signal tolls,
Along the churchyard green
A mournful train of sentenced souls
In winding-sheets are seen.

"The ghosts of all whom DEATH shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear.

"If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
ELLA will be his bride."

She spake, — and, like the nimble fawn,
From EDMUND'S presence fled:
He sought, across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead.

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n EDMUND quak'd with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

—Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd
As oft did EDMUND start;

For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the churchyard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding-sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
Sick with severe surprise!
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave;
He saw the face of DEATH:
No pitying power appear'd to save —
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay;
At length the vision broke:
— When, lo! — a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair:
"— My Love! my ELLA!" EDMUND flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

"Ha! who art thou?" His cheek grew pale:
A well-known voice replied,
"ELLA, the lily of the vale;
ELLA — thy destined bride."

To win his neck her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid,
His speed outstript the wind;
But, — though unseen to move, — the shade
Was evermore behind.

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,

She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewildered and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'T was evening; — all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart; — a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold:
He flew, — a funeral met his eyes:
He paused, — a death-bell toll'd.

"'T is she! 't is she!" — He burst away;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewilder'd mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale ST. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

1799.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
— I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand, — it shrunk, — but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye —
'T was kind, but beautifully shy:

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamor'd, woos young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood, — and all his wrath defied;
I stood, — though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph; — and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her, for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'T was on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;

And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise, —
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear, —
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet: — all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday;
I met a wedding, — stepp'd aside;
It pass'd, — my HANNAH was the bride.

— There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
— My heart grew cold, — it felt not then:
When shall it cease to feel again?

1801.

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1808.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the Sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,

O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'T is FLORA's page; — in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

Winter, retire,
Thy reign is past;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away.
Winter, retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light;
Hence to dreary arctic regions
Summon thy terrific legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
And purer skies,
O southern breeze!
Awake, arise:

Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
Melt the snow;
Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
The freshening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment through the air;
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desert bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace!
At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease:

Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
First born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth
She bursts from Winter's tomb;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But, lo! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak.

— When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty sportive child,
On the winter-wasted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant sky
All the sweetness of thine eye;
— Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of Flora's dance;
Simple Snow-drop, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see;
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose:

All the beauties that appear
On the bosom of the Year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
— All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
— Their hues, their odors, all are thine.
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muse's keen prophetic sight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

— There is a Winter in my soul,
The winter of despair;
O when shall Spring its rage control?
When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there?
Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly pass away:
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promise of a morn
That never turns to day!

— But, hark! methinks I hear
A still small whisper in mine ear;
"Rash youth, repent:
Afflictions, from above,
Are angels sent
On embassies of love.

A fiery legion at thy birth,
Of chastening woes were given,
To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
And plant them high
O'er yonder sky,
Transform'd to stars, — and fix'd in heaven."

1805.

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF 1805.

All hail to the ruins,* the rocks and the shores!
Thou wide-rolling Ocean, all hail!
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars.
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
With eager and awful delight,
From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee;
I gaze, — and am changed at the sight;
For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
My soul, like the sun, with a glance
Embraces the boundless expanse,
And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd pole.

* Scarborough Castle.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
Where the billows are rubies on fire,
And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
Are sweet as the Phœnix's pyre:
O regions of beauty, of love, and desire!
O gardens of Eden! in vain
Placed far on the fathomless main,
Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming zone,
He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds:
The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death;
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the ground.

Ah! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,

His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea?

There are, gloomy OCEAN! a brotherless clan,
Who traverse thy banishing waves,
The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
Whom Avarice coins into slaves:
From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers' graves,
Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
They are dragg'd on the hoary abyss;
The shark hears their shrieks, and, ascending to day,
Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them beneath,
And makes their destruction its sport!
But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
And waft them in safety to port,
Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon resort
Where Europe exultingly drains
The life-blood from Africa's veins;
Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
And spurns at his footstool the image of God!

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour!
And Vengeance is bending her bow;

Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow:
Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below:
The floods return headlong, — they sweep
The slave-cultured lands to the deep;
In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd!

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
More lovely than clouds in the west,
When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
Sinks softly and sweetly to rest?
— No! — Father of mercy! befriend the opprest;
At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
May the sorrows of Africa cease;
And the slave and his master devoutly unite
To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light! *

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
Her star-lighted course through the skies,
High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
And turns upon Europe her eyes;
Ah me! what new prospects, new horrors arise!
I see the war-tempested flood
All foaming, and panting with blood;
The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores,

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian missionaries among the negroes in the West Indies.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
Consuming her foes in her ire,
And hurling the thunder of absolute sway
From her wave-ruling chariots of fire:
— She triumphs; — the winds and the waters conspire
To spread her invincible name;
— The universe rings with her fame;
— But the cries of the fatherless mix with her praise,
And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.*

O Britain! dear Britain! the land of my birth;
O Isle, most enchantingly fair!
Thou Pearl of the Ocean! Thou Gem of the Earth!
O my Mother! my Mother! beware;
For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare:
O let not thy birthright be sold
For reprobate glory and gold!
Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
They weigh down thy trunk — they will tear up thy root: —

The root of thine OAK, O my country! that stands
Rock-planted, and flourishing free;
Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
And its shadow eclipses the sea:
The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree;

* While the author was meditating these stanzas, in sight of the ocean from the Northern Cliffs, intelligence arrived of the naval victory of Sir Robert Calder, over the French and Spanish fleets off the western coast of Spain.

From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung;
Its boughs with their trophies are hung;
Their spirit dwells in it: — and, hark! for it spoke
The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak!

"Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
Who inherit our battle-field graves;
Though poor were your fathers,— gigantic and bold,
We were not, we could not be, slaves;
But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
The spears of the Romans we broke,
We never stoop'd under their yoke;
In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone, —
The world was great CÆSAR's — but Britain our own.

"For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we rose
With new vigor, new life from each fall;
By all we were conquer'd: — WE CONQUER'D THEM ALL!
— The cruel, the cannibal mind,
We softened, subdued, and refined:
Bears, wolves, and sea monsters, they rush'd from their den;
We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them to men.

"Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tenderest, strongest of chains:

Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins;
One race we became: — on the mountains and plains
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,
The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

"Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath!
To our children, a sacred bequest:
O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death!
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,
And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest:
— Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME."

THE COMMON LOT.

A Birth-day Meditation, during a solitary winter walk of seven miles, between a village in Derbyshire and Sheffield, when the ground was covered with snow, the sky serene, and the morning air intensely pure.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: — and WHO was HE?
— Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone: —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear!
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o er ;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled ;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more ;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O, she was fair ! — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was — whatever thou hast been ;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of Him afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN !

November 4, 1805.

THE WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS,

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE, BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE, IN 1807.

"*Receive him for ever; not now as a servant, but above a servant,— a brother beloved.*" — St. Paul's Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.

PREFACE.

In the spring of 1807, while I was mourning over what Lord Byron has been pleased to call my "*lost works*," from the havoc which the Edinburgh Reviewers have made of them; and while I was meditating how I might indemnify my enterprising publishers for the waste paper of two thousand copies, which they had recently issued at their own risk, — a more formidable calamity than my early "blossoms perishing before the northern blast," overtook me, which threatened destruction to hopes more reasonable, and resting upon foundations more substantial than castles in the air, which may be upheld by a puff, or blown down with a breath.

The slow but sure prosperity of my newspaper met with a check, which might bring upon it decay not less sure and much less slow than had been the gradual ascendency which it had gained through thirteen years of patient struggling against rivalship

hostility, lukewarmness, and desertions, as the passions and prejudices of political friends or antagonists fluctuated, sometimes in favor, sometimes against the resolute independence of principle, and right of private judgment, which I had always maintained. Ruin both of fame and fortune — humble as were my desires in regard of the latter, and vain as my aspirations after the former had been — now seemed inevitable to one, who, from the unhappy experience of his youth, had been accustomed, under the serenest aspect of the passing hour, to look forward to the darkest "shadows" which "coming events cast before" them.

In this twofold dilemma, since misfortunes seldom come single, and expecting a long brood to follow, I was giving myself up to despondency, when I received a letter from the late Mr. Bowyer, of Pall Mall (to whom I was an entire stranger), announcing, that he had projected a splendid memorial of the recent triumph of justice and humanity, in the Abolition of the Slave Trade by an Act of the British Legislature, — in a series of pictures, representing the past sufferings and the anticipated blessings of the long-wronged and late-righted Africans, both in their own land and in the West Indies. The engravings from these designs were to be accompanied by a poem illustrative of the subject. This he very courteously requested me to contribute. Soon elated as soon depressed, I eagerly, yet tremblingly, undertook the commission, for I could not help doubting

the wisdom of Mr. Bowyer's choice of a poet, after the judgment which had been passed upon my recent performances by the critical infallibilities of my own country. But the prize held out was worth an effort at any peril to my doubtful reputation, especially as the condemned volume had been more graciously treated by the censors of literature in the land which had adopted me from my childhood, than in that which had given me birth. Wherefore, having ever since I penned a paragraph, either in verse or prose, for a newspaper, availed myself of every fair opportunity to expose the iniquities and abominations of the Slave Trade and Slavery, I gave my whole mind to the theme. It haunted me day and night, in the house and in the field, alone or in company; however engaged in business, in conversation, or in amusement, the process of thought and of composition was continually in exercise, and under all these different situations and incompatible circumstances, portions of the poem were either suggested, elaborated, or suddenly, not to say spontaneously, produced. This fact may account for a certain tone of earnestness and vehemence, pervading many passages, which a friendly but candid critic told me gave to the versification the character of loud speaking. Such as it was, however, the public willingly listened and sufficiently approved.

Mr. Bowyer, meanwhile, having extended his plan, and instead of one poem, having obtained three, I found myself honorably associated with the late

James Grahame, Esq. the author of *The Sabbath*, and Miss Benger, to whom our national literature is indebted for several valuable works in history and biography. The publication, from various hinderances which interfered, did not take place till 1809. The following is a copy of the Original Preface to my portion of the work, entitled "*The West Indies*," which preceded the contributions of Mr. Grahame and Miss Benger, the one entitled "*Africa Delivered*," and the other "*The Abolition of the Slave Trade.*"

October 17, 1840.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS poem was undertaken at the request of **Mr. Bowyer**, in May, 1807. The author had not the resolution to forego an opportunity of being presented before the public, in a style of external magnificence, which he would never have had the assurance to assume unsolicited. Though he is convinced that, were it proper to explain the private history of this work, he would be fully acquitted of presumption in having accepted the splendid invitation of the proprietor, yet he cannot help feeling that an appearance so superb, instead of prejudicing the public in his favor, will, in reality, only render him more obvious, and obnoxious to criticism, if he be found unworthy of the situation in which he stands. Conscious, however, that he has exerted his utmost diligence and ability to do honor to his theme, and well aware that his poem can derive no lustre from the accompanying embellishments, unless it first casts a glory upon *them*, he thinks himself warranted to hope that it will be read and judged with the same indul

gence, which, from past success, he believes it would have experienced had it been produced in a form more becoming his pretensions as a man and a writer.

There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The author will not anticipate them: he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade, — a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure; which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising development of plot; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three and twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory!

Sheffield, December 1, 1808.

THE WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction; on the Abolition of the Slave-Trade. — The Mariner's Compass. — Columbus. — The Discovery of America. — The West Indian Islands. — The Charibs. — Their Extermination.

"THY chains are broken, Africa, be free!"
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea;
Thus saith Britannia. O, ye winds and waves!
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,*
Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
"Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free!"

* Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that "the great river of the Negroes" flows *eastward*. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa. *See also page* 144, *line* 20.

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd;
Light came from heaven, — the magnet was reveal'd,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
And failing heart, along the windward shore;
Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
Defied the adverse, woo'd the favoring gale
Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest;
While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded deep;
From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;
The floods o'erbalanced: — where the tide of light,
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,
There seem'd one waste of waters: — long in vain
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,

Light, order, beauty! — While his mind explored
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;
Where'er sublime imagination trod,
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye,
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky:
In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

"— Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise!"

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
The eye of evening, brightening through the west
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest:
"Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed;
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
The morn and eve divide the year with thee."

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow
Crested the furthest wave, then sunk below:

"Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?"

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene
The starry firmament alone was seen;
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the host,
Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn
Danced on the mountains: — "Lights of heaven!"
he cried,
"Lead on; — I go to win a glorious bride;
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:
Hope swells my sail; — in spirit I behold
That maiden-world, twin-sister of the old,
By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me." *

* When the author of the *West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject; but some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY'S MADOC, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment, though at his own expense, in justice to the author of the noblest narrative poem in the English language, after the FAERIE QUEENE and PARADISE LOST.

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight:
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
When life within, and light without he found;
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
At the last look of resolute despair,
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.

"When evening came toward the echoing shore
I and Cadwallon walk'd together forth:
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnish'd silver sea, that heaved and flash'd
Its restless rays intolerably bright.
'Prince,' quoth Cadwallon, 'thou hast rode the waves
In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
O what a nobler conquest might be won
There, — upon that wide field!' — 'What meanest thou?'
I cried: — 'That yonder waters are not spread
A boundless waste, a bourne impassable;
That thou shouldst rule the elements, — that there
Might manly courage, manly wisdom, find
Some happy isle, some undiscover'd shore,
Some resting-place for peace. Oh that my soul
Could seize the wings of morning! soon would I
Behold that other world, where yonder sun
Now speeds to dawn in glory.'"

In that proud moment, his transported mind
The morning and the evening worlds combined,
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope! rapacious Spain
Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
A rabid race, fanatically bold,
And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
The cross their standard, but their faith the sword;
Their steps were graves; o'er prostrate realms they trod;
They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell;
How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
The sun's resplendent empire in Peru;
How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
His country's ruin by avenging gold.
—That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doom'd to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;

For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away, —
His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
Language of light and sentiment of fire;
Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains;
One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth!

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales:
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom. — NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;
She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole:

Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies;
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod; his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air

In placid indolence supinely blest,
A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd;
Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
Ensnared the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood;
Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
From burning suns and desolating storms;
Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas;
Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
The passing moment all their bliss or care;
Such as their sires had been the children were,
From age to age; as waves upon the tide
Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain;
With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
(Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,

Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved;
They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
And they destroy'd; — the generous heart they broke,
They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke;
Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way;
Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
Around the fires of devastation rose.
The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves;
Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death:
— Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke;
— Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The laborer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.

O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast:
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of GOD.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

The Cane. — Africa. — The Negro. — The Slave-Carrying Trade. — The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade. — The Portuguese, — Dutch, — Danes, — French, — and English in America.

Among the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks;
Where orange-groves perfum'd the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair;
Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills;
— An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,*
Was till'd for ages with consuming toil;
No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
Death in the taste, and ruin at the root;
Yet in its growth were good and evil found, —
It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground;
While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
And spread with manna his luxurious board,

* The cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands. — *See also page 144, line 5.*

Its culture was perdition to the slave, —
It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
(Already had his rival in the west
From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away;
Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul:
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid; — he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood:
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulf descried
Devoted Africa: he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow:

From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
Bask in the splendor of the solar zone;
A world of wonders, — where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her dreams;
Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond control,
She reigns in all the freedom of her soul;
Where none can check her bounty when she showers
O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers;
None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death:
O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
In terrible magnificence of light;
At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees,
Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
With shells and sea-flower wreaths she binds her locks:
She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulfs and shoals for ever waste;
She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills;
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To soothe the eagle's nestlings when they cry.

At sunset, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony; — on her they call;
She hears their clamor, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions man grows wild:
Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child,
Scorn'd by his brethren; but his mother's eye,
That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
Power on his forehead, beauty in his face;
Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
The heart of friendship and the home of love;
Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
Fierce as his clime, uncultur'd as his plains,
A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
And trees of science bend with glorious fruit;
Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
An emanation of eternal light,
Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
And shine for ever when the stars expire.
Is he not *man*, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not *man*, though sweet religion's voice
Ne'er made the mourner in his God rejoice?

Is *he* not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is *he* not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers: — in headlong will,
Christian! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still:
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stampt him Man.

The Spaniard found him such: — the island-race
His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face;
Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find;
A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
His channels as he drank the rivers dry:
That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins;
A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.
Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied;
Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke;
As grim oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore;

Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails;
Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
The human cargo and the demon crew.
— Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll,
From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
In floating dungeons o'er the gulf were borne;
— The valiant, seized in peril-daring fight;
The weak, surprised in nakedness and night;
Subjects by mercenary despots sold;
Victims of justice prostitute for gold;
Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd;
Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid;
The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged;
From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy;
The father, resting at *his* father's tree,
Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea:
— All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke;
From fields of light, unshadow'd climes, that lie
Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye;
From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land;
From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand;
From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods;
From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods;
Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.

Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves;
A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
Constant as day and night from east to west;
Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,
Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
Started; their pennons stream'd on every breeze:
And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
The cane was planted, and the native bled;
While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania, — she whose prows had borne
Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,
— Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland — whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea,
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark, — whose roving hordes, in barbarous times,
Fill'd the wide North with piracy and crimes,

Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
— Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia, — who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)
— Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia, — she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world;
— Britannia shared the glory and the guilt, —
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims; — while the cries
Of blood demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
— Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,
Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain; abroad, condemn'd to roam

O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF PART II.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations. — The Negro's Home and Country. — Mungo Park. — Progress of the Slave Trade. — The Middle Passage. — The Negro in the West Indies. — The Guinea Captain. — The Creole Planter. — The Moors of Barbary. — Buccaneers. — Maroons. — St. Domingo. — Hurricanes. — The Yellow Fever.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;
— His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonor'd vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of Liberty;
— Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth?
Is he alone a stranger on the earth?
Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears?

No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
Ice through his veins, and lightning through his heart?
Ah! yes; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
His home amidst his father's country lies;
There with the partner of his soul he shares
Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares:
There as with nature's warmest filial fire,
He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire;
His children sporting round his hut behold
How they shall cherish him when he is old,
Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
To deeds of charity, and words of truth.*
— *Is he* not blest? Behold, at closing day,
The negro-village swarms abroad to play;
He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
To the wild music of barbarian sounds;

* Dr. Winterbotham says, "The respect which the Africans pay to *old people* is very great. — One of the severest insults which can be offered to an African is to speak disrespectfully of his mother." — "The Negro race is, perhaps, the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy. —The mothers are passionately fond of their children." — *Goldbury's Travels.* — "Strike me," said my attendant, "but do not curse my mother." — "The same sentiment I found universally to prevail." — "One of the first lessons in which the Mandingo women instruct their children is the *practice of truth.* It was the only consolation for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie.*" — *Park's Travels.* The description of African life and manners that follows, and the song of the Negro's daughters, are copied without exaggeration from the authentic accounts of Mungo Park.

Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth:
Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
And all the joys of life were love and arms.
— Is not the Negro blest? His generous soil
With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil;
More than his wants his flocks and fields afford:
He loves to greet the stranger at his board:
"The winds were roaring, and the White Man fled,
The rains of night descended on his head;
The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,
Weary and faint, and far from home was he:
For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul;
— Pity the poor White Man who sought our tree,
No wife, no mother, and no home has he."
Thus sang the Negro's daughters; — once again,
O that the poor White Man might hear that strain
— Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor,
Or from the Negro's hospitable door
Spurn'd as a spy from Europe's hateful clime,
And left to perish for thy country's crime;
Or destined still, when all thy wanderings cease,
On Albion's lovely lap to rest in peace;
Pilgrim! in heaven or earth, where'er thou be,
Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee!

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand:
Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled;
Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone:
While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
Their sable victims, to that western bourne,
From which no traveller might e'er return,
To blazen in the ears of future slaves
The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulf, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores,
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,*

* On this subject the following instance of almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of justice: —

Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

"In this year, (1783,) certain underwriters desired to be heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the case of the ship Zong, Captain Collingwood, alleging that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw overboard one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way. In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it appeared that the slaves on board the Zong were very sickly; that sixty of them had already died; and several were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several of them overboard, stating, 'that if they died a natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it would fall upon the underwriters.' He selected, accordingly, one hundred and thirty-two of the most sickly of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards, the remaining thirty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

"The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance; and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, immediately after the second lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they might have filled many of their vessels[1] with

[1] It appeared that they filled six.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
By the slow pangs of solitary care,
The earth-devouring anguish of despair,*
The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
The home-sick passion which the Negro feels,
When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
His spirit wanders to his native plains;
His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
The home of comfort: — then before his eyes
The terrors of captivity arise.
— 'T was night: — his babes around him lay at rest,
Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast:

water, and thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

"Mr. Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the facts which should come out in the course of it. These he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated them also, with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas. and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister of state. No notice, however, was taken by any of these of the information which had been thus sent them." — *Clarkson's History of the Abolition, &c.*, pp. 95–97.

* The negroes sometimes, in deep and irrecoverable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that "earth eating," as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally almost depopulated by the slaves, with one consent, betaking themselves to this strange practice, which speedily brings them to a miserable and premature end.

A yell of murder rang around their bed;
They woke; their cottage blazed; the victims fled;
Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
They caught, they bound, they drove them far away
The white man bought them at the mart of blood;
In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood;
Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
That misery loves, — the fellowship of grief.
The Negro, spoil'd of all that nature gave
To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs, to measured tasks confined,
Obey'd the impulse of another mind;
A silent, secret, terrible control,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he wak'd at morning-light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night;
His rest, his labor, pastime, strength, and health,
Were only portions of a master's wealth;
His love — O, name not love, where Britons doom
The fruit of love to slavery from the womb!

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
The Negro-exile languish'd in the West,
With nothing left of life but hated breath,
And not a hope except the hope in death,
To fly forever from the Creole-strand,
And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
— Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,

False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells, — he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the waters shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.
When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburden'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.*

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave? †
— Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,

* See note, page 157.

† The character of the Creole planter here drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no monster of imagination, though, for the credit of human nature, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade all who are concerned with it, *doing or*

See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
Attendant vassals cringing round their lord:
Satiate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
Voluptuous minions fan him to repose;
Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain;
He starts in horror from bewildering dreams;
His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams:
He stalks abroad; through all his wonted rounds,
The Negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
To distant fields his dread approach declare.
Mark, as he passes, every head declined;
Then slowly raised, — to curse him from behind.
This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race;
The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
The bloated vampire of a living man;
His frame, — a fungous form, of dunghill birth,
That taints the air, and rots above the earth;
His soul; — has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest?
Who follows, headlong, ignorant, and blind,
The vague brute instinct of an idiot mind:

suffering. The slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings, — except the slave dealer. Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, and Captain Stedman's *Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless grown,
E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone;
Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move;
A stranger to the tenderness of love,
His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie;
His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
Are born his slaves, and loved at market price:
Has *he* a soul? — With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience, — shrieking through the gloom,
"Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb."

O Africa! amidst thy children's woes,
Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes?
No, thou hadst vengeance — From thy northern shores
Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
And back on Europe's guilty nations hurl'd
Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world:
Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank'd their chains,
Or toil'd and perish'd on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch'd beneath the yoke,
In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.
— Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,*

* Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested

A mammoth race, invincible in might,
Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
Peril their element; — o'er land and flood
They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood;
Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts;
They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia! while thine islands tell
The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell; *
The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
Her spirit sinks; — the sinews of the brave,
That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave;
The demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a Spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;

the Charibbean Seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valor and brutality.

* See Dallas's *History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica; also, Dr. Moseley's *Treatise on Sugar*.

Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power:
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire:
— Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world, — "the God of vengeance reigns."

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,*
The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known;
At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spares the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs:
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapors laden with despair;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein:

* For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr. Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, vol. iii., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF PART III.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren. — Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies. — Christian Negroes. — The Advocates of the Negroes in England. — Granville Sharpe, — Clarkson, — Wilberforce, — Pitt, — Fox, — The Nation itself. — The Abolition of the Slave-Trade. — The future State of the West Indies, — of Africa, — of the Whole World. — The Millennium.

WAS there no mercy, mother of the slave!
No friendly hand to succor and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
A phœnix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains Truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,

While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of Virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away.*

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd;

* The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the Protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia. — See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren.* Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English. — See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America.* It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remember'd them: — their Father kept
A faithful remnant; — o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in his appointed time;
The race revived at his almighty breath,
A seed to serve him, from the dust of death.

"Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name:"
Thus spake the Lord; they heard, and they obey'd
— Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roam'd, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renew'd;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negro! scorn'd of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave;

The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
— The captive rais'd his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears:
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange;
He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a still small whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,—
The angel came, his night was turn'd to day;
"Arise!" his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to demon-gods, in hideous forms,
He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
In secret agony devour'd the earth,
And, while he spared his mother, cursed his birth:*
To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
In morning vows and evening sacrifice;
He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
That dealt to him the cup of many woes:

* See notes, pp. 157, 159.

Thought of his home in Africa forlorn;
Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
No longer burning with unholy fires
He wallow'd in the dust of base desires;
Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
Enlarged his heart, and sanctified his love:
With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
In death and darkness pagan myriads lay:
Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind;
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause;
In the wide breach of violated laws,
Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd,
They stood: — with zeal unconquerably bold,
They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to save
From chains the freeman, from despair the slave;
The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.
She, miserable mother, from the shore,
Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
Her tribes to bondage: — with distraction wrung,
Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,

She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes;
Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries;
Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
So Niobe when all her race were slain,
In ecstasy of woe forgot her pain:
Cold in her eye serenest sorrow shone,
While pitying Nature soothed her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood:
— When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd shore,*
From Libyan limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves:
— When Clarkson his victorious course began,†
Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend;
He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles, —
He rests in glory on the western isles:

* Granville Sharpe, Esq., after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

† No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr. Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labors. See his *History of the Abolition, &c.*, 2 vols lately published.

— When Wilberforce the minister of grace,
The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,*

* The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr. Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being *a promoter*, if not *the original projector*, of the negro slave trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The slave trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion that Las Casas recommended the importation of negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favor of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape; and among his eloquent appeals and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African slave trade. He only twice mentions the negroes through all his multifarious writings; in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris); and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the

With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell:

aboriginal inhabitants, than the suppression of the *repartimientos*, or divisions of the *people*, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the negro slave trade, if he approved of it,) he adds, — "The Indians are not more tormented by their masters and the different public officers, than by their servants *and by the negroes.*"

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows: — "The licentiate, Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connection with the High Chancellor, and the favorable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of negroes*, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the earth and the labor of the mines; also to obtain *a great number of working men* (from Europe), who should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions which he detailed."

Let this statement be compared with Dr. Robertson's most exaggerated account, avowedly taken *from Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of freedom that ever existed "while he contended earnestly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of the globe, *labored* to enslave the inhabitants of another region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to impose one *still heavier* on the Africans." — Robertson's *History of America*, Vol. I. Part III. But the circumstance *connected by Dr. Robertson with this supposed scheme* of Las Casas is unwarranted by any authority, and makes his own of no value. He adds — "The plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a patent to one of his Flemish favorites containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand negroes into America." Herrera, the only author whom Dr. Robertson pretends

— When Pitt, supreme amid the senate, rose
The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes;
Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
No fire descended to consume the yoke:
— When Fox, all-eloquent, for freedom stood,
With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
The voice that cries through all the patriot's veins,
When at his feet his country groans in chains;
The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
When smiles her infant in his rosy rest;
Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
He spake in vain; — till, with his latest breath,
He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
The lyre with awful indignation swept,
O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,

to follow, does not, in any place, associate his random charge against Las Casas with this acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of having first recommended the importation of African slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three writers of the Life of Cardinal Ximenes (who rendered himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its infancy,) to *Chiévres*, and by two others to *the Flemish nobility themselves*, who obtained the monopoly aforementioned, and which was sold to some "Genoese merchants for 25,000 ducats; and *they* were *the first* who brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves between Africa and America, which has since been carried on to such an amazing extent." — It is unnecessary to say more on the subject. — A translation of Gregoire's defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by *H. D Symonds, Paternoster Row.*

— When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her tongue,
— When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung.
Lamented Cowper ! in thy path I tread ;
O ! that on me were thy meek spirit shed !
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine ;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine !
Peace to thy soul ! thy God thy portion be ;
And in his presence may I rest with thee !

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
Weak withering Age and strong aspiring Youth
Alike the expanding power of Pity felt ;
The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt ;
From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd ;
Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd ;
Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd ;
Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd ;
O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate :
Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind ;
Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept ;
The Mother thought upon her sons, and wept
— She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
And his last signal beaming o'er the main ; *

* "England expects every man to do his duty."

In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
While Victory bound the laurel on his head;
At once immortal, in both worlds, became
His soaring spirit and abiding name;
— She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier;
And, "O my country!" echoed in her ear;
— She thought of Fox; — she heard him faintly speak,
His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
His dying accents trembled into air;
"Spare injured Africa! the Negro spare!"

She started from her trance! —and round the shore,
Beheld her supplicating sons once more
Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame;
Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd;
To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd;
She saw her sister in the mourner's face,
And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace:
"All hail!" exclaim'd the empress of the sea,—
"Thy chains are broken — Africa, be free!"

Muse! take the harp of prophecy: — behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold:
Friends of the outcast, view the accomplish'd plan,
The Negro towering to the height of man.

The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins;
Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart:
A dusky race, beneath the evening sun,
Shall bend their spousal currents into one:
Is beauty bound to color, shape, or air?
No; God created all his offspring fair:
Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
For God created all his offspring free;
Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love;
And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west
Again shall be "the islands of the blest."

Unutterable mysteries of fate
Involve, O Africa! thy future state.
— On Niger's banks, in lonely beauty wild,
A Negro-mother carols to her child:
"Son of my widow'd love, my orphan joy!
Avenge thy father's murder, O my boy!"
Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays;
See the *boy* bounding through the eager race;
The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
And smites the crocodile amidst his floods:
To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung;
He tears the mother, and he tames the young

In the drear cavern of their native rock:
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock;
He heads their hordes; they burst, like torrid rains
In death and devastation o'er the plains;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand,
He spreads his banner: crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Libyan sands revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun;
Till at the Conqueror's feet, from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears;
Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
And healing arts to hideous arms succeed;
At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind;
While Truth shall build, and pure Religion bless,
The Church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known:
Father of Mercies! speed the promised hour;
Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power;

Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
As round the world the ocean-waters roll!
— Hope waits the morning of celestial light;
Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight;
Unchanging seasons have their march begun;
Millennial years are hastening to the sun;
Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing eyes,
The New Creation shines in purer skies.
— All hail! — the age of crime and suffering ends;
The reign of righteousness from heaven descends;
Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword;
Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored;
Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,
Is one with GOD, and God is All in All.

END OF PART IV.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

"O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cunque salve,
Rite vocanti."

HORAT. *ad Lyram*,
Od. XXXII., Lib. 1

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,

The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play; —

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet, — yet mournful still

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
O! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead; —

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace; —

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth: —

Sing, heavenly Hope! — and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
A native Eden in my heart.

1807.

POPE'S WILLOW.

VERSES.

Written for an Urn made out of the trunk of the weeping willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd,
By vernal winds and starlight dew,
By showers and sunbeams nourish'd;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at summer noon, he view'd
The lovely Nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
The fairy bands advancing;
Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
Around the Willow dancing;
Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree
In beauty green and glorious,
"The hand," he cried, "that planted thee
O'er mine was oft victorious;
Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
One work of POPE'S I *will* destroy."

He spake, and struck a silent blow
With that dread arm whose motion
Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
And wields o'er land and ocean
The unremitting axe of doom,
That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
And cleft the core asunder,

Like sudden secret lightning, sent
Without recording thunder:
— From that sad moment, slow away
Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
Where loves and graces revell'd,
Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
And every wasting Winter found
The Willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
At length the axe assail'd it:
It bow'd before the woodman's rage;
The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O Pope! hadst thou, whose lyre so long
The wondering world enchanted,
Amidst thy paradise of song
This Weeping Willow planted;
Among thy loftiest laurels seen,
In deathless verse for ever green, —

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,
The storms of ages braving,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time
Its verdant banner waving,

While regal pyramids decay'd,
And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree! was thine,
— Gone down in all thy glory;
The sweet, the mournful task be mine,
To sing thy simple story;
Though verse like mine in vain would raise
The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow! if to me
Such power of song were given,
My lips should breathe a soul through thee,
And call down fire from heaven,
To kindle in this hallow'd Urn
A flame that would for ever burn.

1806.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'T was in the infancy of May, —
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'T is sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet, —
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring, —
While still I hear new warblers sing,
Fresh-opening bells I see;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,
Some cheering sight, some woodland song,
As yet unheard, unseen,
To welcome, with remembrance strong
Of days that once had been; —

When gathering flowers, an eager child,
I ran abroad with rapture wild;
Or, on more curious quest,
Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,
To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rainbow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend! I cried;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture-land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice lawns and dells,
In bands the rural children stray,
To pluck thy nectar'd bells;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,
The frugal cottage-dames distil,
Nor envy France the vine,
While many a festal cup they fill
With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,
Like stars returning in their sphere,
With undiminish'd rays,
Thy vernal constellations cheer
The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure!

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd;
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
And wood the enchantress Art;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd,
Cold was my wretched heart, —

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of Pleasure's joyless chase,
My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world, — I turn'd my face
To fields and woods again.

'T was Spring; — my former haunts I found,
My favorite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd;
My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, portray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
Forever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope, we look before,
The future good to find;
In age when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

1808.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.

The body of the Missionary, John Smith, (who died February 6, 1824, in prison, under sentence of death by a court-martial, in Demerara,) was ordered to be buried secretly at night, and no person, not even his widow, was allowed to follow the corpse. Mrs. Smith, however, and her friend Mrs. Elliott, accompanied by a free Negro, carrying a lantern, repaired beforehand to the spot where a grave had been dug, and there they awaited the interment, which took place accordingly. His Majesty's pardon, annulling the condemnation, is said to have arrived on the day of the unfortunate Missionary's death, from the rigors of confinement, in a tropical climate, and under the slow pains of an inveterate malady, previously afflicting him.

Come down in thy profoundest gloom,
  Without one vagrant fire-fly's light,
Beneath thine ebon arch entomb
  Earth, from the gaze of heaven, O Night!
A deed of darkness must be done,
Put out the moon, hold back the sun.

Are these the criminals, that flee
  Like deeper shadows through the shade?
A flickering lamp, from tree to tree,
  Betrays their path along the glade,
Led by a Negro; — now they stand,
Two trembling women, hand in hand.

A grave, an open grave, appears;
  O'er this in agony they bend,
Wet the fresh turf with bitter tears;
  Sighs following sighs their bosoms rend:

These are not murderers! — these have known,
Grief more bereaving than their own.

Oft through the gloom their straining eyes
Look forth, for what they fear to meet:
It comes; they catch a glimpse; it flies:
Quick-glancing lights, slow-trampling feet,
Amidst the cane-crops, — seen, heard, gone, —
Return, — and in dead-march move on.

A stern procession! — gleaming arms,
And spectral countenances dart,
By the red torch-flame, wild alarms,
And withering pangs through either heart;
A corpse amidst the group is borne,
A prisoner's corpse who died last morn.

Not by the slave-lord's justice slain,
Who doom'd him to a traitor's death;
While royal mercy sped in vain
O'er land and sea to save his breath;
No; the frail life that warm'd this clay
Man could not give nor take away.

His vengeance and his grace, alike,
Were impotent to spare or kill;
— He may not lift the sword to strike,
Nor turn its edge aside, at will;
Here, by one sovereign act and deed,
God cancell'd all that man decreed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
That corpse is to the grave consign'd;
The scene departs: — this buried trust,
The Judge of quick and dead shall find,
When things which Time and Death have seal'd
Shall be in flaming fire reveal'd.

The fire shall try Thee, then, like gold,
Prisoner of hope! — await the test;
And O, when truth alone is told,
Be thy clear innocence confess'd!
The fire shall try thy foes; — may they
Find mercy in that dreadful day!

THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG, IN A FOREIGN LAND.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

THE OAK.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings and sweeps the main;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime;—
What is it?—Mortal Man!
It is the scythe of TIME:
—A shadow only to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky;
And still, through each succeeding year,
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,

From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls;
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn,
Fair for a moment, then forever shorn:
— Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then Time, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom:
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
The truest index on its face
Points from the churchyard stone.

1807.

THE ROSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS FIRST CHILD.

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer-splendor pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,

And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
— Life's little, lessening span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline; —

Till, planted in that realm of rest
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

1808.

TO AGNES.

REPLY TO SOME LINES, BEGINNING, "ARREST, O TIME! THY FLEETING COURSE."

TIME will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle AGNES scold,
For 't is the Sage's dear delight
To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plough your face
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not; old age is virtue's prime;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

1804.

AN EPITAPH.

Art thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend? — Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Shall Man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,—
When, youth! I bloom'd like thee!
A time will come,—'t is coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me:—

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere!

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo, — never free
Till Nature yields her breath,
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

1804.

THE GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly, which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train.

When Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favorite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

1804.

BOLEHILL TREES.

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire: on the one hand facing the high moors; on the other, overlooking a richly cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a gentleman where the writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestical peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise; — to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the grey evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,*
While weary and fainting they roam,

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the summit ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear; —
When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star,
Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were, — but they will be no more:
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind?
Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted those trees!
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,

With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and gladden all eyes:
Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
'Midst lightning and tempest secure!
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence dream of vain glory! — the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the splendor of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
The star unextinguish'd shall shine:
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
And the glories of Paradise mine.

1807.

THE MOLE-HILL.

Tell me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The mole that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground,
My kindred earth I see;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time between the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
Stupendous wrecks! appear
To me less mournfully sublime
Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
Once the warm life-blood ran;
Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man!

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath,
Ten thousand pulses beat;
Tell me, — in this small hill of death,
How many mortals meet?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth, and sky,

Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wild champaign while they pass,
Their footsteps yield no sound,
Nor shake from the light trembling grass
A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
My wondering eyes explore
Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
Heroes and kings of yore: —

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
Whose withering influence ran
Through all the promise of the mind,
And smote and mildew'd man: —

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plough-share to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly worshipt fame;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar?
— The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with steadfast eye;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

That youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,

Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade.

Sweet are the thefts of love; — she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind, —
And framed the Æolian lyre.

All hail! — The Sire of Song appears
The Muse's eldest born;
The skylark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue, —
It tamed the heart of man.

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers;
Cæsar, — 't is Brutus at his side, —
In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer; — see the bard arise!
And hark! — he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage:
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! Were it mine
To track thy fiery car,
And in thy sunset course to shine
A radiant evening star, —

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
Reclaim from ages fled?

What realm-restoring hero choose
To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:
— Thou shalt not thus depart;
Stay, thou transcendent spirit, stay,
And tell me who thou art!

'T is Alfred! — In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal;
The race of Alfred *will* be free; —
Hear it, and tremble, Gaul!

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past;
Beyond it who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell?

I know not, but I soon shall know
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines
The pledge of bliss to Man;
Time with Eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

1807.

THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the Blenheim, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean. — The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father. — Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that like a cradled child
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day:
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling winds in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;
— But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanish'd from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
— "The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show!
So views the mother through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd;
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate;
— That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurl'd;
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains, — they *were*, and they are ***not.***

The spirit of the Cape * pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey;
"Havoc!" the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;
The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the **Cape of Storms.** — See *Camoens' Lusiad*, book v.

A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;
— At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of Rumor hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
  He sought him day by day;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
  Breasting the ocean-spray;
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
  Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main;
— He sought his sire; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
  Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
  Thy father's course pursue;
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
  His compass guides thee through;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

1810.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF

"A FEMALE WHOM SICKNESS HAD RECONCILED TO THE NOTES OF SORROW,"

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature, on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died soon after; when her real name and merits were disclosed to him by one of her surviving friends.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame?
— To track the warrior's fiery road,
With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
While nations bleed along the plains,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheels in chains?
— With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
Profanely steal celestial fire,
And bid an idol's altar blaze
With incense of unhallow'd praise?
— With syren strains, Circean art,
To win the ear, beguile the heart,

Wake the wild passions into rage,
And please and prostitute the age?

No! — to the generous bard belong
Diviner themes and purer song:
— To hail Religion from above,
Descending in the form of Love,
And pointing through a world of strife
The narrow way that leads to life:
— To pour the balm of heavenly rest
Through Sorrow's agonizing breast;
With Pity's tender arms embrace
The orphans of a kindred race;
And in one zone of concord bind
The lawless spoilers of mankind:
— To sing in numbers boldly free
The wars and woes of liberty;
The glory of her triumphs tell,
Her nobler suffering when she fell,*
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
Even on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
The angel-visions of the Muse,
That o'er his morning slumbers shine;
These are his themes, — and these were mine.

* "Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire."
GAETANA PASSERINI.

But pale Despondency, that stole
The light of gladness from my soul,
While youth and folly blindfold ran
The giddy circle up to Man,
Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
And cast a mournful evening hue
O'er every scene my fancy drew.
Then though the proud despised my strain,
It flow'd not from my heart in vain;
The lay of freedom, fervor, truth,
Was dear to undissembling youth,
From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd Her ear;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
The thoughts of that inspiring Maid;
They came like voices on the wind,
Heard in the stillness of the mind,
When round the Poet's twilight walk
Aërial beings seem to talk:
Not the twin-stars of Leda shine
With vernal influence more benign,
Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,

Than through my shades her lustre broke,
Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
Pure as her sister-lilies were,
Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
With every charm of soul and face,
That Virtue's awful eye approves,
And fond Affection dearly loves;
Heaven in her open aspect seen,
Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shown her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
— But she was waning to the tomb;
The worm of death was in her bloom;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind;
As the dim moon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendor of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul!
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade;

Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd,
In nature's weakness were reveal'd;
And still the unrobing spirit cast
Diviner glories to the last,
Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
With seraph guards on wings of fire;
Yet shall they weep; — for oft and well
Remembrance shall her story tell,
Affection of her virtues speak,
With beaming eye and burning cheek,
Each action, word, and look recall,
The last, the loveliest of all,
When on the lap of death she lay,
Serenely smiled her soul away,
And left surviving Friendship's breast
Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
Companion of my thought alone!
Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
Still hold communion with my heart;
Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
Be the good angel of my Muse;
— And if to thine approving ear
My plaintive numbers once were dear;

If, falling round thy dying hours,
Like evening dews on closing flowers,
They soothed thy pains, and through thy soul
With melancholy sweetness stole,
Hear me: — When slumber from mine eyes,
That roll in irksome darkness, flies;
When the lorn spectre of unrest
At conscious midnight haunts my breast;
When former joys and present woes,
And future fears, are all my foes;
Spirit of my departed friend,
Calm through the troubled gloom descend,
With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear;
— Come, all unseen; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of heaven
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardors to my heart

My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song;
My lyre with sympathy divine
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.
Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
My verse through lofty measures rise,
A scale of glory to the skies,
Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
O'er which descending angels shone,
On earthly missions from the throne,
Returning by the steps they trod,
Up to the Paradise of God.

1808.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS:

WRITTEN

DURING NINE MONTHS OF CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, IN THE YEARS 1795 AND 1796.

(235)

INTRODUCTION

TO PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

It has been mentioned already in the general Preface to these volumes, that the first number of the *Iris* (succeeding to the *Sheffield Register*) was published by myself, and a friend whose name did not appear in the imprint, on the 4th of July, 1794. He, however, soon becoming weary of the vexation, and alarmed by the peril to which we were exposed in the conduct of an independent journal, at the end of the first year retired from the conflict, leaving me in possession of a field, every inch of which was to be maintained either by inflexibly passive resistance, or by alternate aggression and defence, against numerous adversaries banded against my predecessor, and whose disappointed vengeance fell upon me, — more from the misfortune of having stept into his place when he left the kingdom, than for any offences that I had committed, or any personal spleen against myself. But I was singled out, as will appear in the sequel, not only as an object of suspicion from the situation which I occupied, but I was watched

at every step of my progress as a proper object for prosecution, when a feasible pretext could be found, — an example being wanted to deter others from doing what *I* had not yet done, but what *they* were doing with impunity, because they were either above or below the mark of legal visitation. How this was effected I will now tell.

Little more than a month after I had become connected with the newspaper, I was one day called into the bookseller's shop, where business-orders were received. There I found a poor-looking elderly man, whom I recollected to have seen in the street a little while before; when I was attracted both by his grotesque appearance, and his comical address as a ballad-monger. He stood with a bundle of pamphlets in his hand, crying out in a peculiar tone, "Here you have twelve songs for a penny!" Then he recapitulated at full length the title of each, thus: "The first song in the book is" — so and so; "The second song in the book" — so and so; "The third song" — so and so, and on he went, "so and so," to the end of the catalogue. He now offered me the specimen of an article in his line, and asked what he must pay for six quires of the same. I immediately replied that I did not deal in such commodities, having better employment for my presses; he must therefore apply elsewhere (I believe I named a place where he might be served). "But," he rejoined, like one who had some knowledge of the terms used by printers, "you have *this* standing

in your office." — "That is more than I know," was my answer. Taking up the printed leaf, I perceived that it contained two copies of verses, with each of which I had been long familiar, but had never seen them coupled in that shape before; at the top of the page was the impression of a wood-cut (Liberty and the British Lion,) which I recognized as having figured in the frontispiece of an extinct periodical, issued by my predecessor, and entitled "The Patriot." The paper, also, of which a large stock had devolved to me, was of a particular kind, being the material of certain forms for the registration of freeholds, under a still-born act of parliament, printed on one side only, and which had been sold for waste. On discovering this, I went up into the office, and asked when and for whom such things as I held in my hand had been printed, as I had no knowledge of the job. "Oh, sir," said the foreman, "they were set up ever so long ago by Jack," (Mr. Gales's apprentice, who had not been transferred to me,) "for himself, and to give away to his companions; and the matter is now standing in the types just as it was when you bought the stock in the office." — "Indeed," I exclaimed; "but how came the ballad-seller, who was bawling out his twelve songs for a penny the other day, to have a copy?" — In explanation of this he stated, that he had formerly known him, when he himself was an apprentice in an office at Derby, from which such wares were supplied to hawkers. Hearing his voice in the street, he had

called him in for old-acquaintance sake, and, in the course of talking about trade, had shown him an impression of Jack's songs, by which he thought his old acquaintance might make a few pence in his strange way. "Well then," said I, "let the poor fellow have what he wants, if it will do him any good; but what does he mean by *six quires?*" — "Not quires of whole sheets, but six times twenty-four copies of this size," was the information which I received on this new branch of literature. I then went down stairs, and told my customer that he might have the quantity he wanted for eighteen pence, which would barely be the expense of the paper and working off. He was content, the order was executed, the parcel delivered by myself into his hand, and honestly paid for by him; away then he went, and I saw no more of him. I have often said, when I have had occasion to tell this adventure of my romantic youth, (for adventure it was, and no every-day one, as the issue proved,) that if ever in my life I did an act which was *neither* good nor bad, or, if either, *rather* good *than* bad, it was this. I repeat the statement here, as the only feeling of my mind at the time, and as the conviction of my mind at this hour.

Two months afterwards, one of the town-constables waited upon me, and very civilly requested that I would call upon him, at his residence in the adjacent street. Accordingly I went thither, and asked him for what purpose he wanted to see me. He then produced a magistrate's warrant, charging me with

having on the 16th day of August preceding, printed and published a certain seditious libel respecting the war then waging between his Majesty and the French government, entitled, *A Patriotic Song by a Clergyman of Belfast.* I was quite puzzled to comprehend to what production from my press the charge alluded, not the remotest idea of the ballad-seller occurring to me at the moment. Accordingly I expressed my ignorance, and begged to see the paper that contained the libel. He then showed me a copy of the songs which I had allowed to be printed, as aforementioned, at the request of a hawker, whom I had never seen before nor since. I said immediately, "I recollect that very well; but this song cannot be a libel on the present war, because it was published, to my knowledge, long before hostilities between England and France began in 1793; having been composed for an anniversary celebration of the destruction of the Bastile, and referring solely to the invasion of France by the Austrian and Prussian armies under the Duke of Brunswick, in July, 1792." That, however, was a question not to be settled between the constable and me. The former, on further inquiry, told me that on the 16th of August, as he was going down the High Street, he observed the aforesaid ballad-monger, and heard him crying, "Straws to sell!" As it was his business to look after vagrants, he went up to the man and bought a straw of him, for

which he paid a halfpenny, but complaining that it was a dear bargain, the other gave him one of these songs to boot. On looking at the contents, he thought there was something not right about them, or the manner of their disposal. Hereupon he told the chapman that he would be a wholesale customer, and take both himself and his stock into safe-keeping. The prisoner, terrified at the thought of going to gaol, immediately informed him how, where, and from whom he had got the papers. He then took him before a magistrate, who, on hearing the case, committed the culprit to Wakefield House of Correction as a vagrant, where he had been detained till the West Riding Sessions, on the 16th of October — the day on which it had been deemed expedient to arrest me as principal in the affair. All this was news to me, and quite as unwelcome as it was amusing and instructive. The trick of selling a straw, and giving something not worth one with it, was a lesson, which, having never learned before, certainly reduced to the amount of its value the vast stock of ignorance of the world with which I had set out in it; which, however, was otherwise so rapidly diminishing by my daily experience, that I had a fair prospect of becoming, within a reasonable time, as wise in my generation as the people with whom I had to deal then and in the sequel.

At the Sheffield Sessions then being holden, I was forthwith arraigned, pleaded "Not guilty," and

traversed the indictment to Doncaster Sessions, to be held in January, 1796. Bail to the amount of 200*l.* from myself, and two sureties of 100*l.* each, being demanded, though I came into court unprepared to name the latter, two respectable townsmen, with neither of whom had I any acquaintance, beyond civil recognition when we happened to meet, voluntarily stept forward to my assistance and were accepted. Joseph Jordan (for that was the song-seller's name) was then remanded (with a recommendation from the Bench to be kindly treated) to Wakefield, and kept there three months longer, that he might be forthcoming as a witness against me when the trial should take place.

The following is a copy of the song from which the libel was inferred. The other verses on the same paper, entitled *The Tender's Hold*, complaining of the wrongs of seamen from impressment, I believe, were the elder Dibdin's.

A PATRIOTIC SONG BY A CLERGYMAN OF BELFAST.

"While Tyranny marshals its minions around,
And bids its fierce legions advance,
Fair Freedom! the hopes of thy sons to confound,
And restore his old empire in France, —

What friend among men to the rights of mankind,
But is fired with resentment to see
The satraps of pride and oppression combined,
To prevent a great land being free?

"*Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;*
Most important its issue will be;
For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends,
If she triumphs the world will be free.

"Then let every true patriot unite in her cause,
A cause of such moment to man:
Let all whose souls spurn at tyrannical laws,
Lend her all the assistance they can.

"May the spirit of Sparta her armies inspire,
And the star of America guide;
May a Washington's wisdom, a Mirabeau's fire,
In her camps and her councils preside!

"May her sons fatal discord no longer divide;
'Mongst her chiefs no dark traitors be found;
But may they united resist the rough tide,
Till their toils be with victory crown'd!

"And at length when sweet peace from her sphere shall descend
When the friends of oppression have fled,
Immortal renown shall those heroes attend,
Who for freedom fought, conquer'd, and bled.

"Blazon'd high then their deeds shall swell history's page,
And adorn lofty poetry's lays,
While the memory of tyrants, the curse of their age,
In oblivion's dark bastile decays."

These stanzas appeared in *The Sheffield Register*, dated Friday, August 3, 1792, and were thus introduced: —

"The following song was composed by Mr. Scott of Dormore, and presented in his name to the president of the citizens of Belfast, and the citizen soldiers of the town and neighborhood, at their

commemoration of the demolition of the Bastile (July 14, 1789), the birthday of liberty in France."

In the edition printed at my office, they are entitled, as above quoted, "A Song by a Clergyman of Belfast." Copies of both are before me at this time. The chronology of the composition is incontrovertible: the fact of its having made the round of the "patriotic" newspapers in July and August, 1792, settles that. The original allusions in it, therefore, had no more reference to a nonexistent war between France and England, than to a nonexistent war between China and Japan. They were wholly and unequivocally directed against the Austrians and Prussians, then marshalling their armies to invade revolutionized France, and compel her to restore the captive king to his ancient sovereignty. In this sense they were universally understood; and in no other were they intelligible. To convert them into a seditious libel upon the subsequent war between France and England there must have been circumstances accompanying the publication, which clearly showed a deliberate purpose of so applying them to the changed state of things in 1794. The true and only circumstances accompanying their publication at the latter period have been unreservedly detailed already.

That my prosecutors were too politic to ground the charge of seditious intention against me upon these facts, connected with the publication, is manifest from the proceedings upon the trial, which took

place at Doncaster on the 22d day of January, 1795 and occupied nine hours, nearly two of which the jury took in considering their verdict. At the close of the first they brought in a verdict of "guilty of publishing." This the court refused to receive, the chairman declaring, that if the defendant had merely published the song he was not guilty at all, for the guilt, if any, must have consisted in publishing it with a seditious intention. This was law and it was equity. But as the jury were retiring, another magistrate called out and told them, that they must infer the intention of the defendant from the *contents* of the publication itself. This might be wise counsel, but it was hardly reconcilable with the foregoing remarks of the chairman, and in direct contradiction to the doctrine of libel, as laid down by the latter in his charge to the jury. He then had said: "It had been stated, that the song for which the defendant stood indicted, had been written, printed, and published long before the war began. This, however, was nothing to the purpose; that which was perfectly innocent in 1792 might be grossly libellous in 1794; and though this song was no libel when *first* published, yet it might be a libel, for all that, at *the time* when the defendant published it. But of this the jury were to be the judges. Many parts of the Scriptures themselves, if published now, might be libellous; for instance, the words, '*To your tents, O Israel!*' if it could be proved that by Israel was meant England, would be a libel, and in like manner

many other passages of a similar nature." This I can perfectly understand and approve; I can also admit that in many libels the intention of the utterer is plainly deducible from the nature of the contents; but mine was a case in which time and circumstances alone could determine the purpose of the publisher, because the contents referred exclusively to one series of events, and nothing but a criminal application of the same to another series could fix guilt upon the accused. Now the only point against me was the *time* of issuing this equivocal libel, while all the *circumstances* were in my favor. The chairman had closed his charge, by saying, "With respect to the case before them, it was the duty of the jury to consider all the circumstances attending the publication of the song, as well as the contents, before they could judge whether it were libellous or not. Every doubt must be favorable to the defendant, and it certainly was a circumstance greatly in his favor, that he had sold these songs to a stranger, a person of no character, whom he had never seen in his life before. The jury were to consider the intention only; for neither the printing nor the publication, if they were ever so clearly proved, could constitute the guilt or innocence of the defendant, but the design and intention alone." I copy this from the record of the trial, in the newspapers of the day. The jury, after deliberating nearly an hour longer, returned a verdict of *Guilty*. The sentence of the court was, *Three months' imprison-*

ment in the Castle of York, and a fine of twenty pounds.

Now, through the whole of the pleadings on this occasion there was not even the feint of an attempt, on the part of the prosecutors or their counsel, to fasten upon me the guilt of seditious intention from the evidence of any of the circumstances attending my dealings with Jordan. The whole stress of the charges against me was laid on, *not* what *I* had done, but what my *predecessor* was said to have done, and what I might do in following him, as a champion of liberty in Sheffield, at that period of political excitement; nor was there an allusion made to a line or a paragraph which I had ever written, or was suspected to have written for Mr. Gales's paper or in my own. With regard to the latter, I have just now carefully examined every number, from the first published in July, 1794, to that of January 23, 1795, the day after my trial, and find not one sentence, original or quoted, which can be construed even into a slight on the king's government, or the conduct of the war, nor a syllable that could justify the charge against me in the indictment, of "being a wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil-disposed person." The fact is, that whatever I may have been, my partner was the principal editor of the newspaper all that time, and continued so till we separated, six months later. It was he who converted *The Sheffield Register* into *The Iris*, he who chose the motto —

> "Ours are the plains of fair delightful peace,
> Unwarpt by party rage, to live like brothers;"

and it was he who wrote our introductory address, wherein are these passages, explanatory of the principles on which the paper was intended thenceforward to be conducted. "They (the editors) have their own political opinions and their own political attachments; and they have no scruple to declare themselves friends to the cause of peace and reform, however such a declaration may be likely to expose them, in the present times of alarm, to obnoxious epithets, and unjust and ungenerous reproaches. But, while they acknowledge themselves unconvinced of the necessity or expediency of the present war, and fully persuaded that an amelioration of the state of the representative body is intimately connected with the true interests of the nation, they declare their firm attachment to the constitution of its government, as administered by King, Lords, and Commons; and they scorn the imputation which would represent every Reformer as a Jacobin, and every advocate for peace as an enemy to his king and country." * * * * * "It is not their intention to enter themselves, as parties, on the field of political controversy. For, though they shall think it their duty to state the reasonings on both sides, upon public and interesting questions, they do not conceive it to be at all the proper business of the editor of a newspaper to present his readers with

his own particular opinions. And, whatever theirs may at any time be, it is too much their wish to live in peace and charity with all men, to feel disposed to come forward as angry zealots or violent partisans." On these principles of comparative neutrality the paper was conducted during the twelve months of our partnership, and, as a reward of our moderation, nearly one half of the sale was lost within the term above mentioned. It is true, that when the whole management fell into my own hands, I took broader ground to stand upon as editor, but so little to my advantage, that my independence was, in general equally unsatisfactory to both parties. Like my poetry, my politics were never either fashionable or popular — probably because they were too egotistical.

On the trial at Doncaster two witnesses only were examined for the prosecution; their testimony therefore contains the whole of the evidence that could be produced upon the sole question for consideration, namely, whether the song was published by me with a seditious intention. I copy the testimony of the song-seller, Joseph Jordan, from the printed report of the cause now lying before me.

"Joseph Jordan was called and examined by Mr. Buck for the prosecution. — He said that in the month of August last, as he was crying song-books in the Hartshead at Sheffield, he had been called into the office of the defendant by one of the workmen whom he had formerly known as an apprentice

with Mr. Trimmer of Derby. The said workman gave him twopence for a pint of ale; and after some conversation showed him a printed song; no copies of which he said had ever been sold in Sheffield. Upon which he (Jordan) asked the men what they would print him a few quires for. They said, they could not print them without their master's orders, and advised him to go down into the bookseller's shop, to the defendant. This he did accordingly; the defendant agreed to print him six quires at threepence a quire; and told him to call again the next morning, when they should be ready. He did call, and saw the defendant, who said that the men had been very busy in the office, and could not get them done, but they would endeavor to let him have some in the afternoon. The witness went away, and did not return till twelve days after, when he saw the defendant again, and received one quire of the songs, for which he paid threepence. He afterwards received the remaining five quires at two several times, and paid the sum of one shilling and sixpence, and no more, for the whole six quires. As he was *selling straws* and giving songs, he was taken up by Samuel Hall, the constable, and, in defence of himself, offered to show him where he got the copies, which he did. — Though he had heard the song read to him by the workman who called him into the office of the defendant, and though he had sold straws and given the song into the bargain, he did not think there was any harm in it. The de-

fendant had not told him it was seditious, or he would not have sold it; upon his oath he would not.

"*Cross-examined for the Defendant*, by Mr. Felix Vaughan, who had been specially retained on the occasion. — He said he had been a song-seller, not song-singer, for many years; he believed upwards of twenty, during which time he had been taken up, and committed to various Houses of Correction, but never for sedition. Being asked if any particular conversation had passed between himself and the defendant, at any of the five times when they met, respecting the government or the war, he answered, 'None at all; the defendant had never mentioned any thing about either the government or the war, or any thing else, except the printing and price of the songs.' Being asked why, if he did not know the song was seditious, he had sold straws and given the song, he replied, because he thought there was something extraordinary in it, and he sold straws to make people think that there was so; but he positively swore, that he did not know it was seditious, because the defendant had not hinted any thing of the kind to him. He himself had applied to the defendant to print the song, after having learned of the men that the letter-press was standing, which he told the defendant, and said also to him that the copies only wanted *working off*, as the printers call it. The defendant had only looked at the title of the song, but did not read it, nor say any thing respecting the contents. He had never seen the defendant before,

nor did he know his name; but in court he perfectly recollected his person, and had described it to the constable who took him up.

"Samuel Hall, the constable, on his examination for the prosecution, swore that in the month of August last he saw Jordan in the High Street crying straws to sell. He bought one; and complaining that it was rather dear at a halfpenny, he received what the seller called a book, — a single leaf, containing the song mentioned in the indictment. Casting his eyes over it, he thought there was something wrong in it, and asked the vender what he had to do with such bad songs. The other replied, that he did not know there was any harm in them, and offered to show him where he obtained the copies. This he did. He (Hall) then took him and his songs into custody, and brought him before Mr. Wilkinson, the magistrate, who committed him to Wakefield House of Correction. He knew the defendant, having several times seen him, and paid bills to him of accounts due to Mr. Gales, in the bookselling shop below the printing-office, in the Hartshead."

This was the sum of the evidence for the prosecution, comprehending all the facts of the case. I brought forward no witness, for I admitted all that the two foregoing had testified. The arguments, assertions, and declamations of counsel, on this occasion, would be irrelevant here, even if they could be correctly stated. The newspaper reports of

them were very imperfect and incoherent, as well they might be, when it is considered that the five learned gentlemen who were engaged between us occupied more than as many hours in their speeches, during the trial, and upon an arrest of judgment, which was moved by Mr. Vaughan, on my part, but disallowed by the court.

Had I, at the present time, known no more of the motives and machinations of my prosecutors than I did then, I should have made precisely the same exposure of both as I have done in the foregoing narrative, namely, that I was marked out, from my first appearance in a public character, to be the object of vengeance against my predecessor, and that I was made the subject of prosecution for this petty act of inconsiderate good nature because a more serious fault could not be found in all that had been done by me personally, or as the proxy of others, up to the very day when I was arraigned upon the indictment. But five-and-forty years after these things, in the spring of 1839, a packet was put into my hands, containing several of the original documents connected with my trial for a seditious libel at Doncaster, in 1795. Among these there is a letter signed by the Duke of Portland, his Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, addressed to a magistrate of this neighborhood, apparently in answer to a communication from the latter, wherein his Grace approves of the several steps taken against the song-seller and myself, ac-

companied by some statesman-like hints respecting further proceedings. There are several letters from Mr. White, the Solicitor to the Treasury, to the attorney for the prosecution here, in one of which the latter is authorized to give briefs to three counsel named, "with the Attorney-General's compliments." Thus I learned, that I had actually suffered, not to say enjoyed, the honor of a State prosecution. Another document is the Sheffield solicitor's bill of costs, at full length, indorsed "*Rex* v. *Montgomery, J. B.'s Bill*, 66*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* *Mr. White paid this.*" What Mr. White himself, and the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, received, I know not. There are several other memoranda of no signification now. But the most precious of these ancient manuscripts, rescued as unexpectedly from hopeless perdition as any classic treasure from the ruins of Herculaneum, is *a fragment of the original draft of the brief*, delivered to the counsel for the prosecution. From this I make the following extract. After some high-seasoned vituperation of my predecessor, the scribe proceeds thus: —

"The prisoner (myself) for a long time acted as his (Mr. G.'s) amanuensis," — the next seven words express an after-thought, being interpolated in the draft, — "and occasionally wrote essays for the newspaper. Since he has been the ostensible manager and proprietor of the *Iris*, he has pursued the same line of conduct, and his printing office has been

precisely of the same stamp." — This refers to a charge in the foregoing clause respecting Mr. G.'s office, that from it "all the inflammatory and seditious resolutions, pamphlets, and papers issued" of the political societies in Sheffield. The paragraph goes on, referring to myself: — "Without calling in question the names or characters of some of his principal supporters, who ought to act differently, suffice it to say, that *this* prosecution is carried on *chiefly* with a view of *putting a stop to the meetings of the associated clubs in Sheffield;* and it is hoped that if we are fortunate enough to succeed in convicting the prisoner, it will go a great way towards curbing the insolence they have uniformly manifested, and particularly since the late acquittals."

Thus, after the lapse of nearly half a century, the true key to the measures of my adversaries against me is found. What my newspaper was during the twelve months in which these things happened, I have already shown. Files of the *Iris* are in existence, and the printed records cannot be falsified. In its pages, between the 4th of July, 1794. and the day of my trial, the 22d of January, 1795, there is but one advertisement from the Sheffield Constitutional Society, namely, "An Address to Mr. Joseph Gales," on his escape from persecution, acknowledging his private worth, and his public services in "the cause of truth and liberty." — On the liberation of three members of that body, after six months' confinement under the suspension of the

Habeas Corpus Act, to give evidence on the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and others, for high treason, there also appears an account of a civic entertainment among the members of the same society, at which the toasts and proceedings were distinguished by quite as much temperance, in feasting and speechifying, as is usually observed on such occasions. Besides these, I recollect that an address of the Society was printed at the *Iris* office, on some occasion which I have forgotten. I was told afterwards, that my prosecutors had deliberated between *this* and *the patriotic song*, on whether of the two it would be most expedient to indict me. Had they decided for the address they would have found that it was no more my production than the song, for it might have been claimed by one of those who, in the draft aforesaid, are designated my "principal supporters, *who ought to act differently*." Here, then, is the sum total, so far as my memory can trace, of all "the inflammatory and seditious resolutions, pamphlets, and papers," issued from my press by "the associated clubs in Sheffield;" for whose warning and example I was foredoomed to suffer, without so much as allowing me time to commit an offence to warrant condemnation on my own account. — In the farewell address to my readers, in 1825, I have stated the only occasion on which I formed a temporary connection with the Constitutional Society of Sheffield, namely, in the time of its adversity, when it became the duty of the remnant of its dismayed

and scattered members to preserve from starvation the families of their brethren, in bonds under the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. That Society, soon after the release of these, and the result of the trials for high treason, in London, died a natural death. With regard to the gratuitous charge that I "occasionally wrote essays" for my predecessor's newspaper, those who made it never pretended to prove it; nor will I pretend to deny it. Had it been possible to convict me of sedition for one or all put together of these juvenile rhapsodies, I should not have escaped. It was to them that I alluded, in the address delivered at the dinner given to me, by my townspeople, of all parties, in November, 1825, when I had laid down my newspaper.

Of my second offence, trial, and imprisonment, I should not feel myself justified, at this distance of time, to republish any detailed account. However political prejudice may have disqualified each of us from being a judge in his own cause, it was a personal affair between the prosecutor, a magistrate, and myself, the writer of a paragraph in the *Iris* reflecting hardly upon his conduct in quelling a riot at Sheffield, on the 4th of August, 1795. For this a Bill was found against me at Barnsley Sessions, in October following: I traversed to Doncaster Sessions

in January, 1796. There the trial came on, and, after an extraordinary scene of contradictory evidence on both sides, a verdict was given against me, and I was sentenced to *six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of thirty pounds to the King, and to give security to keep the peace for two years.* Neither of the prosecution, the verdict, nor the sentence did I ever complain, considering all the circumstances; because, according to the law of libel, there was ground for the first, conflicting testimony that was deemed to warrant the second, and the third could not altogether be called vindictive. *There* and *then*, though very disproportionately matched, my prosecutor and I joined issue on the same ground in an open court of justice, face to face, and witness against witness. It was a fair "stand-up fight" between us, in which I was overcome, the jury being umpires; for I count as nothing the fictions of the indictment, the speeches of counsel, and the part which the magistrates took to influence the proceedings. — We cannot *now* meet on equal terms: he has long ago passed beyond the judgment of fallible man. To that, indeed, the survivor might appeal, and perhaps win a verdict on a new trial, where the deceased could make no defence from the grave. But I could not thus dishonor his memory, without doubly dishonoring myself, and injuring the dead more than I was ever accused of injuring the living. In this case, as in the former, after many years, some of the official documents came into my

possession, among which are the brief held by the leading counsel against me, a copy of the indictment, with various memoranda of evidence to be produced, and, to crown the whole, the original draft of a paragraph issued from the attorney's office, and published in the *Sheffield Courant*, mentioning the trial, verdict, and sentence, accompanied by a remark so malignantly vindictive, that I will not trust my hand to transcribe it, lest I should be tempted to violate my purpose to forbear from making any animadversion on any part of the proceedings against me, open or covert, in court or out of it. One fact I will state. The above paragraph (the manuscript and the print are both under my eye at this moment), in reference to the trial, summarily observes, "After a most elaborate discussion of the business, the verdict of the jury did credit to their feelings as men, and ample justice to the above magistrate's conduct." Now, of this "most elaborate discussion of the business," neither the paragraph nor the newspaper gives one syllable of particulars. On the other hand, in the *Iris*, a report occupying nearly six columns, gave at length the examination of the witnesses on both sides, with brief notes of the pleadings, from the impossibility of comprehending the whole. There was a reason for suppression on the one part, and a reason for publication on the other.

No attempt was afterwards made to discredit this report of the only important disclosures which were brought out upon the trial, nor to supply the utter

defect of the paragraph in regard to these. I must, however, distinctly state, that I never had reason to believe that the prosecutor had any hand in this ferocious exultation over the fall of one, whom the party which had volunteered their enmity to me from my outset in public life imagined hopelessly cast down. They were mistaken, and so soon, as well as so thoroughly, were they convinced of their mistake, that from that day I do not remember I ever again experienced any annoyance from one of them. Twice, indeed, in later years, I was menaced with legal visitation from persons who did not avow themselves openly, but who, when they might have fought, exercised "the better part of valor," and, in their "discretion," let me alone.

With regard to the magistrate whom I had offended in the last-mentioned case, he took the opportunity, a few years afterwards, of showing both kindness and confidence towards me, in an affair of business; and from his marked conciliatory conduct, I must believe that his mind was as much discharged of every degree of hostile feeling to me, as I trust mine was of resentment against him.

Of my situation in prison, I may add two or three words, for the reader's better intelligence of some allusions in the following pieces. On the first occasion I occupied a spacious apartment, and the range of a passage, having no open communication with any of the adjacent rooms. I was entitled to take exercise in the castle-yard for one hour early in the

morning. Of this, I never availed myself. The governor, however, informed me that I might have that indulgence at a more convenient season, if I would ask his leave. That, however, I did not feel free to do; and he, with great courtesy, occasionally sent me the keys of my barricadoed quarters to let myself out. After my second conviction, on account of infirm health, I petitioned the magistrates for the liberty of the Castle-yard, without being under obligation to the governor. And this mercy, to their honor I record it, was immediately shown me by the gentlemen who, I thought, had dealt hard justice towards me at Doncaster. In other respects I had every comfort and accommodation in prison that I could desire.

I shall venture to prolong this new Introduction to my "Prison Amusements," by mentioning a circumstance which requires explanation from myself, who alone can give it. In the *Table Talk* of the late Mr. William Hazlitt, vol. i. p. 371, I find this paragraph, which I quote literally: — "Mr. Montgomery, the ingenious and amiable poet, after he had been shut up in solitary confinement for a year and a half, for printing the Duke of Richmond's Letter on Reform, when he first walked out in the narrow path of the adjoining field, was seized with an apprehension that he should fall over it, as if he had trod on the brink of an abrupt precipice."

Now there is not one word of pure fact in this anecdote, which, nevertheless, was intended to be the

truth throughout, believed to be so, and published to excite compassion towards the sufferer. I *never* printed the Duke of Richmond's Letter on Reform. I was *never* shut up for a year and a half in solitary confinement, and I *never* felt any fear of falling over the edge of a narrow path through a flat field. It might be concluded from the foregoing story, that I had been immured in a dark cell, and loaded with chains, till my eye could not bear the light without giddiness, and my limbs were paralyzed for want of exercise. The iron did indeed "enter into my *soul*," but it went no *further*, — it never touched my *person* — the nearest part of a man to himself under some circumstances. It is true that I was twice imprisoned, for three, and six months, in the course of "a year and a half." Now, during the first term, the room which I occupied overlooked the Castle walls, and gave me ample views of the adjacent country, then passing through the changes of aspect which Nature assumes from the depth and forlornness of winter to the first blooms of a promising spring. From my window I was daily in the habit of marking these, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the well-known walk by the river Ouse, where stood a long range of full-grown trees, beyond which, on the left hand, lay certain pasture-fields that led towards a wooden windmill, propt upon one leg, on a little eminence; and the motion and configuration of whose arms, as the body was occasionally turned about, east,

west, north, and south, to meet the wind from every point, proved the source of very humble, but very dear pleasure, to one with whom it was even as a living thing, — the companion of his eye, and the inspirer of his thoughts, having more than once suggested grave meditations on the vanity of the world, and the flight of time.

During such reveries, I often purposed that my first ramble on recovery of my freedom should be down by that river, under those trees, across the fields beyond, and away to the windmill.

And so it came to pass. On one fine morning in the middle of April I was liberated. Immediately afterwards I sallied forth, and took my walk in that direction, — from whence, with feelings which none but an emancipated captive can fully understand, I looked *back* upon the Castle walls, and *to* the window of that chamber *from* which I had been accustomed to look *forward*, both with the eye and with hope, upon the ground which I was now treading, with a spring in my step as though the very soil were elastic under my feet. While I was thus traversing the fields, not with any apprehension of falling over the verge of the narrow footpath, but from mere wantonness of instinct, in the joy of liberty long wished for, and, though late, come at last, I *wilfully* diverged from the track, crossing it now to the right, then to the left, like a butterfly fluttering here and there, making a long course and little way, just to prove

my legs, that they were no longer under restraint, but might tread *where* and *how* they pleased; and that I myself was in reality *abroad* again in the world, — not gazing at a section of landscape over stone walls that might not be scaled; nor, when, in the Castle-yard, the ponderous gates, or the small wicket, happened to be opened to let in or out visitors or captives, looking up the street from a particular point within the enclosure which might not be passed. Now to some wise people this may appear very childish, even in such a stripling as I then was; but the feeling was pure and natural, and the expression innocent and graceful, as every unsophisticated emotion, and its spontaneous manifestation, must be; however much, on cool reflection, a prudent man, with the eyes of all the world upon him, might choose to conceal the one and repress the other. Be this as it may, having once or twice mentioned the frolic in company, I know not through how many mouths it may have transmigrated before it reached Mr. Hazlitt in the form under which he has presented it.

After the foregoing narratives and statements of my juvenile delinquencies and sufferings, one sentence from the original Preface to the following "Confessions" will be sufficient: —

"These pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness. They were the transcripts of melancholy

feelings, — the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real."

November 10, 1840.

PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY.

Welcome, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat:
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of Liberty!

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapors scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;—
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blest with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river*
Mourns in solid icy chains;

* The Ouse.

Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
On the desolated plains;—
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board:
Robin! come and live with me,
Live — yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid the enamor'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor prisoner! think of me,
Think — and sigh for liberty.

February 2, 1795.

MOONLIGHT.

Gentle Moon! a captive calls;
Gentle Moon! awake, arise;
Gild the prison's sullen walls;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide,—
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart:
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chase despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the guilty breast:
Conscious virtue braves despair;
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
As thy beams the brightest shine
When the deepest midnight reigns.

Say, fair shepherdess of night
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue ethereal mead;

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me,—
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast,—
"Wipe that generous drop away;
He for whom it falls is blest.

"Blest with Freedom unconfined,
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul:
Who can chain the immortal Mind?
—None but He who spans the pole."

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,
In romantic visions airy
Steals the captive from his cell.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;
Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

Stay, thou dear delusion! stay;
Beauteous bubble! do not break;
— Ah! the pageant flits away;
— Who from such a dream would wake?

March 7, 1795.

THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

Nocturnal Silence reigning,
A Nightingale began
In his cold cage complaining,
Of cruel-hearted Man:
His drooping pinions shiver'd,
Like wither'd moss so dry;
His heart with anguish quiver'd,
And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
No balmy power could steep;
So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
The music seem'd to weep.
Unfeeling Sons of Folly!
To you the Mourner sung;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

"Now reigns the moon in splendor
Amid the heaven serene;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen:

Sweet hours of inspiration!
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in Song.

"But now, delicious season!
In vain thy charms invite;
Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I,
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

"In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene:
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye;
I vow'd eternal duty;
She look'd — half kind, half shy

"My plumes with ardor trembling
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung;
The fair one, still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue:
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried;
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

" Deep in the grove retiring,
To choose our secret seat,
We found an oak aspiring,
Beneath whose mossy feet,
Where the tall herbage swelling
Had form'd a green alcove,
We built our humble dwelling,
And hallow'd it with love.

" Sweet scene of vanish'd pleasure!
This day, this fatal day,
My little ones, my treasure,
My spouse, were stolen away!
I saw the precious plunder,
All in a napkin bound;
Then smit with human thunder,
I flutter'd on the ground!

" O man! beneath whose vengeance
All Nature bleeding lies!
Who charged thine impious engines
With lightning from the skies?
Ah! is thy bosom iron?
Does it thine heart enchain?
As these cold bars environ,
And, captive, me detain?

" Where are my offspring tender?
Where is my widow'd mate?
— Thou Guardian Moon! defend her!
Ye Stars! avert their fate! —

O'erwhelm'd with killing anguish,
In iron cage, forlorn,
I see my poor babes languish:
I hear their mother mourn!

"O Liberty! inspire me,
And eagle-strength supply!
Thou, Love almighty! fire me!
I'll burst my prison — or die!"
He sung, and forward bounded;
He broke the yielding door!
But, with the shock confounded,
Fell, lifeless, on the floor!

Farewell, then, Philomela:
Poor martyr'd bird! adieu!
There's one, my charming fellow!
Who thinks, who feels, like you
The bard that pens thy story,
Amidst a prison's gloom,
Sighs — not for wealth nor glory,
— But freedom, or thy tomb!

February 12, 1796.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail! resplendent Evening Star!
Brightly beaming from afar;
Fairest gem of purest light
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day;
While the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky;
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light;
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,

Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ; —
— Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep ;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round ;
Queen of Beauty ! queen of stars !
Smile upon these frowning bars,
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell,
No tormenting demons dwell ;
Round these walls in wild despair,
No agonizing spectres glare :
Here reside no furies gaunt ;
No tumultuous passions haunt ;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion-horrors murder rest ;
Coward malice, hatred dire,
Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
Pining envy, frantic ire ;
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude :
— But a sorely-hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here ;
One, whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many ar arrow keen ;

One, whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled;
From the herd, when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field;
Assail'd, and captive led away,
He fell a poor, inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose.
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide;
Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when through clouds thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendor, on the night,
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes;
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain;
All my fretful fears are banish'd,
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the Muse's hallow'd fires;
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away;
Till the last long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty!
Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return!

Rise to set the captive free:
Rise, O sun of Liberty!

February 29, 1796.

SOLILOQUY OF A WATER-WAGTAIL ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feather'd coxcomb spied:
When the little hopping elf
Gaily thus amused himself.

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old;
I'm the Lord of the Creation;
I — a Water-Wagtail bold!
All around, and all you see,
All the world was made for ME!

"Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
Rises — when I leave my nest;
And, behind the hills declining,
Sets — when I retire to rest:
Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME!

"Vernal gales to love invite me;
Summer sheds for me her beams;
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me;
Winter paves with ice my streams;
All the year is mine, you see;
Seasons change, like moons, for ME!

"On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease:
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME!

"Boundless are my vast dominions;
I can hop, or swim, or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME!

"'T was for my accommodation,
Nature rose when I was born;

Should I die — the whole creation
Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
Sprung — exist, will fall with ME!"

Here the pretty prattler, ending,
Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel Hawk descending,
Pounced him up — an helpless prey.
— Could'st thou not, poor Wagtail! see,
That the Hawk was made for THEE?

April 15, 1796.

THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me how I spend the day;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time:
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen;
These idle lines — they might be worse —
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder;
The gates of iron burst asunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle;
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear;
While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound;
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again.

Though captive all day long 't is true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep.

But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large — and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
For any man, in four-and-twenty.
You smile — and yet 't is nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!

When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing;
Yet bards are not cameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light;
Who ever dined or supp'd on fame,
And went to bed upon a name?

Breakfast despatch'd, I sometimes read,
To clear the vapors from my head;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.

When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage!
But books there are with nothing fraught,—
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod — but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dulness lost,
Poor patience must give up the ghost;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep.

At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends:
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove:
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd;
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers:
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs;
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot;
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain;
The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make;
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;
Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,

In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again;
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night:
Thus, in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendor from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me;
The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice:
Nothing remains of all the vapor,
Save — what I send you — ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song:

Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still.
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravish'd from his little nest
By barbarous boys who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg:
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
— The clock strikes one — I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day;
At present, worthy friend, farewell;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half-dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

June 13. 1796.

EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts, and snug in chains;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout
Would, rather than break in, break out;
Where all 's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what 's heard and seen;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows
As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review: —
That 's the old castle, this the new;

Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air:
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells;
There stands the chapel for good people;
That black balcony is the steeple;
How gaily spins the weather-cock!
How proudly shines the crazy clock!
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun:
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long:
Though captives often reckon here
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free;
One thing, indeed, is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd:
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like — getting out again!
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.
There, on the outside of the door
(As sang a wicked wag of yore),

Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown,
The lady was a stepping-stone,
Till — though the metamorphose odd is —
A chisel made the block a goddess:
— "Odd!" did I say? — I'm wrong this time;
But I was hamper'd for a rhyme:
Justice at — I could tell you where —
Is just the same as justice there.

But lo! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel's size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes;
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears:
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows;
Waves on his breast, and plumes his feet
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks at one a thousand ways;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions.
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels:
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slily pinches in the rear;
They start surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself!
My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his:
Blasted like me by fortune's frown;
Like me, TWICE hunted, TWICE run down;
Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath!
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been;
Still, on his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.

Daily the mournful wretch I feed
With crumbs of comfort and of bread;
But man, false man! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes:
In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near;
He lingers — looks — and fain he would —
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate:
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought:
I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host:
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me — I'm at rest;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life:
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace:
Oft as the moonlight fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread:
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak;

Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears:
— Poor beast! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head;
Ah! mayst thou never pass these bounds
To see the world — and feel the hounds!
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart:
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread, —
To love and joy her spouse is dead.

But lo! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall;
A warning voice, like curfew bell,
Commands each captive to his cell;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire:
Soon comes a turnkey with "Good night, sir!"
And bolts the door with all his might, sir:
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake — and sometimes sleep.
These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I'm happy 't is with reason:

Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
And I, from all these comforts, banish'd!

June 14, 1796.

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO I.

Once, on the mountain's balmy lap reclined,
The sage unlock'd the treasures of his mind;
Pure from his lips sublime instruction came,
As the blest altar breathes celestial flame;
A band of youths and virgins round him press'd,
Whom thus the prophet and the sage address'd:—

"Through the wide universe's boundless range,
All that exist decay, revive, and change:
No atom torpid or inactive lies;
A being, once created, never dies.
The waning moon, when quench'd in shades of night,
Renews her youth with all the charms of light;
The flowery beauties of the blooming year
Shrink from the shivering blast, and disappear;
Yet, warm'd with quickening showers of genial rain,
Spring from their graves, and purple all the plain.
As day the night, and night succeeds the day,
So death re-animates, so lives decay:
Like billows on the undulating main,
The swelling fall, the falling swell again;
Thus on the tide of time, inconstant, roll
The dying body and the living soul.
In every animal, inspired with breath,
The flowers of life produce the seeds of death;—

The seeds of death, though scatter'd in the tomb,
Spring with new vigor, vegetate and bloom.

"When wasted down to dust the creature dies,
Quick, from its cell, the enfranchised spirit flies;
Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
And towers an elephant, or glides a worm;
The awful lion's royal shape assumes;
The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes;
Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
Or wails, a screech-owl, to the deaf, cold moon;
Haunts the dread brakes where serpents hiss and glare,
Or hums, a glittering insect in the air.
The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
In noble animals revive again:
But base and vicious spirits wind their way,
In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.
The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave;
Each, in congenial animals, shall find
A home and kindred for his wandering mind.

"Even the cold body, when enshrined in earth,
Rises again in vegetable birth:
From the vile ashes of the bad proceeds
A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds;
The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers;
Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
Whose fragrant lips embalm the passing gale."

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO II.

* * * * *

"Now, mark the words these dying lips impart,
And wear this grand memorial round your heart:
All that inhabit ocean, air, or earth,
From ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth.
The Hand that built the palace of the sky
Form'd the light wings that decorate a fly:
The Power that wheels the circling planets round
Rears every infant floweret on the ground;
That Bounty which the mightiest beings share
Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.
Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,
Children of air, and tenants of the floods;
All, all are equal, independent, free,
And all the heirs of immortality!
For all that live and breathe have once been men,
And, in succession, will be such again:
Even you, in turn, that human shape must change,
And through ten thousand forms of being range.

"Ah! then, refrain your brethren's blood to spill,
And, till you can create, forbear to kill!
Oft as a guiltless fellow-creature dies,
The blood of innocence for vengeance cries:

Even grim, rapacious savages of prey,
Presume not, save in self-defence, to slay;
What, though to heaven their forfeit lives they owe,
Hath heaven commission'd thee to deal the blow?
Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,
Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form!
Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird?
In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.
When the poor, harmless kid, all trembling, lies,
And begs his little life with infant cries,
Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's breath,
You doom a dear, an only child, to death.
When at the ring the beauteous heifer stands,
— Stay, monster! stay those parricidal hands;
Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,
The sacred features of thy mother trace?
When to the stake the generous bull you lead,
Tremble, — ah, tremble, — lest your father bleed.
Let not your anger on your dog descend,
The faithful animal was once your friend;
The friend whose courage snatch'd you from the grave,
When wrapp'd in flames or sinking in the wave.
— Rash, impious youth! renounce that horrid knife,
Spare the sweet antelope! — ah, spare — thy wife!
In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes,
See the soft image of thy consort rise;
Such as she is, when by romantic streams,
Her spirit greets thee in delightful dreams;

Not as she look'd, when blighted in her bloom;
Not as she lies, all pale in yonder tomb;
That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose!
That hallow'd tomb, where all thy griefs shall close.

"While yet I sing, the weary king of light
Resigns his sceptre to the queen of night;
Unnumber'd orbs of living fire appear,
And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
Perhaps the soul, released from earthly ties,
A thousand ages hence may mount the skies;
Through suns and planets, stars, and systems range,
In each new forms assume, relinquish, change;
From age to age, from world to world aspire,
And climb the scale of being higher and higher:
But who these awful mysteries dare explore?
Pause, O my soul! and tremble and adore.

"There is a Power, all other powers above,
Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love;
Who call'd the infant universe to light,
From central nothing and circumfluent night.
On His great providence all worlds depend,
As trembling atoms to their centre tend;
In nature's face His glory shines confess'd,
She wears His sacred image on her breast;
His spirit breathes in every living soul;
His bounty feeds, his presence fills the whole;
Though seen, invisible — though felt, unknown;
All that exist, exist in Him alone.

But who the wonders of His hand can trace
Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space?
When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
Where boundless scenes of Godlike grandeur rise;
Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze.
Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
Eternal miracles of skill divine,
These, and ten thousand more, are only still
The shadow of his power, the transcript of his will.

April 14, 1796.

A TALE TOO TRUE:

Being a supplement to *The Prison Amusements*, originally published under the name of PAUL POSITIVE, in which many of the Author's Juvenile Verses were composed. The following were written at Scarborough, whither he had retired, on being liberated from York Castle, for the recovery of his health, before he returned home. They are dated July 28, 1796, and were literally a summer-day's labor.

ONE beautiful morning, when Paul was a child,
And went with a satchel to school,
The rogue play'd the truant, which shows he was wild,
And though little a very great fool.

He came to a cottage that grew on the moor,
No mushroom was ever so strong;
'T was snug as a mouse-trap; and close by the door
A river ran rippling along.

The cot was embosom'd in rook-nested trees,
The chestnut, the elm, and the oak;
Geese gabbled in concert with bagpiping bees,
While softly ascended the smoke.

At the door sat a damsel, a sweet little girl,
Array'd in a petticoat green;
Her skin was as lovely as mother of pearl,
And milder than moonlight her mien.

She sang as she knotted a garland of flowers,
Right mellowly warbled her tongue;
Such strains in Elysium's romantical bowers,
To soothe the departed are sung

Paul stood like a gander, he stood like himself,
Eyes, ears, nose, and mouth open'd wide;
When suddenly rising, the pretty young elf
The wonder-struck wanderer spied.

She started and trembled, she blush'd and she smiled,
Then dropping a courtesy she said,
"Pray, what brought you hither, my dear little child?
Did your legs run away with your head?"

"Yes! Yes!" stammer'd Paul, and he made a fine bow,
At least 't was the finest he could,
Though the lofty-bred belles of St. James's, I trow,
Would have call'd it a bow made of wood.

No matter, the dimple cheek'd damsel was pleased,
And modestly gave him her wrist;
Paul took the fine present, and tenderly squeezed,
As if 't were a wasp in his fist.

Then into the cottage she led the young fool,
Who stood all aghast to behold
The lass's grim mother, who managed a school,
A beldame, a witch, and a scold.

Her eyes were as red as two lobsters when boil'd,
Her complexion the color of straw;
Though she grinn'd like a death's head whenever she smiled,
She show'd not a tooth in her jaw.

Her body was shrivell'd and dried like a kecks,
Her arms were all veins, bone, and skin;
And then she 'd a beard, sir, in spite of her sex,
I don't know how long, on her chin.

Her dress was as mournful as mourning could be,
Black sackcloth, bleach'd white with her tears;
For a widow, fair ladies! a widow was she,
Most dismally stricken in years.

The charms of her youth, if she ever had any,
Were all under total eclipse;
While the charms of her daughter, who truly had many,
Were only unfolding their lips.

Thus, far in a wilderness, bleak and forlorn,
When winter deflowers the year,
All hoary and horrid, I 've seen an old thorn,
In icicle trappings appear:

While a sweet-smiling snow-drop enamels its root,
Like the morning-star gladdening the sky;
Or an elegant crocus peeps out at its foot,
As blue as Miss Who-ye-will's eye.

"Dear mother!" the damsel exclaim'd with a sigh,
"I have brought you a poor little wretch,
Your victim and mine," — but a tear from her eye
Wash'd away all the rest of her speech.

The beldame then mounting her spectacles on,
Like an arch o'er the bridge of her nose,
Examined the captive, and crying "Well done!"
Bade him welcome with twenty dry blows.

Paul fell down astounded, and only not dead,
For death was not quite within call;
Recovering he found himself in a warm bed,
And in a warm fever and all.

Reclined on her elbow, to anguish a prey,
The maiden in lovely distress
Sate weeping her soul from her eyelids away;
How could the fair mourner do less?

But when she perceived him reviving again,
She caroll'd a sonnet so sweet,
The captive, transported, forgot all his pain,
And presently fell at her feet.

All rapture and fondness, all folly and joy,
"Dear damsel! for your sake," he cried,
"I'll be your cross mother's own dutiful boy,
And you shall one day be my bride."

"For shame!" quoth the nymph, though she look'd the reverse,
"Such nonsense I cannot approve;
Too young we're to wed." — Paul said, "So much the worse;
But are we too young then to love?"

The lady replied in a language that speaks
Not unto the ear but the eye;
The language that blushes through eloquent cheeks,
When modesty looks very sly.

Our true lovers lived, — for the fable saith true, —
As merry as larks in their nest,
Who are learning to sing while the hawk is in view,
— The ignorant always are blest.

Through valleys and meadows they wander'd by day,
And warbled and whistled along;
So liquidly glided their moments away,
Their life was a galloping song.

When they twitter'd their notes from the top of a hill,
If November did not look like May,
If rocks did not caper, nor rivers stand still,
The asses at least did not bray.

If the trees did not leap nor the mountains advance,
They were deafer than bailiffs, 'tis clear;

If sun, moon, and stars did not lead up a dance,
They wanted a musical ear.

But sometimes the beldame, cross, crazy, and old,
Would thunder, and threaten, and swear;
Expose them to tempests, to heat, and to cold,
To danger, fatigue, and despair.

For wisdom, she argued, could only be taught
By bitter experience to fools,
And she acted as every good school-mistress ought,
Quite up to the beard of her rules.

Her school, by-the-by, was the noblest on earth
For mortals to study themselves;
There many great folks, who were folios by birth,
She cut down to pitiful twelves.

Her rod like death's scythe, in her levelling hand,
Bow'd down rich, poor, wicked, and just;
Kings, queens, popes, and heroes, the touch of her wand
Could crumble to primitive dust.

At length in due season, the planets that reign,
By chance or some similar art,
Commanded the damsel to honor her swain
With her hand as the key to her heart

The grisly old mother then blest the fond pair;
— "While you live, O my darlings!" she cried,

"My favors unask'd for you always shall share,
And cleave like two ribs to my side.

"Poor Paul is a blockhead in marrow and bone,
Whom nought but my rod can make wise;
The fellow will only, when all's said and done,
Be just fit to live when he dies."

The witch was a prophetess, all must allow,
And Paul a strange moon-stricken youth,
Who somewhere had pick'd up, I'll not tell you how,
A sad knack of telling the truth.

His sorrows and sufferings his consort may paint,
In colors of water and fire;
She saw him in prison, desponding and faint,
She saw him in act to expire.

Then melting her voice to the tenderest tone,
The lovely enthusiast began
To sing in sweet numbers the comforts unknown,
That solace the soul of the man,

Who, hated, forsaken, tormented, opprest,
And wrestling with anguish severe,
Can turn his eye inward, and view in his breast
A conscience unclouded and clear.

The captive look'd up with a languishing eye,
Half quench'd in a tremulous tear;

He saw the meek Angel of Hope standing by,
He heard her solicit his ear.

Her strain then exalting, and swelling her lyre,
The triumphs of patience she sung,
While passions of music and language of fire
Flow'd full and sublime from her tongue.

At length the gay morning of liberty shone,
At length the dread portals flew wide;
Then hailing each other with transports unknown,
The captive escaped with his bride.

Behold in a fable the Poet's own life,
From which this lean moral we draw,
— The MUSE is Paul Positive's nightingale-wife,
MISFORTUNE his mother-in-law.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VOLUME II.

THE

WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

A POEM IN TEN CANTOS.

PREFACE.

THE following were the circumstances under which "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD" was conceived, executed, and at length published.

The delay of Mr. Bowyer's magnificent work, in passing through the press, whereby the poem of "THE WEST INDIES" was to be brought out, with every advantage of external dignity and illustration, preventing the author from again appearing before the public as a poet, so early as he had intended, he naturally became somewhat impatient, having, in the interval, composed many minor pieces, which he had reason to believe might be favorably received by those who had not ceased to call for successive editions of "THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND," and its accompaniments, though the three years of its doubtful existence, and foredoomed extinction, by the Edinburgh Reviewers, had already expired.

While in quest of a theme for a leading essay the sudden recollection of the following passage in

the eleventh book of PARADISE LOST, referring to the translation of Enoch, at once determined his choice. After briefly alluding to the building of the first cities, the origin of war, battles, sieges, devastations, the prowess and achievements of the earliest heroes,

> "Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise,"

the vision, opened into futurity by Michael the Archangel to fallen Adam, is described as presenting this scene: —

> "In other part the sceptred heralds call
> To council, in the city-gates; — anon,
> Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd,
> Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon
> In factious opposition; till at last
> Of middle age one rising, eminent
> In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
> Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
> And judgment from above. Him old and young
> Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,
> Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence,
> Unseen amid the throng; so violence
> Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
> Through all the plain, and refuge none was found."

In the course of a few months, the plan, thus suddenly conceived, was diligently elaborated, and the whole comprised in the space of four cantos. The copy was then despatched to the author's late friend, Daniel Parken, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, who had just been called to the bar, and in whose fine taste and sound judgment he had good reason to repose the highest confidence. Anticipating no serious

hinderance, this gentlemen was requested, after perusal, to deliver the Poem to Messrs. Longman and Co. for immediate publication, with such other compositions as should be forwarded in due time. Accordingly Mr. Parken read and approved of the performance so much as to think it *worth* mending, and capable of being *greatly* mended, because the Author had not done justice either to himself or to his theme in so contracted a compass. Wherefore, with a courage and candor, not often hazarded by one friend towards another, in an affair of peculiar delicacy, where the most jealous of personal feelings must of necessity be wounded, how tenderly soever the sensitive operation may be performed, — he addressed a brief but earnest letter to his correspondent, imploring permission to detain the manuscript a few days longer, before he consigned it to the booksellers for the press, till the Author himself had given further consideration to the subject, with a view of bringing out its latent capabilities more effectually than had been attempted in the draft, or rather in the sketch which had been sent to him.

This was touching the apple of a Poet's eye, while in the act of self-complacently gazing on his newborn offspring, before the fondness of paternal affection had detected a fault or a failing about it. The pain inflicted was excruciating for a few hours, and arose, not more from mortified vanity than from the disappointment of "hope deferred" (which had previously "made the heart sick") by this unex-

pected frustration of a cherished purpose to appear a second time before the public, at the very moment when, instead of being fulfilled, "the desire," which "when it cometh is a tree of life," was thus cut down to the ground, and the root alone spared to shoot up and grow under long and laborious culture into "a plant of renown."

But Mr. Parken having shown him so heroic a proof of disinterested kindness — after a due struggle with himself during an afternoon's ramble in the fields and woods adjacent — the Author determined not to be outdone by his adviser in magnanimity, but to give him in return a corresponding token of genuine friendship, by unreservedly bowing to his judgment, and adopting his counsel.

Having once surrendered the point of hasty publication, he further resolved, as the manuscript was in London, to submit it to the examination of four other authorities in the small range of his literary acquaintance. By each of these, after indulgent perusal, it was returned with notes and comments freely and ingenuously expressed, but of course not altogether accordant. Sufficient commendation, however, was bestowed by all on the performance at large, and sufficient diversity of opinion manifested on a multitude of passages (the praises and the strictures reciprocally qualifying each other), to convince himself, at least, that, with all deference to them, the author was as competent a judge of his own performance as any of his courteous critics

much as he was benefited by their respective hints for the improvement of the text of his poem, as it then stood, though none had suggested either incident or alteration in the plot for its better development.

Meanwhile, "THE WEST INDIES" came out in all the glory of typography and pictorial embellishment, and was well received by the public. After an interval of six months, according to contract with Mr. Bowyer, that poem being republished with such miscellaneous pieces as had accumulated upon his hands since the appearance of his former volume, the Author set himself resolutely to the task of remodelling "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD;" and, in the course of doing so, every day he felt himself more and more indebted to the faithful advice of that friend, who had rescued it from premature publication, when in all probability an untimely birth would have been to it the premonition of untimely death. To him, therefore, portions of the new poem were transmitted in its progress; and these were so generously appreciated, that each in its turn was welcomed as a pledge of better things to follow to the end. But in the month of July, 1812, when the work was about midway accomplished, "the days of his (friend's) youth were shortened," and he lived no longer on earth, except in the affections of his kindred, and the memory of his associates — in these he cannot die while either of them survive.

This brief statement will render more intelligible than they have hitherto been certain allusions in the introductory stanzas, addressed "*To the Spirit of a departed Friend.*"

October 10 1840

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THERE is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief information, contained in the sacred records, concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised this undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation; if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed, in their stage of society, may read the *Eleventh* Book of PARADISE LOST; — and those who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *Twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having deliberately adopted

them, under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability, — he asks no favor, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either; nor shall the facility with which "much malice and a little wit" might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general Readers.

But, — here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste, and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture-characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a parable only; and its value, in this view, must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious, influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth; and that *is* Truth, — Truth in the essence, though not in the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.

February 6, 1813.

TO THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Many, my friend, have mourn'd for Thee,
And yet shall many mourn,
Long as thy name on earth shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved Thee here, and love
Thy spirit still in realms above.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep:
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye,
— Thou *art* not dead, Thou could'st not die.

In silent anguish, O my friend!
When I recall thy worth,
Thy lovely life, thine early end,
I feel estranged from earth;
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely and for ever blest.

In loftier mood I fain would raise
With my victorious breath

Some fair memorial of thy praise,
Beyond the reach of Death;
Proud wish, and vain! — I cannot give
The word, that makes the dead to live.

Thou art *not* dead, Thou could'st not die;
To nobler life new-born,
Thou look'st in pity from the sky
Upon a world forlorn,
Where glory is but dying flame,
And immortality a name.

Yet didst Thou prize the Poet's art;
And when to Thee I sung,
How pure, how fervent from the heart,
The language of thy tongue!
In praise or blame alike sincere,
But still most kind when most severe.

When first this dream of ancient times
Warm on my fancy glow'd,
And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes
The Song of Wonder flow'd;
Pleased but alarm'd, I saw Thee stand,
And check'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre,
I trembled, doubted, fear'd,
Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
My soul thy presence cheer'd;

But suddenly the light was flown,
I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care, and woe,
Since that bereaving day,
With heartless patience, faint and low,
I trill'd the secret lay,
Afraid to trust the bold design
To less indulgent ears than thine.

'T is done ; — nor would I dread to meet
The world's repulsive brow,
Had I presented at thy feet
The Muse's trophy now,
And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain,
The pledge of labor *not* in vain.

Full well I know, *if Thou wert here*,
A pilgrim still with me, —
Dear as my theme was once, and dear
As I was once to Thee, —
Too mean to yield Thee pure delight,
The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach Thee *where thou art*,
And sounds might Spirits move,
Their better, their diviner part,
Thou surely would'st approve ;
Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy,
And Angel-Songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er; and I have wrought
With self-rewarding toil,
To raise the scatter'd seed of thought
Upon a desert soil:
O for soft winds and clement showers!
I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue,
Along thy path to bloom,
And little thought, that I must strew
Their leaves upon thy tomb:
— Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye,
Thou *art* not dead, Thou could'st not die.

Farewell, but not a long farewell;
In heaven may I appear,
The trials of my faith to tell
In thy transported ear,
And sing with Thee the eternal strain,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."

Sheffield, January 23, 1813.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject; and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the Deluge, and push'd

"Down the great river to the opening gulf,"

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden: the

rest of the world having gradually been colonized by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connections with the daughters of men, and there were Giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the Poem. It is only necessary to add, that, for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as "the host of Cain," — "the force of Cain," — "the camp of Cain;" — and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden. — The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the Giants, at the Deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth Canto of the following Poem, a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture testimony.

THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO FIRST.

The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain. The Flight of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the Patriarchs dwelt. The Story of Javan's former Life.

Eastward of Eden's early peopled plain,
When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,
The murderer from his Judge's presence fled:
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread;
But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built;
While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
Empire nor honor brought his soul relief;
He found, where'er he roamed, uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.

Ages, meanwhile, as ages now are told,
O'er the young world in long succession roll'd;
For such the vigor of primeval man,
Through number'd centuries his period ran,

And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
By tribes and kindred, scatter'd wide and far,
Beneath the track of every varying star.
But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
Emboldcn'd by their elder brother's crime,
They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke;
The weak became the victims of the strong,
And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong.

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain,
A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain;
There fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests grew;
By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the shade;
Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
And manly vigor till'd the unfailing soil;
Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
Round the pure altars of the living God;
Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd,
And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
Then fled the people's glory and defence,
The joys of home, the peace of innocence;
Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,

Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
And God and Angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
Full in the spirit of their father, came
To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
With force unequal, to repel their foes;
Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins lay,
Their whole inheritance became a prey;
The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their cry,
Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky;
Till, urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length,
In fierce despair, they rallied all their strength.
They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight:
The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead;
The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie,
By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
The victim, while he groan'd his soul away,
Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,
Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore
His widen'd wounds, and drank the living gore.

One sole surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost;

A small, a brave, a melancholy band,
The orphans, and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampment spread:
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene;
There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force.
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a long region of forbidden ground;
Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
In hoary foam and surging mist were lost;
Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
White down the precipice they dash'd below;
There, in tumultuous billows broken wide,
They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide;
Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended; — down the west
The glowing moon declined towards her rest;
Through either host the voice of war was dumb;
In dreams the hero won the fight to come;
No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
The distant cataract's everlasting roar,
When, from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew;
Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,

And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn;
Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
He fear'd at every step to start a foe;
Oft leap'd the hare across his path, up sprung
The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung;
What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
With golden splendor rose the morning-star,
As if an Angel-sentinel of night,
From earth to heaven had wing'd his homeward flight,
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose,
Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose;
Then by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
Where the gray willows trembled to the wind;
With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd
When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,
Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient sky,
And kindled into glory at his eye;
While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground
Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
And resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man forever closed,
The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed:
The gradual landscape open'd to his view;
From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,

And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
The radiant river, and the tented field;
The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array;
The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,
Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
The proud Invaders, early roused to fight,
Tribe after tribe emerging into light;
Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams
Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
And ocean rolls in living fire below;
So, round the unbroken border of the wood,
The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
Eager to force the covert of their foe,
And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
He gazed, — his heart recoil'd, — he turn'd his head,
And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive? — In infancy
A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
Precipitate destruction swept away;
Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all;
She saw them sinking, heard their voices call
Beneath the gulf, — and agonized, aghast,
On the wild verge of eddying ruin cast,

Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes:
A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth,
Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground,
The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found;
And thence with tender care and timely aid,
Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remain'd, — her boy!
Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes;
When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be repress;
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.
In him, while fond imagination view'd
Husband and parents, brethren, friends renew'd,
Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face;
For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
As the sun glancing through a vernal day;
And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
With darkening furrows o'er cerulean mien,
His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours
His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers;

Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears:
The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind,
But from the north when snow and tempest came,
His nobler spirit mounted into flame;
With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
The world, which yet by fame alone he knew;
The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
Glory the secret of his midnight dream;
That dream he told not; though his heart would ache
His home was precious for his mother's sake.
With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
His guardian angel, till he verged to man;
But when her weary eye could watch no more,
When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain;
He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
Instinctive genius caught the ethereal fire;
And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart.
Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
Forsook the worship and the ways of God,

Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,
None save the tones that from his heart he drew,
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendor left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light resolving into air.
The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
He found too mean for an immortal soul;
Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
Death and eternity possess'd his thought;
Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone;
The fame he follow'd and the fame he found,
Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound;
Admired, applauded, crown'd where'er he roved,
The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
All else that breath'd below the circling sky,
Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie;
He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
On life's rough sea, — and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein;

No hand, no voice, like Javan's could control,
With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul,
With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
Through ten years' exile, sought his native west;
There from the camp retiring, he pursued
His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.
This son of peace no martial armor wore,
A scrip for food, a staff in hand he bore;
Flaxen his robe; and o'er his shoulder hung,
Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
With hieroglyphics of embodied thought;
Jubal himself enchased the polish'd frame;
And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'T was noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
By many an old remembrance hallow'd still,
Whence he beheld, by sloping woods inclosed,
The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,
His home of happiness in early years,
And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
When from ambition struggling to break free,
He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there;

For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view;
One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
Ineffable emotion through his heart;
A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,
And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
This infant passion, cherish'd yet represt,
Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast;
For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high,
Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
His thought, — and every glimpse of joy was lost.
Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
And life itself stood still in every vein,
While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
— Never to curse her with his bitter love!
His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
To hold its truth unshaken by despair:
The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,
But never, never, was that heart forsworn;
Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.
Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles,
He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles!

So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye
From proud Orion bending through the sky,
Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar,
At once the brightest and most baneful star.*

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
Earth wore one summer-robe of living green,
In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen;
Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.
O what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
In that vast solitude, his anxious breast!
— To wither in the blossom of renown,
And unrecorded to the dust go down,
Or for a name on earth, to quit the prize
Of immortality beyond the skies,
Perplex'd his wavering choice: — when Conscience fail'd,
Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd;
Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride,
And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

* Così l'infausti rai
Spande Oriòne, e i naviganti attrista,
Oriòn, chi tra gli astri in ciel risplende
Vie più d'ogni altro, e più d'ogni altro offende.
FILICAJA.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO SECOND.

Javan, descending through the Forest, arrives at the place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarchs' Glen. There he again discovers her in a Bower formed on the Spot. Their strange interview, and abrupt Separation.

STEEP the descent, and wearisome the way;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
While all is loneliness and waste below;
There, as the massy foliage, far aloof
Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
So, gnarl'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground:
Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assumed
A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd;
Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
And showers of sunbeams through the leaves were seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place,
Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
They met, as they were often wont to meet.

And parted, not as they were wont to part,
With gay regret, but heaviness of heart;
Though Javan named for his return the night,
When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.
She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced their way,
Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore:
Moons wax'd and waned; to *her* no hope appear'd,
Who much his death but more his falsehood fear'd.

Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd:
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose;
From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground;
Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run,
To hang their silver blossoms in the sun;
Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
Where trodden flowers their richest odors breathe:

O'er all the Bees, with murmuring music, flew
From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew;
While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams;
So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
It seem'd a place where angels might repair,
And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
To morning songs, or moonlight serenades.

He paused again, with memory's dream entranced,
Again his foot unconsciously advanced,
For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.
Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,
With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid:
'T is she; 't is Zillah, in her leafy shrine:
O'erwatch'd in slumber by a power divine,
In cool retirement from the heat of day,
Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
Fair as the rainbow shines through darkening showers,
Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers.

O youth! in later times, whose gentle ear
This tale of ancient constancy shall hear;
If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain,
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain:

If months and years in pining silence worn,
Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,
In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast,
While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along,
And rival woodlands echoed song for song;
Recall the Maiden's look; — the eye, the cheek,
The blush that spoke what language could not speak
Recall her look, when at the altar's side
She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride.
Such were to Javan, Zillah's form and face,
The flower of meekness on a stem of grace;
O, she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
All that to Love the loveliest object seems.

Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
Bring the slow mysteries of years to light;
Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd, was true;
For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast;
How could he tempt her innocence to share
His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair!
But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain:
Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot,
Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot;
Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
At whose transforming hand, where last they stood
Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed,
With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
Their golden wreaths from her reclining head;
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her close lip quiver'd as in act to speak,
While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
The inward trouble of a dream express'd:
At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
Wonder and ecstasy his bosom fill'd;
But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought;
He turn'd aside; within the neighboring brake,
Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake,
There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
A calm of tenderness composed his mind:
His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
Framed by himself, the musing Minstrel play'd,
To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string,
Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing;
And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
The joy of battle in the field of death;

But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired;
At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew;
'T was now the skylark on the wings of morn,
Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn;
Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
Within her bower awoke the conscious maid;
She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him lost
In one wild vision, midst a land unknown,
By a dark river, as she sat alone,
Javan beyond the stream dejected stood;
He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood;
The thwarting current urged him down its course,
But Love repell'd it with victorious force;
She ran to help him landing, where at length
He struggled up the bank with failing strength:
She caught his hand; — when, downward from the day,
A water-monster dragg'd the youth away;
She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
Her form, light floating, till she saw no more:

For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
And through a blooming wilderness she ranged;
Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd,
Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
He told, how he had journey'd many a year
With changing seasons in their swift career,
Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,
Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
Round the blue world inhabited by stars,
And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
Became ethereal spirit in the beams,
Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.
— The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
Then while she sought him with desiring eyes,
The airy Javan darted from disguise:
Full on her view a stranger's visage broke;
She fled, she fell, he caught her, — she awoke.

Awoke from sleep, — but in her solitude
Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd;
That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
That voice of mystery warbled in her ear.
Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,

In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled:
Alarm'd she started from her lonely den,
But blushing, instantly retired again;
The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
The stranger of her dream might next appear.
Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake;
Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest
Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
Now from the laurel-arbor show'd her head,
Her eye quick-glancing round as if, in thought,
Recoiling from the object that she sought:
By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.
Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
Years had but shed their favors on her face,
While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth,
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
When once again his pipe the Minstrel took,
And soft in under-tones began to play,
Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay:
Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
'Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang,

Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes.
O'er every feature every feeling shone,
Her color changed as Javan changed his tone:
While she between the bower and brake entranced
Alternately retreated or advanced;
Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
Then the full melody came rolling nigh;
She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet;
For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs' glen
Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Maiden broke;
The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke;
Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.
— "'Tis not the nightingale that sang so well,
When Javan left me near this lonely cell:
'Tis not indeed the nightingale; — her voice
Could never since that hour my soul rejoice:
Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
And carols here a long-forbidden lay;
For ne'er since Eve's transgression mortal ear
Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear;

Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wings,
On earth alighting, here his descant sings;
Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
Must be the language of the world above!
Within this brake he rests:" With curious ken,
As if she fear'd to stir a lion's den,
Breathless, on tiptoe, round the copse she crept;
Her heart beat quicker, louder as she stept,
Till Javan rose, and fix'd on her his eyes,
In dumb embarrassment, and feign'd surprise;
Upright she started, at the sudden view,
Back from her brow the scatter'd ringlets flew:
Paleness a moment overspread her face;
But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
And with the virgin-blush of innocence,
She ask'd, — "Who art thou, Stranger, and from whence?"

With mild demeanor, and with downcast eye,
Javan, advancing, humbly made reply;
— "A Wretch escaping from the tribes of men,
Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs' glen;
As through the forest's breathless gloom I stray'd,
Up sprang the breeze in this delicious shade;
Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's art,
To breathe at will the fulness of my heart:
Fairest of Women! if the clamor rude
Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,

Forgive the innocent offence, and tell,
How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell." —

Though changed his voice, his look and stature changed,
In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
A dear lost friend, forever near her thought!
Yet answer'd coldly, — jealous and afraid
Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd.
— " Not far from hence the faithful race reside;
Pilgrim! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide?
Alike to all, if thou an alien be,
My father's home invites thee; follow me."

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Color his lip, and power his tongue forsook;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
— " Enoch," said he, " the friend of God I know.
To him I bear a message full of fear;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear."

He paused; his cheek with red confusion burn'd;
Kindness through her relenting breast return'd:
— " Behold the path," she cried, and led the way:
Ere long the vale unbosom'd to the day:
— " Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
Arch'd o'er a cottage-roof, that peeps between,
Dwells Enoch; Stranger! peace attend thee there,
My father's sheep demand his daughter's care."

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,
And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
Along the winding border of the wood;
Now lost, now reappearing, as the glade
Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade,
He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
Of many an early lay the simple theme,
Chanted in Boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
When Zillah joined the song, or praised his powers.
Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceased to gaze, when she was seen no more.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO THIRD.

Javan's Soliloquy on Zillah's Desertion of him. He reaches the Ruins of his Mother's Cottage. Thence he proceeds to Enoch's Dwelling. His Reception there. Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice. Description of the Patriarch's Glen; — Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.

"Am I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
That love disowns me, Zillah knows me not?
Ah! no; she shrinks from my disastrous fate;
She dare not love me, and she cannot hate:
'T is just; I merit this: — When Nature's womb
Ingulfed my kindred in one common tomb,
Why was I spared? — A reprobate by birth,
To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,
Whither, O whither shall the outcast flee?
There is no home, no peace, no hope for me.
I hate the worldling's vanity and noise,
I have no fellow-feeling in his joys;
The saint's serener bliss I cannot share,
My soul, alas! hath no communion there.
This is the portion of my cup below,
Silent, unmingled, solitary woe;
To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain;
And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
To nought in life, except the fear of Death." —

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot
Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot:
Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
Had stood to greet him at the wonted door;
Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart
A look of tenderness that broke his heart:
'T was but a thought, arrested on its flight,
And bodied forth with visionary light,
But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,
The fire of frenzy faded from his brain,
He cast himself in terror on the ground:
— Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around,
In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;
The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie;
The fractured roof, through which the sun-beams shone,
With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd;
O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by
Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,

Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
And "O my mother!" trembled from his tongue.
That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
Touch'd every kind affection into flame;
Despondency assumed a milder form,
A ray of comfort darted through the storm;
"O God! be merciful to me!" — He said,
Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,
Beheld the youth approaching; and his eye,
Instructed by the light of prophecy,
Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
The orphan object of his tenderest care;
Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
"My son! my son!" — but Javan shrunk aside;
The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft withdrew
His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
— "Father! behold a supplicant in me,
A sinner in the sight of heaven and thee;
Yet for thy former love, may Javan live;
O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive! —
The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

"Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest,
Not as a stranger, and way-faring guest;
My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
Child of my faith! and answer to my prayer!
O, I have wept through many a night for thee,
And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart,
I am resign'd, and ready to depart:
With joy I hail my course of nature run,
Since I have seen thy face, my son! my son!"

So saying, Enoch led to his abode
The trembling penitent, along the road
That through the garden's gay inclosure wound;
Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they found,
Plucking the purple clusters from the vine
To crown the cup of unfermented wine.
She came to meet them; — but in strange surmise
Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes;
He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace —
Ah! then she knew him! — as he bow'd his face,
His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
And the son's image rush'd upon her thought;
Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
As if a spirit had risen before her sight,
Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
Then laugh'd for gladness, — but her laugh was wild
— "Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan child?

Child of my soul! bequeath'd in death to me,
By her who had no other wealth than thee!"
She cried, and with a mother's love caress'd
The Youth, who wept in silence on her breast.

This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
They pass'd within the hospitable door;
There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,
Javan reclined, while, kneeling at his seat,
The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
Quickly the Spouse her plenteous table spread
With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
With simple eloquence, his story told;
His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
— "While thus," he cried, "I proved the world a snare,
Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air;
While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
My home, my heart was with the Sons of God."

"Went not my spirit with thee," Enoch said,
"When from the Mother's grave the Orphan fled?
Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
(Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mien,
By every eye, a breaking heart was seen;)
I mourn'd in secret thine apostasy,
Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.

Strong was my faith, in dreams or waking thought,
Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
The deep communion of my soul with thine.
This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear,
(Methought 't was Adam's) whisper'd in mine ear,
— 'Enoch! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,
Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.' —
While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
I turn'd to look, — but saw no speaker there:
Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy?
Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy?
Yes! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
Revolving what the signal meant to me,
I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
Ran, the returning fugitive to greet:
Nor less the welcome art thou, since I know
By this high warning, that from earth I go;
My days are number'd; peace on thine attend!
The trial comes, — be faithful to the end."

"O live the years of Adam!" cried the youth;
"Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth;
Sire! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
From sunrise to the ocean of the west,
I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
Nature's primeval wilderness o'er-ran,
Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
Gather'd the force of nations from afar,

To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
As if the curse on Adam were too slow,
Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
Led by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke
Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,
Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
His final triumph o'er his latest foes;
A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
That easy and ignoble conquest won,
There yet remains one fouler deed undone;
Oft have I heard the tyrant in his ire,
Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
And swear to root, from Earth's dishonor'd face,
The last least relic of the faithful race;
Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne
To rule the nether universe alone.
Wherefore, O Sire! when evening shuts the sky,
Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly;
Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood;
There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the Matron's cheek grew pale,
Her courage, not her faith, began to fail;
Eve's youngest daughter she; the silent tear
Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien;

"Here is mine earthly habitation; here
I wait till my Redeemer shall appear;
Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
God is my refuge, and His will be done."

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd:
He felt the power of truth; his heart o'erflow'd,
And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face;
"The Sun," said he, "hath well nigh run his race;
I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer."

"I follow: O, my father! I am thine;
Thy God, thy people, and thine altar mine!"
Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood,
In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood;
Tents, arbors, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between;
Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and man
The demon-sacrifice of war began,

Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
Renounced a world of violence and death,
Faithful alone amidst the faithless found,*
And innocent while murder cursed the ground.
Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
They worshipp'd God with purity of mind,
Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,
— Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed.
No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
Could youthful nature boast before the flood;
Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay,
A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and love,
Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content,
Their years in that delicious range were spent;
Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke,
In strong affection to their kindred spoke,
With tears and prayers reproved their growing crimes,
Or told the impending judgments of the times.
In vain; the world despised the warning word,
With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard,

* "So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he."
Par. Lost, book vi.

Forbade the zealous monitors to roam,
And stoned, or chased them to their forest home.
There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs.
Pleaded with heaven in ceaseless sacrifice,
And long did righteous heaven the guilty spare,
Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe,
Those Sires in secrecy were doom'd to know;
Oft by the world's alluring snares misled,
Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled,
Join'd the wild herd, increased the godless crew,
And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO FOURTH.

Enoch relates to Javan the Circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his Appointment of an annual Sacrifice on the Day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.

THUS through the valley while they held their walk,
Enoch of former days began to talk,
— "Thou know'st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
Javan! for thou wert wont to worship there:
Built by our father's venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
Where, driven from Eden's hallow'd groves, he found
A home on earth's unconsecrated ground;
Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er,
He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.
Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
How Adam once by disobedience fell;
Would that my tongue were gifted to display
The terror and the glory of that day,
When, seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
The first transgressor yielded up his breath!
Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
The host of heaven have measured day and night,
Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
On his returning dust in silence close.

"With him his noblest sons might not compare,
In godlike feature and majestic air;

Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;
And as in form excelling, so in mind
The Sire of men transcended all mankind;
A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
A dialect of heaven no art could reach;
For oft of old to him the evening breeze
Had borne the voice of God among the trees;
Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
And talk with him as their familiar friend.
But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
Diffused the curse of death beyond control,
Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
That he, whose honors were approach'd by none,
Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid;
Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down;
Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart!
The guilt of all his race became his own,
He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.
Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
Abroad for wisdom, truth, and justice fear'd,
He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
Children were his delight; — they ran to meet
His soothing hand, and clasp his honor'd feet;

While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
He grew in heart a child among the rest:
Yet as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye:
Joy from its smile of happiness he caught;
Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought:
His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
As if he fell from innocence again.

"One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day;
With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight;
He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigor fail'd,
His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
And sweet as Angel accents fell the close.
I stood to greet him: when he raised his head,
Divine expression o'er his visage spread;
His presence was so saintly to behold,
He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown old.

"—'This day,' said he, 'in Time's star-lighted round,
Renews the anguish of that mortal wound

On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue
My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.
Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd
Since my transgression, this may be my last;
Infirmities without, and fears within,
Foretell the consummating stroke of sin;
The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
But God, who lent me life, *will* claim his own;
Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
As quickened into being by his breath,
Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
And but once more, to view my native place,
To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
The earthly Paradise from which I fell.
This mantle, Enoch! which I yearly wear
To mark the day of penitence and prayer, —
These skins, the covering of my first offence,
When, conscious of departed innocence,
Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread; —
Enoch! this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,
At my dismission I bequeathe to thee;
Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
And yearly at mine earliest altar slay
A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt:
So be the sins of all my race confest,
So on their heads may peace and pardon rest.'
— Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent,
With strengthen'd heart, and fearless footstep went.

O Javan! when we parted at his door,
I loved him as I never loved before.

"Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
Our father laboring in his harvest ground,
(For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
Patient and pleased with voluntary toil);
But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!
Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook;
I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look,
And ran to help him; but his latest strength
Fail'd; — prone upon his sheaves he fell at length:
I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled,
Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.
Seth pass'd; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire
To neighboring shades from noon's afflictive fire:
Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
And half unclosed his hesitating eye;
Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound:
— 'Is this a new Creation? — Have I pass'd
The bitterness of death?' — He look'd aghast,
Then sorrowful! — 'No; men and trees appear;
'T is not a new Creation — pain is here:
From Sin's dominion is there no release?
Lord; let thy Servant *now* depart in peace.'
— Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
He knew us; tears of consternation stole

Down his pale cheeks: — 'Seth! — Enoch! Where
is Eve?
How could the spouse her dying consort leave?'

"Eve look'd that moment from their cottage-door
In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before;
He was not there; she call'd him by his name;
Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came;
— 'Here am I,' answer'd he, in tone so weak,
That we who held him scarcely heard him speak;
But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain
He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain.
Eve call'd again, and turning tow'rds the shade,
Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid;
She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,
Forward, and cast herself upon the ground
At Adam's feet; half rising in despair,
Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear:
Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd
His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,
And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
They opened on her in a transient flame;
— 'And art thou here, my Life! my Love!' he cried,
'Faithful in death to this congenial side?
Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'
— 'Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below;
With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,'

She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
Alarming recollection soon return'd,
His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd:
Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
With fond solicitude of love she sought
To soothe his limbs upon their grassy bed,
And make the pillow easy to his head,
She wiped his reeking temples with her hair;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses: with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

"The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
The vital air was still; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labor'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying bed alone,

Eve, Seth, and I. — In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd:
— 'Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews.
— Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;
O sing to soothe me, and to strengthen pray!'
We sang to soothe him, — hopeless was the song;
We pray'd to strengthen him, — he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,
We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm
Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees:
Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind;
Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
The righteous penalty of sin he bore;
Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
— 'T is just, 't is merciful,' we heard him say;
Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away?

I see Him not; I hear Him not; I call;
My God! my God! support me, or I fall.'

"The sun went down amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;
Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-vollied hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams,
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground,
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round;
Never since Nature into being came,
Had such mysterious motion shook her frame;
We thought, ingulf'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
The world itself would perish with our Sire.

"Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes:

But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapor of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:

"—'O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free;
Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the hour
Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power;
The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart;
He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
Instils the deadening poison of despair,
Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
—I will not curse Him, though his grace delay;
I will not cease to trust Him, though He slay;
Full on his promised mercy I rely,
For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot lie.
—Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!

The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more:
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
Receive my Spirit, Lord! from whom it came;
Rebuke the Tempter, show thy power to save,
O let thy glory light me to the grave,
That these, who witness my departing breath,
May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death.'

"He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile:
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door;—
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sunrise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation, 'Peace!'

"Our mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed:
—''Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove;*
Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake!' she cried;
Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!

* Paradise Lost, book xi. v. 238.

O let me follow in this dear embrace!'
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view:
'I come!' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

"Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse;
Gently I shook it from her trance to rouse;
She gave no answer; motionless and cold,
It fell like clay from my relaxing hold;
Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek; her soul had pass'd away:
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide.

"Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt;
We wept in stillness through the long dark night;
— And O how welcome was the morning light!"

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Burying-place of the Patriarchs. The Sacrifice on the Anniversary of the Fall of Adam. Enoch's Prophecy.

"And here," said Enoch with dejected eye,
"Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie."
They stopp'd, and o'er the turf-inclosure wept,
Where, side by side, the First-Created slept:
It seem'd as if a voice, with still small sound,
Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound:
—"From earth we came, and we return'd to earth;
Descendants! spare the Dust that gave you birth;
Though Death, the pain for our transgression due,
By sad inheritance we left to you,
O let our Children bless us in our grave,
And man forgive the wrong that God forgave!"

Thence to the altar Enoch turn'd his face;
But Javan linger'd in that burying-place,
A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose:
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath;

The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there;
Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
By one dishonor'd or by all forgot;
To some warm heart, the poorest dust was dear,
From some kind eye, the meanest claim'd a tear.
And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound
Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound;
'T was not a scene for Grief to nourish care,
It breathed of Hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat?
The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet;
Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould;
But, lo! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
With choicest flowers, and richest verdure smiled:
By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
In his default, was visited and blest.
He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe;
His heart was where his treasure lay, below;
And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighboring mount, that stood
Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
Whose open summit rising o'er the trees,
Caught the cool fragrance of the evening breeze,
The Patriarchal Worshippers were met;
The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set
On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown,
An unwrought mass of earth-imbedded stone,
Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
The earth first drank the blood of innocence,
When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight.
Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen,
Known by his humble port, and heavenly mien:
On him the Priest's mysterious office lay,
For 't was the Eve of Man's transgression-day,
And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
A victim on that mountain, whence the skies
Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands,
Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
To smite the victim, sporting in his view.
Behind him Seth, in majesty confess'd.
The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
Like the sun reigning in the western sky;
Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,

In hardy health, he rear'd his front sublime,
Like the green aloe, in perennial prime,
When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom,
And glads the forest through the inmost gloom;
So, in the blossom of a good old age,
Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
The fathers of the world before the Flood:
— Enos; who taught mankind, on solemn days,
In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,
And warn'd idolaters to lift their eye,
From sun and stars, to Him who made the sky:
— Canaan and Malahel; of whom alone
Their age, of all that once they were, is known:
— Jared; who, full of hope beyond the tomb,
Hallow'd his offspring from the Mother's womb,*
And heaven received *the Son* that Parent gave,
He walk'd with God, and overstepp'd the grave;
— A mighty pilgrim in the vale of tears,
Born to the troubles of a thousand years.
Methuselah, whose feet unhalting ran
To the last circle of the life of man:
— Lamech; from infancy inured to toil,
To wring slow blessings from the accursed soil,
Ere yet to dress his vineyards, reap his corn,
And comfort him in care, was Noah born,†

* The name of *Enoch*, the son of Jared, is derived from *chanac* to *dedicate*.

† "And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed." — *Gen.* v. 29.

Who, in a later age, by signal grace,
Survived to renovate the human race;
Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his due,
The Orphan of the old, the Father of the new.

These, with their families, on either hand,
Aliens and exiles in their native land,
The few who loved their Maker from their youth,
And worshipp'd God in spirit and in truth;
These stood with Enoch: — All had fix'd their eyes
On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice,
For now with trembling hand he shed the blood,
And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood;
Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
His hand upon the hallow'd pyre and pray'd: —
"Maker of heaven and earth! supreme o'er all,
That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we call:
Our father sinn'd and suffer'd; — we, who bear
Our father's image, his transgression share;
Humbled for his offences, and our own,
Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
While through the veil of sacrifice we see
Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee;
O grant forgiveness; power and grace are thine;
God of salvation! cause thy face to shine;
Hear us in heaven! fulfil our souls' desire,
God of our father! answer now with fire."

He rose; no light from heaven around him shone,
No fire descended from the eternal throne:
Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
Amidst the stillness of expiring day;
The eyes of all that watch'd in vain to view
The wonted sign distractedly withdrew;
Fear clipp'd their breath, their doubling pulses raised,
And each by stealth upon his neighbor gazed;
From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,
A shuddering instinct crowded man to man;
Even Seth with secret consternation shook,
And cast on Enoch an imploring look.
Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
No change of hue, no cloud of care was seen,
Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,
Clear as the sun prepared to run his race:
He spoke; his words, with awful warning fraught,
Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.

"Men, brethren, fathers! wherefore do ye fear?
Hath God departed from us? — God is here;
Present in every heart, with sovereign power,
He tries, he proves his people in this hour;
Naked as light to his all-searching eye,
The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that tempt Him lie;
Yet slow to anger, merciful as just,
He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
And spares our weakness: — In his truth believe,
Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.

What, though no flame on Adam's altar burn,
No signal of acceptance yet return,
God is not man, who to our father sware,
All times, in every place, to answer prayer;
He cannot change; though heaven and earth decay,
The word of God shall never pass away.

"But mark the season: — from the rising sun,
Westward, the race of Cain the world o'er-run;
Their monarch, mightiest of the sons of men,
Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen;
Hither he hastens; carnage strews his path:
— Who will await the giant in his wrath?
Or who will take the wings of silent night,
And seek deliverance from his sword by flight?
Thus saith the Lord: — Ye weak of faith and heart!
Who dare not trust the living God, depart;
The Angel of his presence leads your way,
Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey:
But ye, who, unappall'd at earthly harm,
Lean on the strength of his Almighty arm;
Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
— Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause ensued: — then cried
The holy man, — "On either hand divide;
The feeble fly; with me the valiant stay;
Choose now your portion; whom will ye obey,
God or your fears? His counsel, or your own?"
—"The LORD; the LORD; for HE is GOD ALONE!"

Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice,
The whole assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came,
Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
And upwards to their glorious source return'd
The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd:
While through the evening gloom, to distant eyes
Morn o'er the Patriarch's mountains seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck the congregation kneel'd around,
And worshipp'd with their faces to the ground;
The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet,
And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,
Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose; — as if his soul had pass'd away,
Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay,
Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead:
At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head
To heaven in ecstasy he turn'd his eyes;
— With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
To join the resurrection of the just: —
Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
(As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood
The great Evangelist before the Flood;
On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
And future times were present while he spoke.*

* Numbers xxiv. 4.

"The Saints shall suffer; righteousness shall fail;
O'er all the world iniquity prevail;
Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
Shall rule the nations with an iron rod;
On every mountain idol groves shall rise,
And darken Heaven with human sacrifice;
But God the Avenger comes, — a judgment-day,
A flood, shall sweep his enemies away.
How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,
— One righteous family, and only one, —
Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold
The new Creation rising from the old!

"O, that the world of wickedness, destroy'd,
Might live for ever without form and void!
Or, that the earth, to innocence restored,
Might flourish as the garden of the Lord!
It will not be: — among the sons of men,
The Giant-Spirit shall go forth again,
From clime to clime shall kindle murderous rage,
And spread the plagues of sin from age to age;
Yet shall the God of mercy, from above,
Extend the golden sceptre of his love,
And win the rebels to his righteous sway,
Till every mouth confess, and heart obey.

"Amidst the visions of ascending years,
What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears;*

* Isa. lxiii. 1–6.

His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
And on his thigh the unutterable name? *
— 'Tis I that bring deliverance: strong to save,
I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the grave.
— Wherefore, O Warrior! are thy garments red,
Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread?
— 'I trod the wine-press of the field alone;
I look'd around for succor; there was none;
Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,
And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought.
— Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail;
Thus may thy foes, O Lord! for ever fail;
Captive by thee captivity be led;
Seed of the woman! bruise the serpent's head;
Redeemer! promised since the world began,
Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

"Hail to the Day-spring; dawning from afar,
Bright in the east I see his natal star:
Prisoners of hope! lift up your joyful eyes;
Welcome the King of Glory from the skies:
Who is the King of Glory? — Mark his birth:
In deep humility he stoops to earth,
Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot,
Comes to his own, his own receive him not,
Though angel-choirs his peaceful advent greet,
And Gentile sages worship at his feet.

"Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot,
With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,

* Rev. xix. 12.

The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves;
Behold him rise from infancy to youth,
The Father's image, full of grace and truth;
Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour,
When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at length,
Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
He goes: — to preach good tidings to the poor;
To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure;
To bind the broken-hearted; to control
Disease and death; to raise the sinking soul:
Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
And from the depth of undiscover'd night,
Bring life and immortality to light.

"How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest! — Who can tell thy fame?
The Deaf shall hear it while the Dumb proclaim?
Now bid the Blind behold their Saviour's light,
The Lame go forth rejoicing in their might;
Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin;
Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her sin;
O, for that Mother's faith, her Daughter spare;
Restore the Maniac to a Father's prayer;
Pity the tears those mournful Sisters shed,
And Be the Resurrection of the Dead!

"What scene is this? — Amidst involving gloom
The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb;
No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
But the watch walking on their midnight round:
Ah! who lies here, with marr'd and bloodless mien,
In whom no form or comeliness is seen;
His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with thorn?
'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows! He who bore
Our sins and chastisement: — His toils are o'er;
On earth erewhile a suffering life he led,
Here hath he found a place to lay his head;
Rank'd with transgressors he resign'd his breath,
But with the rich he made his bed in death.
Sweet is the grave, where Angels watch and weep;
Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep;
Rest, O my spirit! by this martyr'd form,
This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
When floods of wrath that weigh'd the world to hell,
On him alone, in righteous vengeance fell;
While men derided, demons urged his woes,
And God forsook him, — till the awful close;
Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
— 'It is finish'd!' — bow'd his sacred head, and died.
Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
His sting was lost for ever in the wound;
The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.

He lives: ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass!
Give way and let the King of Glory pass:—
He lives: ye golden portals of the spheres!
Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.
But, ah! my spirit faints beneath the blaze,
That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days,
When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,
And every knee shall worship at his name;
For He shall reign with undivided power,
To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

"'Tis done:—again the conquering Chief appears
In the dread vision of dissolving years;
His vesture dipp'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
The WORD OF GOD his everlasting name; *
Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory spread,
He sits in judgment on the quick and dead;
Strong to deliver; Saints! your songs prepare;
Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air:
But terrible in vengeance; Sinners! bow †
Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now:
He who alone in mortal conflict trod
The mighty wine-press of the wrath of God,
Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes,
The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes;
The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away."

* Rev. xix. 13. † Jude 14–16.

Here ceased the Prophet: — from the altar broke
The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke;
Darkness had fall'n around; but o'er the streams
The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening beams;
Homeward, with tears, the worshippers return'd,
Yet while they wept their hearts within them burn'd.

END OF CANTO V.

CANTO SIXTH.

Javan's second Interview with Zillah. He visits the various Dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and in the Evening sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled Inhabitants: — Address to Twilight; Jubal's Song of the Creation: the Power of Music exemplified.

Spent with the toils of that eventful day,
All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay;
But early springing from his bed of leaves,
Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,
From Enoch's cottage, in the cool grey hour,
He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower;
There, in his former covert, on the ground,
The frame of his forsaken harp he found:
He smote the boss; the convex orb unstrung,
Instant with sweet reverberation rung:
The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
To find the spell of harmony unbroke;
Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell;
There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
He thought of Zillah, and resolved too late
To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She from the hour, when, in a pilgrim's guise,
Javan return'd, — a stranger to her eyes,
Not to her heart, — from anguish knew no rest,
Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.

All day she strove to hide her misery,
In vain: — a mother's eye is quick to see,
Slow to rebuke a daughter's bashful fears,
And Zillah's mother only chid with tears:
Night came, but Javan came not with the night;
Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light;
Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
But with the morning star the maiden rose.
The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
With healing sweetness sooth'd her fever'd brain,
And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan seat:
The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
Their eyes encounter'd; both at once exclaim'd,
"Javan!" and "Zillah!" — each the other named;
Those sounds were life or death to either heart;
He rose; she turn'd in terror to depart;
He caught her hand: — "O do not, do not flee!"
— It was a moment of eternity,
And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

"Stay: — hear me, Zillah! — every power above
Heaven, earth, thyself, bear witness to my love!
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.

Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial true;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other fair;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly,
Receive me, love me, Zillah! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek:
— "Say not, 'I love thee!' — Witness every tree
Around this bower, thy cruel scorn of me!
Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve?
Returning, could he find her here alone,
Yet pass her by, unknowing, as unknown?
All day was she forsaken, or forgot?
Did Javan seek her at her father's cot?
That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
His mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight:
No: Javan mocks me; none could love so well,
So long, so painfully, — and never tell."

"Love owns no law," rejoin'd the pleading youth,
"Except obedience to eternal truth:
Deep streams are silent; from the generous breast,
The dearest feelings are the last confest:
Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
Now I could talk of love and never cease:

— Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd;
Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,
Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
Yet hath Affection language of her own,
And mine in every thing but words was shown;
In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
My song was gladness, when I sung to thee:
In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame,
And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine?
Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine?
When for vain glory I forsook thee here,
Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged;
And as I loved without a hope before,
Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
At length, when, weary of the ways of men,
Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,
Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.
Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
Methought my tale of love already told;
But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke;
My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone,
I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight;

Like fiends they rush'd upon me; but Despair
Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer;
Strength came; the path to Enoch's bower I trod;
He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
O Zillah! while I sought my Maker's grace,
And flesh and spirit fail'd before His face,
Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
It was no season then for earthly love."

"For earthly love it is no season now,"
Exclaim'd the maiden with reproachful brow,
And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
And voice, half peace, half anger, in its tone:
"Freely thy past unkindness I forgive;
Content to perish here, so Javan live;
The tyrant's menace to our tribe we know;
The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun a foe;
Thou, while thou mayst, from swift destruction fly;
I and my father's house resolve to die."

"With thee and with thy father's house, to bear
Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer;
Remorse for ever be the recreant's lot;
If I forsake thee now, I love thee not."

Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer sprung
To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tongue;
Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to the rock
Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with loud complaint
Of her delay; she loosed them from restraint;

Then bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream,
Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith from home, to home, throughout the glen,
The friends whom once he knew he sought again;
Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
From Eden's camp no tidings came; the day
In awful expectation pass'd away.
At eve his harp the fond enthusiast strung,
On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung;
While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul.
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace:

Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast:
Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

"On such an evening, so divinely calm,
The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd,
And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,
Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
Retired to commune with his harp alone;
For still he nursed it, like a secret thought,
Long cherish'd and to late perfection wrought;—
And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere.
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the minstrel, in his laurel bower,
Of Nature's origin, and music's power.
—'He spake, and it was done;—Eternal Night,
At God's command, awaken'd into light;
He call'd the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
He call'd them when they were not, and they were:
He look'd through space, and kindling o'er the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars, came forth to meet his eye:
His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth;

Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole;
He breathed, and man became a living soul:
Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
Upright and pure, the image of his God.
Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,
In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid;
The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed;
Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed;
And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat,
All worlds, all beings worshipp'd at his feet:
The morning stars in choral concert sang,
The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
Adoring angels from their orbs rejoice,
The voice of music was Creation's voice.

"'Alone along the lyre of Nature sigh'd
The master-chord, to which no chord replied:
For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
For Man alone, no fellowship was found,
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
His heart, repining in his own, might rest;
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind,
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
Then God — who thus would make his counsel known,
Counsel that will'd not man to dwell alone —

Created Woman with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face.
The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
— The morn of beauty risen from his side!
He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And Love's first whispers won her to his arms,
Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
Exulting nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere,
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.'

"Here Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose;
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind:
Already seven disastrous years had shed
Mildew and blast on his unsheltered head;

His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon.

"'T was Cain, the sire of nations: — Jubal knew
His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew;
He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre
Sooner with life the struggling bard would part,
And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
He hurl'd his hand with one tremendous stroke,
O'er all the strings; whence in a whirlwind broke
Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame;
But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,
When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear
Then rolling down in thunder on the ear;
With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

"Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.

So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,
When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chase
Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,
And waked his noblest numbers to control
The tide and tempest of the maniac's soul:
Through many a maze of melody they flew,
They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
And sooth'd remembrance till remorse grew calm,
Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
Led by the minstrel like a weaned child.
O! had you seen him to his home restored,
How young and old ran forth to meet their lord;
How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all:
But hush! — thenceforward when recoiling care
Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
The lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
Repell'd the demon, and revived his heart.
Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
In chains of harmony the mightiest mind;
Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sang, the shadows fell around,
The moving glow-worm brighten'd on the ground:

He ceased: the mute assembly rose in tears;
Delight and wonder were chastised with fears;
That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
Awoke the feeling, — "Who shall hear it more?"
The sun had set in glory on their sight,
For them in vain might morn restore the light;
Though self-devoted, through each mortal frame,
At thought of Death, a cold sick shuddering came,
Nature's infirmity; — but faith was given,
The flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven:
Through doubt and darkness then beyond the skies,
Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes;
Already seem'd the immortal spirit free,
And Death was swallow'd up in victory.

END OF CANTO VI.

CANTO SEVENTH.

The Patriarchs and their Families carried away captive by a Detachment from the Army of the Invaders. The Tomb of Abel: his Murder by Cain described. The Origin of the Giants: the Infancy and early Adventures of their King: the Leader of their Host encamped in Eden.

THE flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed;
No human eyelid there in slumber closed;
None, save the infant's on the mother's breast;—
With arms of love caressing and caress,
She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
Each eye intent on hers, and mute each tongue,
The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
Of eager warriors from the host of Cain,
Burst on the stillness of the scene:—they spread
In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled:
Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes;
Though woman wept to leave her home behind,
The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
And ere the moon descending o'er the vale,
Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
Collected thus, the patriarchal clan,
With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,

Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
And death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe;
The foe became a phalanx of defence,
And brought them, like a guard of Angels, thence.
A vista-path, that through the forest led,
(By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled,)
The pilgrims track'd till on the mountain's height
They met the sun new risen, in glorious light;
Impurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise:
— "Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed,
In days of peace, on our protected head;
Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear
The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair;
Glory to Thee, whatever ill befall,
For faith on thy victorious name to call;
Thine own eternal purposes fulfil;
We come, O God! to suffer all thy will."

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
Ere the clouds melted from the firmament;
Odors abroad the winds of morning breathe,
And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath;
Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
To the broad river shining into day,

They pass'd, along the brink the path they kept,
Where high aloof o'erarching willows wept,
Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
And floating shadows fringed the chequer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
Whose spiry top, a granite fragment crown'd;
Tinctured with many-color'd moss, the stone,
Rich as a cloud of summer-evening, shone
Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

"Javan!" said Enoch, "on this spot began
The fatal curse; — man perish'd here by man;
The earliest death a son of Adam died
Was murder, and that murder fratricide!
Here Abel fell a corse along this shore;
Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reek'd with gore:
Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees;
He heard a voice; he hid among the trees:
— 'Where is thy brother?' — From the whirlwind came
The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame:
— 'Am I my brother's keeper?' — hoarse and low,
Cain mutter'd from the copse, — 'that I should know?
— 'What hast thou done? — For vengeance to the skies,
Lo! from the dust the blood of Abel cries:
Curst from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil;

An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be;
A brother's eye shall never look on thee.' —

" The shuddering culprit answer'd in despair,
— ' Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.'
— ' Yet shalt thou bear it; on thy brow reveal'd,
Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal'd.'
Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast,
A hand of fire athwart his temples pass'd:
He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
To quench his burning anguish in the stream;
But bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
Back to the eye his branded visage gave;
As soon on murder'd Abel durst he look;
Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook;
There turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,
A monument of wrath to latest time,
Might Cain have stood: but Mercy raised his head
In prayer for help, — his strength return'd, — he fled.
That mound of myrtles o'er their favorite child,
Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled;
Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
His altar once, with Abel's offering blazed,
When God well pleased beheld the flames arise,
And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
Thus held discourse apart: the youth replied:
" Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
And the turf flowers on his disburden'd breast,

Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
But riots fiercest in the giants' veins.
— Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love combined
The sons of God and daughters of mankind,
Self-styled the progeny of heaven and earth,
Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth;
Thence far away, beneath the rising moon,
Or where the shadow vanishes at noon,
The adulterous mothers from the sires withdrew:
— Nurst in luxuriant climes their offspring grew;
Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd,
And giant strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,
To heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes,
And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies:
On earth invincible, they sternly broke
Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke,
Mad for dominion, with remorseless sway,
Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey,
And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil,
Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil,
Their sole inheritance, through lingering years,
The bread of misery and the cup of tears,
The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves,
Dishonor'd lives, and desecrated graves.

"When war, that self-inflicted scourge of man,
His boldest crime and bitterest curse, — began;
As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
And terrible as torrents, in their fall,

Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards
hurl'd,
These men of prey laid waste the eastern world;
They taught their tributary hordes to wield
The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown
field,
With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd;
Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
The son lay lurking for the father's life;
With rabid instinct, men who never knew
Each other's face before, each other slew;
All tribes, all nations learn'd the fatal art,
And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
Nor man alone the giants' might subdued;
— The camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
Midst marching legions bore the servile load.
With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
They caught the wild steed prancing o'er the plain,
For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force;
Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
The enormous elephant obey'd their will,
And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,

Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
And his proud lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

"Thus while the giants trampled friends and foes,
Amongst their tribe a mighty chieftain rose;
His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
What strange events his infancy befell.

"A goatherd fed his flock on many a steep,
Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep;
A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulf of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.
'T was said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command;
His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
O'er Nature's powers he claim'd supreme control,
And held communion with all Nature's soul:
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew:

The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,
Obey'd his mandate: — lord of all the rest,
Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
His oracles, — detested him and fear'd.

"Once by the river, in a waking dream,
He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
He giddily look'd down upon the skies,
For thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood,
To summon divination from the flood.
His steady view, a floating object cross'd;
His eye pursued it till the sight was lost, —
An outcast infant in a fragile bark!
The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
Down tow'rds the deep; the tide returning bore
The little voyager unharm'd to shore:
Him in his cradle-ship securely bound
With swathing skins at eve the goatherd found.
Nurst by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
Till baby-curls his broader temples crown'd,
And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd:
Then as he sprang from green to florid age,
And rose to giant-stature, stage by stage,

He roam'd the valleys with his browsing flock,
And leap'd in joy of youth from rock to rock;
Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
To seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd;
Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straightening fold
Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.
With hardy exercise, and cruel art,
To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,
The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span,
To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
His limbs were sinewy strength; commanding grace,
And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face;
His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay;
His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

"Yet 't was the stripling's chief delight to brave
The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave;
When torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride;
When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
Fearless he dived to search the caves below.

His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.
— Once on a cedar, from its mountain-throne
Pluckt by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone,
And reach'd the gulf; — with eye of eager fire,
And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
Till sky and water wide around were spread;
— Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
And follow'd all the long and lonely night:
But ere the morning-star expired, he found
His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
When in the east he saw the sun arise;
Pride quickly check'd them — young ambition burn'd
For bolder enterprise, as he return'd.

"Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and power,
He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.
Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil;
Wisely their scatter'd knowledge he combined;
Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,
And skill that made the iron furnace glow,
His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm,
(His throne and sceptre on the watery realm,)

While from the tent of his expanded sail,
He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale,
The first of men whose courage knew to guide
The bounding vessel through the refluent tide.
Then sware the giant, in his pride of soul,
To range the universe from pole to pole,
Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
To live a hero, and to die a god.

This is the king that wars in Eden: — now
Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow;
His foot hath over-run the world, — his hand
Smitten to dust the pride of every land:
The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod,
He dooms to perish or abjure their God.
— O God of truth! rebuke the tyrant's rage,
And save the remnant of thine heritage"

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height,
Where first he rested on his lonely flight,
Whence to the sacred mountain far away,
The land of Eden in perspective lay.
'T was noon; — they tarried there, till milder hours
Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

END OF CANTO VII.

CANTO EIGHTH.

The Scene changes to a Mountain, on the Summit of which, beneath the Shade of ancient Trees, the Giants are assembled round their King. A Minstrel sings the Monarch's Praises, and describes the Destruction of the Remnant of the Force of his Enemies, in an Assault, by Land and Water, on their Encampment, between the Forest on the eastern Plain of Eden and the River to the West. The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.

"THERE is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
'T is his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse.
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song,
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds proclaim,
And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name;
Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky;
All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope shall fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,

The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust;
The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For Song alone through Nature's change endures;—
Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
From sire to son by sure succession flows,
Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

"Soul of the Lyre! whose magic power can raise
Inspiring visions of departed days;—
Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time;
Soul of the Lyre! instruct thy bard to sing
The latest triumph of the Giant-king,
Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd:
— In what creative numbers shall I build,
With what exalted strains of music crown,
His everlasting pillar of renown?
Though, like the rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth;
Though, like the rainbow, — for he cannot die, —
His form shall pass unseen into the sky;
Say, shall the hero share the coward's lot,
Vanish from earth ingloriously forgot?
No! the divinity that rules the Lyre,
And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
Commands the song to rise in quenchless flame,
And light the world for ever with his fame."

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees coeval with creation, spread
Their massy-twisted branches, green and grey.
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue:
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants, — where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate;
A chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war;
And now from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,
Huge piles of fragrant cedars, on the ground,
As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
To gods, whose worship vanish'd with the Flood,
— Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
By man himself in his own image made;
The fond creator to the creature pray'd!
And he, who from the forest or the rock
Hew'd the rough mass, adored the shapen block!
Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in his eyes,
His choicest herds too mean for sacrifice,

He pour'd his brethren's blood upon the pyre,
And pass'd his sons to demons through the fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal chiefs, behold
Their sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould;
Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
A verdant canopy of light and shade,
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,
In the full manhood of five hundred years;
His robe, the spoils of lions, by his might
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight:
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appall,
And nothing satisfy if less than all,
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
The character of calm and awful grace;
But direst cruelty, by guile represt,
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
In silence brooding, like the secret power
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
Red from afar, the battle-scene he eyed,
Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
The remnant of his last and noblest foe;
At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils,

Below, his legions march'd in war array,
Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray:
— An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne
Without contention, from the field at morn,
Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
Darken'd the region tow'rds the slanting sun,
Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
— While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,
A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
A death on altars hateful to the skies,
Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.
Fair smiled the face of Nature; — all serene
And lovely, Evening tranquillized the scene;
The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
Receding through the heaven of purple light;
Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

Thus while the tyrant cast his haughty eye
O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky,
His heart exulting whisper'd — "All is mine."
And heard a voice from all things answer "Thine."
Such was the matchless chief, whose name of yore
Fill'd the wide world; — his name is known no more

O that for ever from the rolls of fame,
Like his, had perish'd every conqueror's name!
Then had mankind been spared, in after-times,
Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
The hero scourges not his age alone,
His curse to late posterity is known:
He slays his thousands with his living breath,
His tens of thousands by his fame in death.
Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
Through Homer's song its miseries never cease;
Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
Plagues on the people for the feuds of kings.
'T was not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd
For worlds to conquer, — o'er the western tide,
His spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew
Realms, that the Macedonian never knew.
The steel of Brutus struck not Cæsar dead;
Cæsar in other lands hath rear'd his head,
And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain,
His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain;
Yet seldom suffer'd, where his country died,
A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk; the sacrificial pyres
From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires,
The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
Like Eve erewhile through Eden's blooming bowers,
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
Now in the freshness of the falling shade,
Again the minstrel to the monarch play'd.

— "Where is the youth renown'd? — the youth
whose voice
Was wont to make the listening camp rejoice,
When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign;
O where is Javan?" — Thus the bard renew'd
His lay, and with a rival's transport view'd
The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame
The tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name;
Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight.
The envious minstrel smiled; then boldly ran
His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began: —

"Twas on the morn that faithless Javan fled,
To yonder plain the king of nations led
His countless hosts, and stretch'd their wide array
Along the woods, within whose shelter lay
The sons of Eden: * — these, with secret pride,
In ambush thus the Invincible defied:
— 'Girt with the forest wherefore should we fear?
The Giant's sword shall never reach us here:
Behind, the river rolls its deep defence;
The Giant's hand shall never pluck us hence.'
Vain boast of fools! who to that hand prepare
For their own lives the inevitable snare:
His legions smote the standards of the wood,
And with their prostrate strength controll'd the flood.
Lopt off their boughs, and jointed beam to beam,
The pines and oaks were launch'd upon the stream,

* Vide Canto I. p 19, and Canto III. p. 47.

An hundred rafts. — Yet still within a zone
Of tangled coppices, — a waste, o'ergrown
With briars and thorns, — the dauntless victims lie,
Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die.
The second sun went down; the monarch's plan
Was perfected: the dire assault began.

"Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands
Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands;
The signal given, they shoot them through the air;
The blazing brands in rapid volleys glare,
Descending through the gloom with spangled light,
As if the stars were falling through the night.
Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew,
Higher and hotter with obstruction grew;
The green wood hiss'd; from crackling thickets broke
Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke;
Till all the breadth of forest seem'd to rise
In raging conflagration to the skies.
Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,
But roll the fierce combustion on the foe.
Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft,
Choice of destruction all their refuge left;
If from the flames they fled, behind them lay
The river roaring to receive his prey;
If through the stream they sought the further strand,
Our rafts were moor'd to meet them e'er they land;
With triple death environ'd thus they stood,
Till nearer peril drove them to the flood.
Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,
As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept,

I heard their shrieks of agony; I hear
Those shrieks still ring in my tormented ear;
I saw them leap the gulf with headlong fright;
O that mine eyes could now forget that sight!
They sank in multitude; but, prompt to save,
Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,
And on their rafts a noble harvest bore
Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.

"One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd
Till space to perish in alone remain'd;
Then with a shout that rent the echoing air,
More like the shout of victory than despair,
Wedged in a solid phalanx, man by man,
Right through the scorching wilderness they ran.
Where half extinct the smouldering fuel glow'd
And levell'd copses strew'd the open road.
Unharm'd as spirits while they seem'd to pass,
Their lighted features flared like molten brass,
Around the flames in writhing volumes spread,
Thwarted their path, or mingled o'er their head
Beneath their feet the fires to ashes turn'd,
But in their wake with mountain fury burn'd.
Our host recoil'd from that amazing sight;
Scarcely the king himself restrain'd their flight;
He, with his chiefs, in brazen armor, stood
Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the wood.
Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalanx came,
But split like lightning into forms of flame;
Soon as in purer air their heads they raised
To taste the breath of heaven, their garments blazed

Then blind, distracted, weaponless, yet flush'd
With dreadful valor, on their foes they rush'd;
The Giants met them midway on the plain;
'T was but the struggle of a moment; — slain,
They fell; their relics, to the flames return'd,
As offerings to the immortal gods were burn'd;
And never did the light of morning rise
Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice."

Abruptly here the minstrel ceased to sing,
And every face was turn'd upon the king;
He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd with fear,
And Giants trembled their own deeds to hear,
Unmoved and unrelenting, in his mind
Deeds of more impious enterprise design'd:
A dire conception labor'd in his breast;
His eye was sternly pointed to the west,
Where stood the mount of Paradise sublime,
Whose guarded top, since man's presumptuous crime,
By noon, a dusky cloud appear'd to rise,
But blazed a beacon through nocturnal skies.
As Ætna, view'd from ocean far away,
Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by day,
Till darkness, with terrific splendor, shows
The eternal fires that crest the eternal snows; *

* Sorge nel sen della Sicilia aprica
Monte superbo al cielo,
Che d' atro incendio incoronato hà il crine;
Sparso il tergo è di neve, e fatta amica
Lambe la fiamma il gielo,
E tra discreti ardor duran le brine. F. Testi.

So where the cherubim in vision turn'd
Their flaming swords, the summit lower'd or burn'd
And now conspicuous through the twilight gloom,
The glancing beams the distant hills illume,
And, as the shadows deepen o'er the ground,
Scatter a red and wavering lustre round.

Awhile the monarch, fearlessly amazed,
With jealous anger on the glory gazed;
Already had his arm in battle hurl'd
His thunders round the subjugated world;
Lord of the nether universe, his pride
Was rein'd, while Paradise his power defied.
An upland isle, by meeting streams embraced,
It tower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste;
Below, impenetrable woods display'd
Depths of mysterious solitude and shade;
Above, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd,
Primeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd;
O'er all were seen the cherubim of light,
Like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night;
So high it rose, so bright the mountain shone,
It seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire
To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire
His ardent soul, in ecstasy of thought,
Even now with Michael and his angels fought,
And saw the seraphim, like meteors, driven
Before his banners through the gates of heaven,

While he secure the glorious garden trod,
And sway'd his sceptre from the mount of God.

When suddenly the bard had ceased to sing,
While all the chieftains gazed upon their king,
Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,
Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
The trumpets sounded, and before his face
Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race,
— A lovely and a venerable band
Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand;
Unawed they see the fiery trial near;
They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.*

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres;
While from the east the moon with doubtful gleams
Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams,
Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
She open'd all the temple of the sky;
The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
By turns survey'd the prisoners and the king.
Javan stood forth; — to all the youth was known,
And every eye was fix'd on him alone.

* Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.
RACINE.

END OF CANTO VIII.

CANTO NINTH.

The King's Determination to sacrifice the Patriarchs and their Families to his Demon-Gods. His Sentence on Javan. Zillah's Distress. The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Deification. Enoch appears.

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
Shot o'er the monarch's brow with baleful light:
"Behold," thought he, "the great decisive hour;
Ere morn, these sons of God shall prove my power·
Offer'd by me their blood shall be the price
Of demon-aid to conquer Paradise."
Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,
And instantly his visage changed its hue;
Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd,
He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around,
As one who saw a spectre in the air,
And durst not look upon it, nor forbear;
Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last:
"Slaves! smite the traitor; be his limbs consign'd
To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind!"
He cried in tones so vehement, so loud,
Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd;
And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
The youth was pleading,—every breath was hush'd;

Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes;
Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose;
Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled,
And every mother loved him as her child.

"Monarch! to thee no traitor, here I stand;
These are my brethren, this my native land;
My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
My brethren captive, and to death foredoom'd;
To these indeed a rebel in my youth,
A fugitive apostate from the truth,
Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time.
— When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee:
Did I provoke these sons of innocence,
Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence?
No; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd hour,
In sheltering forests to escape thy power;
Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly;
Thy foes they were not, — they resolved to die.
Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
They lie beyond redemption in thine hands:
The God in whom they trust may help them still,
They know he *can* deliver, and HE WILL;
Whether by life or death, afflicts them not,
On His decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
For me, unworthy with the just to share
Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer:

Mercy, O God! to these in life be shown,
I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

"Thou shalt not die alone," a voice replied,
A well-known voice — 't was Zillah at his side;
She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
Step after step unconsciously drew near;
Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
Pleas'd or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
He turn'd his face; — with agonizing air,
In all the desolation of despair,
She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and clasp'd,
Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd,
And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"O I have wrong'd thee, Javan! — Let us be
Espoused in death: — No, I will die for thee.
— Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
But spare the innocent; let Javan live,
Whose crime was love: — Can Javan too forgive
Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maiden-shame,
— It was not pride, — that hid my bosom-flame?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
Who says, 'I love thee,' with her latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?
If ever thou hast cherish'd in thine heart
Visions of hope in which I bore a part;

If ever thou hast long'd with me to share
One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
If thou didst ever love me; — speak the word,
Which late with feign'd indifferency I heard;
Tell me, thou lovest me still; — haste, Javan, mark,
How high those ruffians pile the fagots, — hark,
How the flames crackle, — see, how fierce they glare,
Like fiery serpents hissing through the air;
Farewell; I fear them not. — Now seize me, bind
These willing limbs, — ye cannot touch the mind;
Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink:
— Nay, look not on me, Javan, lest I shrink;
Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
That I may lift my soul to Heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness;
Sorrow and love, with intermingling grace,
Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face;
Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
Almost forgot his being at the sight;
That bending form, those suppliant accents, seem
The strange illusions of a lover's dream:
And while she clung upon his arm, he found
His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, bound;
He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break,
He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak, and he to hear,
The silence startled him; — cold, shivering fear
Crept o'er his nerves; — in thought he cast his eye
Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,
Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
Just when he seem'd to new existence born,
And ceased to feel, when feeling ceased to be
A fever of protracted misery,
And cease to love, when love no more was pain;
'T was but a pang of transient weakness: — "Vain
Are all thy sorrows," falteringly he said;
"Already I am number'd with the dead;
But long and blissfully may Zillah live!
— And canst thou 'Javan's cruel scorn' forgive?
And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death
Who says, 'I love thee,' with his latest breath?
And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye?
Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,
'T was easy then to lay life's burden down;
When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
Gloried in leaving all I loved behind;
How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour!
One look hath crush'd my soul's collected power;
Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
But O thy kindness makes it hard to die!"

"Then we will die together." — "Zillah! no,
Thou shalt not perish; let me, let me go;

Behold thy parents! calm thy father's fears:
Thy mother weeps; canst thou resist her tears?"

"Away with folly!" in tremendous tone,
Exclaim'd a voice, more horrid than the groan
Of famish'd tiger leaping on his prey;
—Crouch'd at the monarch's feet the speaker lay;
But starting up, in his ferocious mien
That monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
The goatherd, — he who snatch'd him from the flood,
The sorcerer, who nursed him up to blood:
Who, still his evil genius, fully bent
On one bold purpose, went where'er he went;
That purpose, long in his own bosom seal'd,
Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
Full in the midst he rush'd; alarm'd, aghast,
Giants and captives trembled as he pass'd,
For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth;
Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth;
Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough'd,
Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd;
Swarthy his features; venerably grey,
His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay:
Bald was his front; but, white as snow behind,
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind;
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

All gazed with horror — deep unutter'd thought
In every muscle of his visage wrought;
His eye, as if his eye could see the air,
Was fix'd: up-writhing rose his horrent hair;
His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame;
Deep from his chest mysterious noises came;
Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd
To hideous dissonance; he shriek'd, he yell'd,
As if the Legion-fiend his soul possess'd,
And a whole hell were worrying in his breast;
Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd
In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold,
With face upturn'd to heaven, and arms outspread,
A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead;
The living too stood round like forms of death,
And every pulse was hush'd, and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven
In watery masses through the waste of heaven,
The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh,
And silent lightning skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the wizard started from the ground,
Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewilder'd round,
Till on the king he fix'd his hideous gaze;
Then rapt with ecstasy, and broad amaze,
He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd
His face upon his hands, and cried aloud;
Yet so remote and strange his accents fell,
They seem'd the voice of an invisible:

— " Hail! king and conqueror of the peopled earth,
And more than king and conqueror! Know thy birth:
Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
The sun himself is thy celestial sire;
The moon thy mother, who to me consign'd
Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
More great, more glorious in thine high career.
As the young eagle plies his growing wings
In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full plumed and perfected, he soars away;
Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
Still upward tending to thy sire the sun:
Now midway meet him; from yon flaming height,
Chase the vain phantoms of cherubic light;
There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
Circle o'er circle lessening to the skies:
The stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand
To hail thee welcome to thy native land;
The moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
The sun behold his image in thy face,
And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."

Rising and turning his terrific head,
That chill'd beholders, thus the enchanter said:
— " Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice,
The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies;

Hither, O chiefs! the captive Patriarchs bring,
And pour their blood an offering to your king;
He, like his sire the sun, in transient clouds,
His veil'd divinity from mortals shrouds,
Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,
And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.
Haste, heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
And give the victims living to the fires:
Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
Your sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand?
We dare Him; — if He saves his servants now,
To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
For He is God" — at that most awful name,
A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame,
Even as he stood and look'd; — he looks, he stands,
With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands,
And lips half open'd, eager from his breast
To bolt the blasphemy, by force represt;
For not in feign'd abstraction, as before,
He practised foul deceit by damned lore;
A frost was on his nerves, and in his veins
A fire, consuming with infernal pains;
Conscious, though motionless, his limbs were grown;
Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.

In silent expectation, sore amazed,
The king and chieftains on the sorcerer gazed;
Awhile no sound was heard, save through the woods,
The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods:

At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene,
Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mien,
Where lurid flames from green-wood altars burn'd,
Enoch stood forth; — on him all eyes were turn'd;
O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
The light that glared upon that priest of hell.
Unutterably awful was his look;
Through every joint the Giant-monarch shook;
Shook like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall;*
Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright,†
In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
When as the spirit pass'd before his face,
Nor limb, nor lineament his eye could trace;
A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
Close at his couch in living terror stood,
And death-like silence, till a voice more drear,
More dreadful than the silence, reach'd his ear:
Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

* Dan. v. 1–31. † Job iv. 12–21.

END OF CANTO IX.

CANTO TENTH.

The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the Sorcerer, the King, and the Flood. His Translation to Heaven. The Conclusion.

"THE Lord is jealous: — He, who reigns on high,
Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky;
His voice the moon and stars by night obey,
He sends the sun his servant forth by day:
From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
To Him return, their Author, Sovereign, End.
Who shall destroy when He would save? or stand,
When He destroys, the stroke of his right hand?
With none His name and power will He divide,
For HE is GOD, and there is none beside.

"The proud shall perish; — mark how wild his air
In impotence of malice and despair,
What frenzy fires the bold blasphemer's cheek!
He looks the curses which he cannot speak.
A hand hath touch'd him that he once defied;
Touch'd, and for ever crush'd him in his pride;
Yet shall he live, despised as fear'd before;
The great deceiver shall deceive no more;
Children shall pluck the beard of him whose arts
Palsied the boldest hands, the stoutest hearts,
His vaunted wisdom fools shall laugh to scorn,
When muttering spells, a spectacle forlorn,

A drivelling idiot, he shall fondly roam
From house to house, and never find a home."

The wizard heard his sentence, nor remain'd
A moment longer; from his trance unchain'd,
He plunged into the woods; — the Prophet then
Turn'd, and took up his parable again.

"The proud shall perish: — monarch! know thy doom:
Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb;
Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes;
Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head:
Death lurks in ambush; Death without a name,
Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame;
At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil;
The dawn shall see thy carcass cast away,
The wolves, at sunrise, slumber on their prey.
Cut from the living, whither dost thou go?
Hades is moved to meet thee from below: *

* This passage, the reader will perceive, is an imitation of some verses in the fourteenth chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, which are applied to the fall of the King of Babylon. The following extract from Bishop Lowth's note on the original will elucidate the paraphrase: — "The regions of the Dead are laid open, and Hades is represented as rousing up the shades of the departed monarchs; they rise from their thrones to meet the King of Babylon at his coming; and insult him on his being reduced to the same low state of impotence and dissolution with

The kings thy sword had slain, the mighty dead,
Start from their thrones at thy descending tread;
They ask in scorn, — 'Destroyer! is it thus?
Art thou, — thou too, — become like one of us?
Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth.
How art thou fall'n from thine ethereal height,
Son of the morning! sunk in endless night:
How art thou fall'n, who said'st in pride of soul,
I will ascend above the starry pole,
Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
And set my throne above the Mount of God!
Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground;
Sought by the eyes that fear'd thee, yet not found;
Thy chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o'er,
Then pass thee by, — for thou art known no more.

themselves. * * * * * * The image of the state of the Dead, or the *Infernum Poeticum* of the Hebrews, is taken from their custom of burying, those at least of the highest rank, in large sepulchral vaults hewn in the rock. Of this kind of sepulchres there are remains at Jerusalem now extant; and some that are said to be the sepulchres of the kings of Judah. See Maundrell, p. 76. You are to form to yourself the idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which there are cells to receive the dead bodies: here the deceased monarchs lie in a distinguished sort of state, suitable to their former rank, each on his own couch, with his arms beside him, his sword at his head, and the bodies of his chiefs and companions around him. * * * * * * These illustrious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones; and advance to the entrance of the cavern to meet the King of Babylon, and to receive him with insults on his fall." — LOWTH'S *Isaiah*, xiv. 9, *et seq.*

Hail to thine advent! Potentate, in hell,
Unfear'd, unflatter'd, undistinguish'd dwell;
On earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
A worm, a flame for ever in thy breast;
Here feel the rage of unconsuming fire,
Intense, eternal, impotent desire;
Here lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
In chains of darkness till the judgment-day.'

"Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd king.
Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire;
The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear,
They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
A baleful comet with portentous light,
Midst clouds and storms denouncing from afar
Famine, and havoc, pestilence and war.
Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honors to succeeding times;
There shall thine image hold the highest place
Among the gods of man's revolted race!

"That race shall perish:—Men and Giants, all
Thy kindred and thy worshippers shall fall.
The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
May spring to youth, and ripen into man;

But ere his locks are tinged with fading grey,
This world of sinners shall be swept away.
Jehovah lifts his standard to the skies,
Swift at the signal winds and vapors rise;
The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon, —
The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the moon.
Heaven's fountains open, clouds dissolving roll
In mingled cataracts from pole to pole,
Earth's central sluices burst, the hills uptorn,
In rapid whirlpools down the gulf are borne:
The voice that taught the Deep his bounds to know,
'Thus far, O Sea! nor further shalt thou go,' —
Sends forth the floods, commission'd to devour
With boundless license and resistless power;
They own no impulse but the tempest's sway,
Nor find a limit but the light of day.

"The vision opens: — sunk beneath the wave,
The guilty share an universal grave;
One wilderness of water rolls in view,
And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue;
Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
Higher beneath the inundations rise;
A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
— Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
A lonely object on the shoreless tide;
Within whose ark the innocent have found
Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round;

Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
His servants, spares them, while He smites his foes.

"Eastward I turn; — o'er all the deluged lands,
Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
And watch'd the stars at midnight, from its head:
An island now, its dark majestic form
Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm;
While on its top, the monument of fame,
Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
Defies the shock; — a thousand cubits high,
The sloping pyramid ascends the sky.
Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press;
Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
Cling to the dizzy cliff, o'er ocean bend,
And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
The mountain's strong foundations still endure,
The heights repel the surge. — Awhile secure,
And cheer'd with frantic hope, thy votaries climb
The fabric, rising step by step, sublime.
Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below;
There too thy worshipp'd image shines like fire,
In the full glory of thy fabled sire.
They hail the omen, and with heart and voice
Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice:

False omen! on thy name in vain they call;
Fools in their joy; — a moment and they fall.
Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
And shaken by the whole disrupted main,
The mountain trembles on its failing base,
It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place;
From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry;
Hark! — 't is thy name — they curse it as they die
Sheer to the lowest gulf the pile is hurl'd,
The last sad wreck of a devoted world.

"So fall transgressors: — Tyrant! now fulfil
Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will;
Here crown thy triumphs: — life or death decree,
The weakest here disdains thy power and thee."

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued: — Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the Prophet — "Die!"
The king leapt foremost from his throne; — he drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew;

With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground:
The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length;
But ere his chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm;
Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
But *Enoch walk'd with God, and was not found.*

Yet where the captives stood, in holy awe,
Rapt on the wings of cherubim, they saw
Their sainted sire ascending through the night;
He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight,
Then vanish'd: — Javan caught the Prophet's eye,
And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky;
O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came,
Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame:
"Where is the God of Enoch now?" he cried,*
"Captives, come forth! Despisers, shrink aside."
He spake, and bursting through the Giant-throng,
Smote with the mantle as he moved along:
A power invisible their rage controll'd,
Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd;
Unawed, unharm'd, the ransom'd prisoners pass'd
Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast:

* "And he (*Elisha*) took the mantle of Elijah that fell from him, and smote the waters (*of Jordan*), and said, — Where is the Lord God of Elijah? — and when he had smitten the waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over." — *2 Kings* ii. 14.

Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod:
— So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave,
The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave.

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
And sheltering in the mountain-caves till morn,
They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost their prey,
No tongue of man or angel might portray;
First on their idol-gods their vengeance turn'd,
Those gods on their own altar-piles they burn'd;
Then at their sovereign's mandate, sallied forth
To rouse their host to combat, from the north;
Eager to risk their uttermost emprise,
Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise.
Now the slow tempest, that so long had lower'd,
Keen in their faces sleet and hailstones shower'd;
The winds blew loud, the waters roar'd around,
An earthquake rock'd the agonizing ground;
Red in the west the burning mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade,
(For moon and stars were wrapt in dunnest gloom,)
Glared like a torch amidst creation's tomb:
So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they felt
Their Maker's footstep, and began to melt;
Darkness was his pavilion, whence He came,
Hid in the brightness of descending flame,

While storm, and whirlwind, and the trumpet's blast,
Proclaim'd his law in thunder, as He pass'd.

The Giants reach'd their camp: — the night's alarms
Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms:
They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang,
From tent to tent the brazen clangor rang:
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with affright.
"Warriors! to battle; — summon all your powers;
Warriors! to conquest; — Paradise is ours,"
Exclaim'd their monarch; — not an arm was raised,
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.
The Giants' rage to instant madness grew;
The king and chiefs on their own legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance; — then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leader slain;
But ere a sword could fall, — by whirlwinds driven,
In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
The darting fires with noonday splendor burst;
And fearful grew the scene above, below,
With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe.
The embattled cherubim appear'd on high,
And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky

Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
Spirits of unimaginable mould,
Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
In arms, against the Giants took the field.
On such an host Elisha's servant gazed,
When all the mountain round the prophet blazed;*
With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

Roused by the trumpet that shall wake the dead,
The torpid foe in consternation fled;
The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
The king himself the foremost of the van,
Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
With swifter onset, than he led that flight.
Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew;
Their arms, their vestments, from their limbs they threw;
O'er shields and helms the reinless camel strode,
And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.
When through the Assyrian army, like a blast,
At midnight, the destroying angel pass'd,
The tyrant that defied the living God,
Precipitately thus his steps retrod;
Even by the way he came, to his own land,
Return'd, to perish by his offspring's hand.†

* 2 Kings vi. 17.
† 2 Kings xix. 33–37.

So fled the Giant-monarch; — but unknown
The hand that smote his life; — he died alone;
Amidst the tumult treacherously slain;
At morn his chieftains sought their lord in vain,
Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,
Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
With life alone escaping from that war,
In which their king had hail'd his realm complete,
The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

As, when the waters of the Flood declined,
Rolling tumultuously before the wind,
The proud waves shrunk from low to lower beds,
And high the hills and higher raised their heads,
Till ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand,
As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand,
While earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,
And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude.
— Thus in a storm of horror and dismay,
All night the Giant-army sped away;
Thus on a lonely, sad, and silent scene,
The morning rose in majesty serene.

Early and joyful o'er the dewy grass,
Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass;
As doves released their parent dwelling find,
They fly for life, nor cast a look behind;
And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"

With them the bard, who from the world withdrew,
Javan, from folly and ambition flew;
Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound,
Friendship, and home, and faithful love he found,
There did his wanderings and afflictions cease,
His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's plain
Turn'd to their desolated fields again,
And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight,
But left to freedom in that dreadful flight:
Thenceforth redeem'd from war's unnumber'd woes,
Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes,
By Giant-tyranny no more opprest,
The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

END OF CANTO X.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE PEAK MOUNTAINS:

IN TWO PARTS.

WRITTEN AT BUXTON, IN AUGUST, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighborhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet uninclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs, in vain;
The rose on this deserted cheek
Shall never bloom again;
For youth has fled; — and less by time
Than sorrow torn away,
The pride, the strength of manhood's prime,
Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
Life's vapor sheds a cold dim light,

Frail as the evanescent fire
Amidst the murky night,
That tempts the traveller from afar
To follow, o'er the heath,
Its baleful and bewildering star
To snares of death.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain;
Now shivering pale — now flush'd with heat;
Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
Unequal pulses beat;
Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs! O! bear
A melancholy sufferer forth
To breathe abroad the mountain air
Fresh from the vigorous north;
To view the prospect, waste and wild,
Tempestuous or serene,
Still dear to me, as to the child
The mother's mien.

Ah! who can look on Nature's face,
And feel unholy passions move?
Her forms of majesty and grace
I cannot choose but love:
Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
Care and repining cease;

Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul,
A deep tranquillity I feel,
O'er every nerve, with mild control,
Her consolations steal;
This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
Jarring midst doubts and fears,
Are sooth'd to harmony: — I find
Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountains' unfrequented maze;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That welling from its secret source
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
As if the form of man were strange,
To watch me stealing by;
The heifer stands aloof to gaze,
The colt comes boldly on: —
I pause, — he shakes his forelock, neighs,
Starts, and is gone.

I seek the valley: — all alone
I seem in this sequester'd place;
Not so; I meet, unseen, yet known,
My Maker face to face;
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

Love is that name, — for God is Love;
— Here, where unbuilt by mortal hands,
Mountains below and heaven above,
His awful temple stands,
I worship: — "Lord! though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength; in Thee I trust,
Be thou my light."

PART II.

Emerging from the cavern'd glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime:
Beneath my path the swallows sweep;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale;
Ye winds! that wander o'er the Peak;
Ye mountain-spirits! hail!
Angels of health! to man below
Ye bring celestial airs;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land:
O for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light!
O for the eagle's wings to raise
O'er all my flight!

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
— Here, chequering o'er the ground;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between;
Yonder they climb the upland steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine;
Grey mossy walls the slopes ascend;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
The insulated mountains tower;
— Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
And partial darkness lower,

While yonder summits far away
Shine sweetly through the gloom,
Like glimpses of eternal day
Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came;
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind:
Before Him went devouring flame,
And thunder roll'd behind;
At his approach the mountains reel'd
Like vessels to and fro;
Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seem'd in power alone a God;
But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod;
She smote the rock, — and as He pass'd
Forth gush'd a living stream;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
Fled as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
In that convulsion scatter'd round;
Hark! from their caves the issuing rills
With sweetest music sound;
Ye lame and impotent! draw near;
With healing on her wing,
The cherub Mercy watches here
Her ancient spring.

TO ANN AND JANE:

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE SMALL VOLUME OF HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

When the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the lark begins her song,
Early on the wing, and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Hearkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground,
Ere their wings are fledged to fly,
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
O may all who hear your voice
Look, and listen, and rejoice!

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord;
And your strains divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due
For this labor of your love?
— Through eternity may YOU,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your infant readers meet!

OCCASIONAL ODE.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH SYSTEM OF EDUCATION,

HELD AT FREEMASONS' HALL, MAY 16, 1812.

The lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky;
The shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage
Parent and young, unwean'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,—
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on:
He leaves the lingering brute behind;

And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind:
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay?
'Tis Knowledge: — Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail! to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
— Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God."

A DAUGHTER (C. M.) TO HER MOTHER, ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1811.

This the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale:
Yet though stern November reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head;
Never looks the evening-scene
So enchantingly serene
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight.

All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness:
— May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity.

When these eyes, from native night
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view?
On my Mother's smiling mien;
All the mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close
And she sang me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast?

When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun,
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'T was my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made,
Lines, where youthful dimples play'd,
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace;
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?
— Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my Paradise of rest;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
— Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honor due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
— Many a hand that Friendship plighted
Have I clasp'd with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother! on this day 't is meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last!
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine;
One, in which with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice;
O what *shall* that blessing be?
— Dearest Mother! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me!*

CHATTERTON:

STANZAS

In reading the Verses entitled "Resignation," written by Chatterton a few days before his melancholy end.

A DYING swan of Pindus sings
In wildly mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale:

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,

Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre, the power to Genius gave,
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall TIME thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight

1802.

THE WILD ROSE;

ON PLUCKING ONE LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose! what dost thou here?
Why, frail flower! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When ev'ry breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awakening from repose,
Thy fairy lids unclose.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour,
Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk:
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses:
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread;
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale.

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, color, grace,
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume;
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves;
A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light; — their glossy threads
Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by;
Round and round, on viewless wings,
Lo! the insect wheels and sings:
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
And, while o'er the verge he hovers,
Seems to fascinate his prize,

As the snake's magnetic glare
Charms the flitting tribes of air,
Till the dire enchantment draws
Destined victims to his jaws.
Now midst kindred corses mangled,
On his feet alights the fly;
Ah! he feels himself entangled,
Hark! he pours a piteous cry.
Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs,
Wounds his side, — with dexterous art
Winds the web about his wings;
Quick as he came, recoiling then,
The villain vanishes into his den.
The desperate fly perceives too late
The hastening crisis of his fate;
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knot of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line;
Hold, murderer! hold; — the game is mine.
— Captive! unwarn'd by danger, go,
Frolic awhile in light and air;
Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshow,
Preserved — to perish in a safer snare!
Spider! thy worthless life I spare;
Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend,
Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend, —

Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net;
Wiser than I
Must be yon fly,
If he escapes thy trammels yet;
Most eagerly the trap is sought
In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired, — uninjured die;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Insures thy peaceful, dull decay;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown "sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,"
I might have pluck'd thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
"Then cast it like a loathsome weed away." *

* Otway's Orphan.

1796.

VERSES,

ON FINDING

THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET

SCATTERED ON THE GROUND, IN A SOLITARY WALK.

These little relics, hapless bird!
That strew the lonely vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy melancholy tale.

Like Autumn's leaves, that rustle round
From every withering tree,
These plumes, dishevelled o'er the ground,
Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave:
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
No friend appear'd to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe!
No:—spare the tyrant's breath,
Till wintry winds, and famine slow,
Avenge thy cruel death!

But every feather of thy wing
Be quicken'd where it lies,
And at the soft return of spring,
A fragrant cowslip rise!

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,
Simple and unconfined;
On sunbeams every moment flew,
Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,
And woo thy merry bride,
Carol and fly, and sport and rest,
Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of kings,
Thy bosom knew no smart,
Till the last pang, that tore the strings
From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
I wander'd slowly here,
Wild from the copse an artless lay,
Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 't was thy last evening song,
That exquisitely stole
In sweetest melody along,
And harmonized my soul.

Now, blithe musician! now no more
Thy mellow pipe resounds,

But jarring drums at distance roar,
And yonder howl the hounds:—

The hounds, that through the echoing wood
The panting hare pursue;
The drums that wake the cry of blood,
— The voice of Glory too!

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
Unwept, unburied, lie,
Like victims on embattled plains,
Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the Muse, whose strains rehearse
Thine unregarded doom,
Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
When wandering near this spot,
The sad memorials of thy fate
Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

1796.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF P. SALANDRI.

TO A BRIDE.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill;
If here a plant, and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

Lonely and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man: — from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains:
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
The vales and woods alone, my griefs might see!
But paths, however secret, wild, and rude,
I find not from tormenting passion free;
Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
With Him I hold communion, He with Me.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAETANA PASSERINI.

ON THE SIEGE OF GENOA BY THE FRENCH ARMY IN 16**.

Liberty speaks.

"My native Genoa! if with tearless eye,
Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
Think not thy daughter's heart is dead to thee;
'T were treason, O my mother! here to sigh,
For here, majestic though in ashes, lie
Trophies of valor, skill, and constancy;
Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
The proud memorials of thy love to me.

"Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
— He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow."
Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
Kiss'd the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
And cried, — "In ruins? — *Yes!* — in slavery? *No.*"

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF BENEDETTO DALL' UVA.

ON THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, BY THE TURKS, IN 1571.

THUS saith the Lord: — "In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride?
In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot-daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust,
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish: — I the Lord am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."

DEPARTED DAYS:

A RHAPSODY.

WRITTEN ON VISITING FULNECK, IN YORKSHIRE, WHERE THE AUTHOR WAS EDUCATED, IN THE SPRING OF 1806.

Days of my childhood, hail!
Whose gentle spirits wandering here,
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear,
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale;
O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
Days of my childhood, hail!

Joys of my early hours!
The swallows on the wing,
The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more gay, more innocent than you:
And fugitive as they,
Like butterflies in spring,
Like bees among the flowers,
Like swallows on the wing,
How swift, how soon ye pass'd away,
Joys of my early hours!

The loud Atlantic ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hail'd their first-born boy:
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy:
My father, mother, — parents now no more
Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves. *

Sweet seas, and smiling shores!
When no tornado-demon roars,
Resembling that celestial clime
Where, with the spirits of the blest,
Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
From all their toils my parents rest:
There skies, eternally serene,
Diffuse ambrosial balm
Through sylvan isles for ever green,
O'er seas for ever calm;
While saints and angels, kindling in his rays,
On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.

* See the note at the end of these lines.

Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
On earth are all unknown to man;
Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares,
But ah! what light and little things
Are childhood's woes! — they break no rest;
Like dew-drops on the skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,
I taught, with fearless voice,
The echoing woods to sound my strains,
The mountains to rejoice.
Hail! to the trees beneath whose shade,
Rapt into worlds unseen, I stray'd;
Hail! to the stream that purl'd along
In hoarse accordance to my song;
My song that pour'd uncensured lays,
Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,
In numbers simple, wild, and sweet,
As were the flowers beneath my feet; —
Those flowers are dead,
Those numbers fled,
Yet o'er my secret thought,
From cold Oblivion's silent gloom,

Their music to mine ear is brought,
Like voices from the tomb.
As yet in this untainted breast
No baleful passion burn'd,
Ambition had not banish'd rest,
Nor hope had earthward turn'd;
Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
And in my firmament alone,
Forerunner of the day,
The dazzling star of wonder shone,
By whose enchanting ray
Creation open'd on my earliest view,
And all was beautiful, for all was new.

Too soon my mind's awakening powers
Made the light slumbers flee,
Then vanish'd with the golden hours,
The morning dreams of Infancy;
Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me;
And yet to mournful Memory lingering here,
Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear:
For hither, from my native clime,
The hand that leads Orion forth,
And wheels Arcturus round the north,
Brought me, in Life's exulting prime:
— Blest be that hand! — Whether it shed
Mercies or judgments on my head,
Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod, —
Blest be that hand! — It is the hand of God.

Note. — In November, 1825, when many of my friends and neighbors honored me with a public entertainment, on re-

tiring from my long labors among them as owner and editor of a local Journal (*see the general Preface to these Volumes*), there were others, especially ladies, who could not conveniently join in the festivities of a dinner-table, but who wished to show me some token of kindness on the occasion. By these, a few weeks afterwards, I was presented with a handsome silver inkstand, of home manufacture, for myself, and two hundred sovereigns towards the expense of renewing a Christian mission by the United Brethren (or Moravians) in the West Indian Island of Tobago, which had been begun by my parents in the year 1789. The troubles of the French Revolution soon afterwards having reached that colony, the work was abandoned in the following year, and my father was compelled to take refuge in Barbadoes, where he had been previously stationed as a minister of the gospel of peace to the Negro-slaves. Before his flight, my mother had been released from sharing his toils and sufferings on earth, and her bereaved partner had deposited her remains, to wait the resurrection of the just, in the little garden attached to their temporary habitation, there being no Protestant place for interment in the island: — thus taking possession, though "hoping against hope," of the land where he had sojourned with her as a stranger for a few months only; — like the Patriarch Abraham, when he bought the cave of Machpelah from the children of Heth, to bury his Sarah in, and by that earnest of his contract secure the promised Canaan to his posterity through many generations, when he had as yet "none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on."

During the war with England which ensued, Tobago fell into the hands of our countrymen, and has been held ever since by the British Crown. My father, soon after his return to Barbadoes, entered into his rest; and for thirty-five years following, the station in the former island, where he had broken ground only, remained unoccupied for the purpose to which it had been consecrated. But Mr. Hamilton, the gentleman at whose invitation, and under whose direct patronage, the experiment of the mission on his estate had been undertaken by my parents, never to the end of his own life lost sight of that object; and at his death he bequeathed a considerable legacy for its promotion, should the Brethren at a future

period be emboldened to resume their evangelical labors there. What the sum left by Mr. Hamilton might be, I cannot now recollect, but I have been informed, that it was so well administered by his representatives, that, when the mission was recommenced on the reserved spot, that fund amounted to a thousand pounds. To this my benefactors added the two hundred pounds, which they raised to gratify me by a proof of their esteem, the most humbling and yet the most exalting that could be devised, — namely, by stipulating that their bounty should be appropriated to that sacred service, in which both my parents had laid down their lives; accompanied by an earnest request, that the settlement, about to be formed in the field of their last labors should be called by the name which they bore. This was readily granted by the authorities of the Brethren's Church, the Elders' Conference at Herrnhut, in Germany, who direct the ecclesiastical affairs of the body, at home and abroad, from synod to synod. The mission thus revived in 1825 has gradually increased; and, under the name of "*Montgomery*," with the blessing of God upon the preaching of the Gospel by his servants there, may it perpetuate, to the end of time, the memory of those sainted relatives who left that name to me!

October 12, 1840.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

Crooked cannot be made straight."
Ecclesiastes i. 15.

PREFACE.

DURING the greater part of the last forty years it has been my privilege to be connected rather as an auxiliary than a principal, in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad, with three gentlemen of this neighborhood, Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, Mr. GEORGE BENNET, and Mr. ROWLAND HODGSON. Of the two latter I need not speak here, because proofs of my esteem for each, distinctly, will be found in the fourth volume of this collection. With Mr. Roberts, however, it happened, that I have been more particularly and actively concerned on occasions rather general than local, such as the questions of the Slave Trade and Slavery, the State Lottery, and the practice of employing climbing boys to sweep chimneys. In these, the zeal, the energy, and the indefatigability, of my friend far surpassed any corresponding qualifications which I could exercise in aid of the frequent causes in which we have been engaged together. Though, like Jehonadab's with Jehu's, my heart was always with his heart, it was not in

every enterprise that I had the courage t accept his invitation to "come up to (him) into the chariot;" for the adversary's watchmen, descrying his approach from their walls, might truly exclaim, "His driving is like the driving of the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously." When, however, I could not do this, I girded myself up to run alongside of him, till I could no more keep pace with his speed: I then followed him as far as my breath and strength would carry me. Among those who know him best, and esteem him proportionately, though I may perhaps call myself the foremost, — having, more than any other individual, had opportunities of understanding his motives, and judging his public conduct by these, — I must not attempt, in this place, "to give him honor due," further than by simply recording my own obligations to him, for having, by his intrepidity and example on some trying occasions, caused me to do a little less harm, and a little more good in my generation, than I should otherwise have had forbearance in the one case to avoid, or fortitude in the other to undertake.

This influence was more especially ascendant over my natural indolence and timidity, in our joint efforts through a series of years to rouse the country, and to persuade the legislature against "the State Lottery" as a system of legalized gambling, and "the employment of climbing boys to sweep chimneys as a system of home-slavery."

In reference to the former I may here state, that

it had been the practice, so long as I can remember, for the publishers of newspapers to procure lottery tickets for persons who applied for them, from any of the offices with which they had current accounts for advertising.

From 1794, when I entered upon the property of the *Sheffield Iris* till 1801 or 1802, I was in the habit of executing such commissions to a very small amount annually. I know not what lottery speculations may have been made otherwise in this neighborhood; but if my sales were the standard of probabilities, in so obscure a case, little of the money that was got upon the anvil was thrown into the fire, for the purchase of blanks, where prizes were contemplated in reversion.

Once, however, about the above-mentioned date, I had the misfortune to sell the sixteenth of a ticket which turned up a prize of *twenty thousand pounds*, the price to be paid for the share, I think, was 23*s.* 6*d.*, and the person who bespoke it had left a guinea towards payment, as the market price could not be ascertained till the voucher came from London. Accordingly I received it with a few others which had been ordered in like manner, and pledges deposited. These, with the exception of that particular one, were duly fetched by the parties who had bespoken them. In those days the registering of tickets and shares was entirely done in the metropolitan offices, the names and addresses of the adventurers being transmitted from the country by

their respective correspondents. Whatever then might be the fate or the fortune of the numbers delivered by me, I knew nothing of the event unless the buyers themselves informed me, which they usually did when the prizes were small ones, and almost as usually exchanged them for new ventures in the current or next lottery, paying the difference, which was necessarily on the losing side (the schemes being ingeniously contrived to effect that), till a blank made amends for all, — if it happened to cure the lottery-fit, though that kind of fever being intermittent, patients once affected were fearfully liable to returns.

In the case above mentioned the share remained week after week uncalled for in my desk, while the drawing continued, and till it was nearly at an end. In fact, I had given it up as a bad speculation of my own, so far as what was due upon it had been hazarded to a stranger, concluding, that it must have been drawn a blank, and that my customer would take no more trouble about it. I well recollect throwing it aside among some indifferent papers, and muttering to myself, — "There lies half-a-crown." One evening, however, a man from a village in Derbyshire called upon me in considerable agitation, and presented an open letter, addressed to a female in whose name the share had been registered at the office (Nicholson's) in London, announcing that the ticket had been drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, with a hint, that, when the lady received the money, it was hoped she would remember the clerks

in the office. Till then the said lady did not so much as know the number of which a sixteenth had been thus registered to her. I was not a little bewildered myself at first, scarcely remembering when I had last seen the precious scrap of paper; and, doubting whether the intelligence were not a hoax, and whether the applicant, who professed himself a relation of the owner, were a true man. But, having found the share, and ascertained the other points, I delivered it into the messenger's hands, and received the small balance due to me upon it. I was afterwards told, that the guinea that had been paid to me in advance was put into the lottery "for luck's sake," having been found unexpectedly in a paper with some sugar-candy, in a neglected drawer. The fortunate recoverer of the unredeemed prize that had fallen to her, like one of the forgotten things which the moon has been said to contain,

> "Where heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
> And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases,"
> (*Rape of the Lock*, canto v.)

proved to be a very respectable matron in good circumstances, and of prudent habits. Instead of eagerly seizing the spoil at the expense of the small discount, she waited till the money was full due, and never afterwards, so far as I was concerned, risked more than the price of another sixteenth at once in a lottery or two following.

But the *strangenesses* of this great event in pro-

vincial lottery annals did not end here. The successful ticket had been distributed, if I rightly remember, entirely in sixteenths, and sold in different parts of the kingdom. This being blazoned in all the newspapers, occasioned an extraordinary demand for shares in the ensuing lottery, and mine being deemed "a Lucky Office," commissions came pouring upon me in a manner and multitude beyond precedent. These I was enabled to supply on a new plan, which, I confess, I thought very hazardous to the metropolitan office keepers, who, availing themselves of this "tide" in the sea of bubbles, took it "at the flood," not doubting that it would "lead on to fortune" in their "affairs." Accordingly they appointed agencies throughout the country, and one of these being offered to me by a first-rate house, I accepted it as a mere matter of business, and for several years I was in the habit of disposing from twenty to fifty times as many tickets and shares as I had ever done before. Besides the small commission on the amount sold, being from that time allowed the perquisite for registering the numbers myself, and communicating the results to my customers, I received from day to day the lists of the drawings, and became practically acquainted with the risks and the returns, — indeed so well acquainted, that, during the term of my agency, I was never for a moment tempted to hazard a shilling on a turn of the wheels for myself. On one occasion only, when the drawing was to be closed on an early day, and I had to send back to

my principals the unsold shares in my hands, I retained two eighths in expectation of having calls for them before the last drawing. One was sold, the other remained with me, but proving a small prize I escaped comparatively unscathed.

Now of all the thousands in every variety of numbers which passed through my hands, including sold and returned, I do not recollect more than three shares of prizes above 25*l.* — namely, two of 50*l.* and a third of 120*l.*; the former disposed of, the latter sent back. I thought at first that the rage for this losing game would soon abate of itself. I was mistaken; and though after a year or two it was less prodigally and promiscuously, yet it was more steadily pursued by regular customers, to whom the habitual stimulus became as necessary to provoke and appease, while in both cases it mocked, the "*auri sacra fames*," as dram-drinking and opium-eating are to diseased appetites of another kind. In addition to these *perennials*, there was an *annual* succession of inexperienced votaries of wealth, who came and tried, and withdrew, when they had grown wiser or warier at a reasonable cost. And here I must observe that the grosser evils of lotteries, flagrant as they were in the metropolis, came not within my observation here; what I knew personally of the original sin of the system was learned by its ordinary effects. My dealings were principally with persons in moderate circumstances, yet with a considerable proportion of work-people and others

who might have invested their small savings (if savings they were) on much better securities than the notes which my bank issued. It was one of the lame pleas of the State Lottery in Parliament, that, after the suppression of the infamous insurance-offices — which never existed here — there remained no longer a snare to tempt the poor to take this royal way to riches, the lowest fraction of a ticket in the market being beyond their power of purchase. Whatever the case might be in London, the rich in this neighborhood, if they speculated at all, did not come to me. One of these, a friend of mine, told me that he had obtained an eighth of a 20,000*l.*, and I heard of another, who was said to have had a sixteenth of a 10,000*l.* prize. On this part of the subject, from an article in my newspaper of March 25, 1817, in which I questioned some statements made by high authorities in the House of Commons, I may quote a memorandum, that, in three lotteries drawn in 1803, I "sold, Whole Tickets — *not one;* Halves — *one;* Quarters — *twenty;* Eighths — *eighty-eight;* Sixteenths — *five-hundred* and *sixty-six!* and in previous years far greater numbers of the latter; many, very many of which were bought by poor people."

Familiarity with some kinds of sin deadens the consciousness of it. This was not the case with me in reference to the State Lottery. It was familiarity with it which convinced me of the sin of dealing in its deceptive wares. I was occasionally surprised to

notice the different kinds of money which were brought to me by persons of the humbler class, — hoarded guineas, old crowns, half-crowns, and fine impressions of smaller silver coins, at a time when bank-paper, Spanish dollars, and tokens of inferior standard, issued by private individuals and companies, formed a kind of *mob*-currency throughout the realm, instead of the sterling issues of the Royal Mint. These, like the guinea of my Derbyshire matron, were ventured "for the sake of luck," in several instances by poor women who had inherited them from their parents, received them as birth or wedding-day gifts, saved them for their children's thrift-pots, or laid them up against a rainy day for family wants or sicknesses. With these they came to buy *hope*, and I sold them *disappointment!* — It was this very thought passing through my mind like a flash of lightning, in the very words, and leaving an indelible impression (deepening with every recurrence of the haunting idea), which decided a long-meditated but often procrastinated purpose; and I said to myself, at length, "I will immediately give up this traffic of delusion." I did so, and from that moment never sold another share.

This, however, was only cutting off the left hand of a profitable sin, while with the right I was still accepting the hire of iniquity. The proprietors of newspapers do not deem themselves responsible for the contents of advertisements which appear on their pages, so long as these are free from libellous

immoral, or blasphemous matter. During the palmy days of the State Lottery, and even when it began to fall into disrepute, the office keepers were among the most liberal contributors of such precious articles to the public journals. The columns of mine were never much burdened with these *opima spolia*, — wealth won without labor of the hands or the brains, gratuitously bestowed, collected at little risk, and small additional expense in the economy of the printing office. Lottery advertisements, therefore, formed a considerable proportion of the very moderate amount of pecuniary means, by which I was enabled, under many disadvantages, some local, and others personal, to maintain my paper at all. But when my friend Mr. Roberts and I, several years after my relinquishment of lottery sales, determined to attack the great state evil itself with open, uncompromising hostility, I felt that I could not consistently, nor indeed honestly support him in his plans of aggression, while I was an actual accessory before the fact to the mischiefs which it was perpetrating throughout the length and breadth of the land, and especially so far as I was implicated, within the range of my editorial influence. The question had long troubled me in secret; but, as in the former case, a final decision upon it was deferred, till my friend one day unexpectedly attacked me with a recommendation to renounce all connection with "the accursed thing," which we both had now made up our minds to hold up to public abhorrence and

reprobation. The counsel was hard to a person in my circumstances: conscience and cupidity had a sharp conflict; but the battle was not a drawn one; the better principle prevailed; and after the autumn of 1816 I never admitted another lottery advertisement into my paper. Nor did I ever, for one moment, repent the sacrifice.

From that time till the abandonment of the State Lottery by government itself in 1824, Mr. Roberts and I in various ways, but principally by paragraphs and philippics in my columns, and pamphlets from my press, waged a desultory warfare with those ministers of the day and their supporters in Parliament who persisted in employing these unhallowed means of recruiting the revenue. With the late Lord Lyttelton (then Mr. Lyttelton) and other members of the House of Commons who held the same sentiments as ourselves on the subject, we had frequent correspondence; nor did the Chancellor of the Exchequer (otherwise one of the most upright and conscientious statesmen of the age) escape the annoyance of our remonstrances and solicitations. In March, 1817, we promoted a petition to Parliament from Sheffield against this national nuisance. Whether this example was followed at that time by any other towns I do not remember. We know, however, that our various labors were not altogether in vain, — but that two obscure individuals in a remote part of the kingdom, by strenuous perseverance in advocating a good cause, contributed

something (however little it may have been) towards the removal of the greatest plague that ever infested the country in the shape of a tax, upon the poverty, the morals, and the happiness of the people.

In 1817 Mr. Roberts published *The State Lottery, a Dream*, a work of startling eccentricity in its plan, and no small ingenuity in the execution. Its frontispiece, representing *A Petty State Lottery* within the walls of Christ's Hospital, in which not the drawers only, but all the adventurers, were children of that venerable establishment, was not without its effect in abating one of the most plausible but pernicious exhibitions at Guildhall and elsewhere, in the annual pantomime of *The Grand State Lottery*.

My THOUGHTS ON WHEELS were but the glimmering tail of my friend's portentous comet. The latter, having long ago passed its perihelion, is no more visible in the literary hemisphere; and the former would have disappeared with it, had not the last section, the address *To Britain*, been deemed worthy of preservation by judges more competent to decide upon its claims than the public will allow an author to be in his own case.

October 20, 1840.

THOUGHTS ON WHEELS.

No. I.

THE COMBAT.

Of old when fiery warriors met,
On edge of steel their lives were set;
Eye watching eye, shield crossing shield,
Foot wedged to foot, they fought the field,
Dealt and withstood as many strokes
As might have fell'd two forest-oaks,
Till one, between the harness-joint,
Felt the resistless weapon's point
Quick through his heart, — and in a flood
Pour'd his hot spirit with his blood.

The victor, rising from the blow
That laid his brave assailant low,
Then blush'd not from his height to bend,
Foully a gallant deed to end;
But whirl'd in fetters round the plain,
Whirl'd at his chariot wheels, the slain;
Beneath the silent curse of eyes,
That look'd for vengeance to the skies;

While shame, that could not reach the dead,
Pour'd its whole vial on *his* head.

Who falls in honorable strife
Surrenders nothing but his life;
Who basely triumphs casts away
The glory of the well-won day;
— Rather than feel the joy he feels,
Commend me to his chariot wheels.

No. II.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

On plains beneath the morning star,
Lo! Juggernaut's stupendous car;
So high and menacing its size,
The Tower of Babel seems to rise;
Darkening the air, its shadow spreads
O'er thrice an hundred thousand heads;
Darkening the soul, it strikes a gloom,
Dense as the night beyond the tomb.
Full in mid-heaven, when mortal eye
Up this huge fabric climbs the sky,
The Idol scowls, in dragon-pride,
Like Satan's conscience deified;
— Satan himself would scorn to ape
Divinity in *such* a shape.

Breaking the billows of the crowd,
As countless, turbulent, and loud
As surges on the windward shore,
That madly foam, and idly roar;
The' unwieldy wain compels its course,
Crushing resistance down by force;
It creaks, and groans, and grinds along,
'Midst shrieks and prayers, — 'midst dance and song;

With orgies in the eye of noon,
Such as would turn to blood the moon;
Impieties so bold, so black,
The stars to shun them would reel back;
And secret horrors, which the Sun
Would put on sackcloth to see done.
Thrice happy they, whose headlong souls,
Where'er the' enormous ruin rolls,
Cast their frail bodies on the stones,
Pave its red track with crashing bones,
And pant and struggle for the fate
— To die beneath the sacred weight.

"O fools and mad!" your Christians cry:
Yet wise, methinks, are those who die:
For me, — if Juggernaut were God,
Rather than writhe beneath his rod:
Rather than live his devotee,
And bow to such a brute the knee;
Rather than be his favorite priest,
Wallow in wantonness, and feast
On tears and blood, on groans and cries,
The fume and fat of sacrifice;
Rather than share his love, — or wrath;
I'd fling my carcass in his path,
And almost bless his name, to feel
The murdering mercy of his wheel.

No. III.

THE INQUISITION.

THERE was in Christendom, of yore,
— And would to heaven it were no more! —
There *was* an Inquisition-Court,
Where priestcraft made the demons sport:
— Priestcraft, — in form a giant monk,
With wine of Rome's pollutions drunk,
Like captive Samson, bound and blind,
In chains and darkness of the mind,
There show'd such feats of strength and skill
As made it charity to kill,
And well the blow of death might pass
For what he call'd it — *coup de grace;*
While in his little hell on earth,
The foul fiends quaked amidst their mirth: —
But *not* like him, who to the skies
Turn'd the dark embers of his eyes,
(Where lately burn'd a fire divine,
Where still it burn'd, but could not shine,)
And won by violence of prayer
(Hope's dying accents in despair),
Power to demolish, from its base,
Dagon's proud fane, on Dagon's race;

Not *thus* like Samson; — false of heart,
The tonsured juggler play'd his part,
God's law in God's own name made void,
Men for their Saviour's sake destroy'd,
Made pure religion his pretence
To rid the earth of innocence;
While Spirits from the' infernal flood
Cool their parch'd tongues in martyrs' blood.
And half forgot their stings and flames
In conning, at those hideous games,
Lessons, — which he who taught should know
How well they had been learn'd below.

Among the engines of his power
Most dreaded in the trying hour,
When impotent were fire and steel,
All but almighty was the Wheel,
Whose harrowing revolution wrung
Confession from the slowest tongue;
From joints unlock'd made secrets start,
Twined with the cordage of the heart;
From muscles in convulsion drew
Knowledge the sufferer never knew;
From failing flesh, in Nature's spite,
Brought deeds that ne'er were done to light;
From snapping sinews wrench'd the lie,
That gain'd the victim leave to die;
When self-accused, — condemn'd at length,
His only crime was want of strength;
From holy hands with joy he turn'd,
And kiss'd the stake at which he burn'd.

But from the man, of soul sublime,
Who lived above the world of time,
Fervent in faith, in conscience clear,
Who knew *to love*, — but not *to fear*;
When every artifice of pain
Was wasted on his limbs in vain,
And baffled cruelty could find
No hidden passage to his mind,
The Wheel extorted nought in death,
Except — forgiveness, and his breath.

Such a victorious death to die
Were prompt translation to the sky:
— Yet with the weakest, I would meet
Racks, scourges, flames, and count them sweet;
Nay, might I choose, I would not 'scape
"The question," put in any shape,
Rather than sit in judgment there,
Where the stern bigot fills the chair:
— Rather than turn his torturing Wheel,
Give me its utmost stretch to feel.

No. IV.

THE STATE LOTTERY.

Escaped from ancient battle-field,
Though neither *with*, nor *on* my shield:
Escaped — how terrible the thought
Even of escape! — from Juggernaut;
Escaped from ten-fold worse perdition
In dungeons of the Inquisition;
O with what ecstasy I stand
Once more on Albion's refuge-land!
O with what gratitude I bare
My bosom to that island-air,
Which tyrants gulp and cease to be,
Which slaves inhale and slaves are free!
For though the wheels, behind my back,
Still seem to rumble in my track,
Their sound is music on the breeze;
I dare them all to cross the seas:
— Nay, *should* they reach our guarded coast,
Like Pharaoh's chariots and his host,
Monks, Bramins, warriors, swoln and dead,
Axles and orbs in wrecks were spread.

And are there on this holy ground
No wheels to trail the vanquish'd found?

None, framed the living bones to break,
Or rend the nerves for conscience' sake?
No: — Britons scorn the' unhallow'd touch.
They will not use, nor suffer such;
Alike *they* shun, with fearless heart,
The victim's and tormentor's part.

Yet here are wheels of feller kind,
To drag in chains the captive mind;
To crush, beneath their horrid load,
Hearts panting prostrate on the road;
To wind desire from spoke to spoke,
And break the spirit stroke by stroke.

Where Gog and Magog, London's pride,
O'er city bankruptcies preside;
Stone-blind at *nisi prius* sit,
Hearken stone-deaf to lawyers' wit;
Or scowl on men, that play the beasts
At Common Halls and Lord Mayors' feasts,
When venison or the public cause,
Taxes or turtle, stretch their jaws:
There, — in a whisper be it said,
Lest honest Beckford shake his head;
Lest Chatham, with indignant cheek,
Start from his pedestal and speak;
Lest Chatham's son in marble groan,
As if restored to skin and bone; *

* These lines refer to the statues of British worthies which adorn the Guildhall of London.

There, — speak, — speak out, — abandon fear;
Let both the dead and living hear;
— The dead, that they may blush for shame
Amidst their monumental fame;
— The living, that, forewarn'd of fate,
Conscience may force them, ere too late,
Those Wheels of infamy to shun,
Which thousands touch, and are undone.

There, — built by legislative hands,
On Christian ground, an altar stands.
— "Stands? gentle Poet, tell me where?"
Go to Guildhall: — "It stands not *there!*"
True; — 't is my brain that raves and reels
Whene'er it turns on Lottery Wheels;
Such things in youth can I recall
Nor think of thee, — of thee, Guildhall?
Where erst I play'd with glittering schemes,
And lay entranced in golden dreams;
Bright round my head those bubbles broke,
Poorer from every dream I 'woke;
Wealth came, — but not the wealth I sought;
Wisdom was wealth to me; and taught
My feet to *miss* thy gates, — that lay,
Like toll-bars on the old "broad way,"
Where pilgrims paid, — O grief to tell!
Tribute for going down to hell.

Long on thy floor an altar stood,
To human view unstain'd with blood,

But red and foul in Heaven's pure eyes,
Groaning with infant sacrifice,
From year to year; — till sense or shame,
Or some strange cause without a name,
— 'T was *not* the cry of innocence, —
Drove such abomination thence:
Thence drove it, — but destroy'd it not;
It blackens some obscurer spot;
Obscurer, — yet so well defined,
Thither the blind may lead the blind,
While heralds shout in every ear,
"This is the temple, — worship here."
Thither the deaf may *read* their way;
'T is plain; — to *find* it, *go astray!*
Thither the lame, on wings of paper,
May come to nothing, like a vapor;
Thither may all the world repair;
A word, a wish, will waft you there;
And, O so smooth and steep the track,
'T is worth your life to venture back;
Easy the step to *Coopers' Hall*,*
As headlong from a cliff to fall;
Hard to recover from the shock,
As broken-limb'd to climb a rock.

There, built by legislative hands,
Our country's shame, an altar stands;
Not votive brass, nor hallow'd stone,
Humbly inscribed — "To God unknown;"

* Where the State Lottery was drawn for many years.

Though sure, if earth afford a space
For such an altar, here's the place;
— Not breathing incense in a shrine,
Where human art appears divine,
And man by his own skill hath wrought,
So bright an image of his thought,
That nations, barbarous or refined,
Might worship there the' immortal mind,
That gave their ravish'd eyes to see
A meteor glimpse of Deity;
A ray of Nature's purest light,
Shot through the gulf of Pagan night,
Dazzling, — but leaving darkness more
Profoundly blinding than before.
— Ah! no such power of genius calls
Sublime devotion to these walls;
No pomp of art, surpassing praise,
Britannia's altar here displays;
A MONEY-CHANGER'S TABLE, — spread
With hieroglyphics, black and red,
Exhibits, on deceitful scrolls,
"The price of Tickets," — and of Souls;
For thus are Souls to market brought,
Barter'd for vanity, — for nought;
Till the poor venders find the cost,
— Time to eternal ages lost!

No sculptured idol decks the place,
Of such excelling form and face,
That Grecian pride might feign its birth
A statue fallen from heaven to earth:

The goddess here is best design'd,
— A flimsy harlot, bold and blind;
Invisible to standers-by,
And yet in every-body's eye!
FORTUNE her name; — a gay deceiver,
Cheat as she may, the crowd believe her;
And she, abuse her as they will,
Showers on the crowd her favors still:
For 't is the bliss of both to be
Themselves unseen, and not to see;
Had she discernment, — pride would scout
The homage of her motley rout;
Were she reveal'd, — the poorest slave
Would blush to be her luckiest knave.

Not good OLD FORTUNE here we scorn,
In classic fable heavenly born;
She who *for nothing* deigns to deal
Her blanks and prizes from *One* Wheel;
And who, like Justice, wisely blind,
Scatters her bounties on mankind
With such a broad impartial aim,
If none will praise her, none should blame;
For were ten thousand fancies tried,
Wealth more discreetly to divide
Among the craving race of man,
Wit could not frame a happier plan.

Here 't is her *Counterfeit*, who reigns
O'er haunted heads and moon-struck brains;

A *Two-wheel'd* Jade, admired by sots,
Who flings, *for cash in hand*, her lots
To those, who, fain "their luck to try,"
Sell Hope, and Disappointment buy.
The wily sorceress here reveals,
With proud parade, her mystic Wheels;
— Those Wheels, on which the nation runs
Over the morals of its Sons;
— Those Wheels, at which the nation draws
Through shouting streets its broken laws!
Engines of plotting Fortune's skill
To lure, entangle, torture, kill.
Behold her, in imperial pride,
King, Lords, and Commons at her side;
Arm'd with authority of state,
The public peace to violate;
More might be told, — but not by me
Must this "eternal blazon" be.
Between her Wheels, the Phantom stands,
With Syren voice, and Harpy hands:
She turns the' enchanted axle round;
Forth leaps the "TWENTY THOUSAND POUND!"
That "twenty thousand" *one* has got;
— But twenty thousand more have *not*.
These curse her to her face, deplore
Their loss, then — take her word once more;
Once more deceived, they rise like men
Bravely resolved, — to try again;
Again they fail; — again trepann'd,
She mocks them with her sleight of hand;

Still fired with rage, with avarice steel'd,
Perish they may, but never yield;
They woo her till their latest breath,
Then snatch *their* prize — a blank in death.

The priests, that in her temple wait,
Her minor ministers of fate,
Like Dian's silversmiths of old,
True to the craft that brings them gold,
Lungs, limbs, and pens unwearied ply
To puff their Goddess to the sky;
O that their puffs could *fix* Her there,
Who builds such castles in the air,
And in the malice of her mirth
Lets them to simpletons on earth!
— Who steals the rainbow's peaceful form,
But *is* the demon of the storm;
— Assumes a star's benignant mien,
But wears a comet's tail unseen;
— Who smiles a Juno to the crowd,
But all that win her catch a cloud,
And, doom'd Ixion's fate to feel,
Are whirl'd upon a giddier wheel.
— O that her priest could fix *her* there,
Whose breath and being are but air!
Yet not for this their spells they try,
They bawl to keep her *from* the sky,
A harmless meteor in that sphere;
A baleful *Ignis fatuus* here,
With wandering and bewildering light,
To cheer, and then confound the sight,

Guide the lorn traveller, — then betray,
Where Death in ambush lurks for prey.

Fierce, but familiar, at their call,
The veriest fiend of Satan's fall;
— The fiend that tempted him to stake
Heaven's bliss against the burning lake;
— The fiend, that tempted him again,
To burst the darkness of his den,
And risk whate'er of wrath untried
Eternal justice yet could hide,
For one transcendent chance, by sin,
Man and his new-made world to win;
— That fiend, while Satan play'd his part
At Eve's fond ear, assail'd her heart,
And tempted her to hazard more
Than fallen Angels lost before;
They ruin'd but themselves — her crime
Brought death on all the race of time:
—That fiend comes forth, like Ætna's flame;
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING call his name;
So flush'd and terrible in power,
The Priests themselves he would devour;
But straight, by Act of Parliament,
Loose through the land his plagues are sent.
The Polypus himself divides,
A legion issues from his sides;
Ten thousand shapes he wears at will,
In every shape a devil still;
Eager and restless to be known
By any mark, except his own;

In airy, earthly, heavenly guise,
No matter, — if it strike the eyes;
Yet ever at the clink of pelf,
He starts, and shrinks into himself:
— A traitor now, with face of truth,
He dupes the innocence of youth;
A shrewd pretender, smooth and sage,
He tempts the avarice of age;
A wizard, versed in damned arts,
He trammels uncorrupted hearts;
He lulls Suspicion, Sense waylays,
Honor and Honesty betrays,
Finds Virtue sleeping, and by stealth
Beguiles her with a dream of wealth;
Till rich and poor, till fools and wise,
Haste to the headlong sacrifice,
Gaze till they slip into the snare;
— Angels might weep to see them there;
Then to the Lottery Wheels away,
The SPIRIT OF GAMBLING drags his prey.

Hail to the fiery bigot's rack!
Hail Juggernaut's destructive track!
Hail to the warrior's iron car!
But O, be Lottery Wheels afar!
I'll die by torture, war, disease,
I'll die — by any Wheels but these!

No. V.

TO BRITAIN.

I LOVE Thee, O my native Isle!
Dear as my mother's earliest smile;
Sweet as my father's voice to me
Is all I hear, and all I see,
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,
The Guardian-angels of thy coast,
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam
Around the quiet heaven of Home.

I love Thee, — when I mark thy soil
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,
And from its lap of verdure throw
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love Thee, — when I hear around
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,
Thine engines heaving all their force,
Thy waters laboring on their course,

And arts, and industry, and wealth
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love Thee, — when I trace thy tale
To the dim point where records fail;
Thy deeds of old renown inspire
My bosom with our fathers' fire;
A proud inheritance I claim
In all their sufferings, all their fame;
Nor less delighted, when I stray
Down History's lengthening, widening way,
And hail Thee in thy present hour,
From the meridian arch of power,
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love Thee, — when I read the lays
Of British bards, in elder days,
Till rapt on visionary wings,
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings:
For I, amidst thy living choir,
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love Thee, — when I contemplate
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state;
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,
To which the Pyramids are tame,
And Grecian temples bow their fame:
These, thine immortal sages wrought
Out of the deepest mines of thought;

These, on the scaffold, in the field,
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd;
These, at the parricidal pyre,
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,
And, with the generous blood they spilt,
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,
Cancell'd the curse which Vengeance sped,
And left a blessing in its stead.
— Can words, can numbers count the price,
Paid for this little Paradise?
Never, O! never be it lost:
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love Thee, — when thy Sabbath dawns
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,
And streams, that sparkle while they run,
As if their fountain were the Sun:
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,
Each to their chosen house of prayer,
And all in peace and freedom call
On him, who is the Lord of all.

I love Thee, — when my soul can feel
The seraph-ardors of thy zeal:
Thy charities, to none confined,
Bless, like the sun, the rain, the wind;
Thy schools the human brute shall raise,
Guide erring youth in wisdom's ways,
And leave, when we are turn'd to dust,
A generation of the just.

I love Thee, — when I see thee stand
The hope of every other land;
A sea-mark in the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime;
Whence beams of Gospel-splendor shed
A sacred halo round thine head;
And Gentiles from afar behold
(Not as on Sinai's rocks of old)
God, — from eternity conceal'd, —
In his own light, on Thee reveal'd.

I love Thee, — when I hear thy voice
Bid a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim,
In every tongue, Messiah's name;
That name, at which, from sea to sea,
All nations *yet* shall bow the knee.

I love Thee: — next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers! *thee* I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
"With all thy *faults* I love Thee" still:
For faults thou hast, of heinous size;
Repent, renounce them, ere they rise
In judgment; — lest thine ocean-wall
With boundless ruin round thee fall,
And that, which was thy mightiest stay,
Sweep all thy rocks like sand away.

Yes, thou hast faults of heinous size,
From which I turn with weeping eyes;

On these let them that hate Thee dwell:
Yet *one* I spare not, — *one* I tell,
Tell with a whisper in thine ear;
Oh! might it wring thy heart with fear!
Oh! that my weakest word might roll,
Like heaven's own thunder, through thy soul!

There is *a lie* in thy right hand;
A bribe, corrupting all the land;
There is within thy gates a pest,
— *Gold* and a *Babylonish vest;*
Not hid in shame-concealing shade,
But broad against the Sun display'd.
These, — tell it *not*, — it *must* be told;
These from thy LOTTERY WHEELS are sold;
Sold, — and thy children, train'd to sin,
Hazard both worlds these plagues to win;
Nay, thy deluded statesmen stake
Thyself, — and lose Thee for their sake!
— Lose Thee? — They *shall not;* — HE, whose will
Is Nature's law, preserves Thee still;
And while the' uplifted bolt impends,
One warning more his mercy sends.

O BRITAIN! O my country! bring
Forth from thy camp the' accursed thing;
Consign it to remorseless fire;
Watch till the latest spark expire,
Then cast the ashes on the wind,
Nor leave one atom-wreck behind.

So may thy wealth and power increase;
So may thy people dwell in peace;
On Thee the' ALMIGHTY'S glory rest,
And all the world in Thee be blest.

Sheffield, Oct. 10, 1816.

THE

CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

INTRODUCTION.

In the summer of 1807, a local association for the purpose of "superseding the employment of Climbing Boys in sweeping chimneys, and bettering the condition of those who were already so engaged," was established in Sheffield. Through three-and-thirty years, that object has been kept in view, though many and long interruptions have crippled or retarded our active exertions towards the desired accomplishment. But our interest in the subject, and our sympathy towards the infantine and juvenile victims of so unnatural a practice, have been periodically quickened, on every return of Easter Monday, when a good dinner has been given by our small Committee to all the Climbing Children of this district. The change, — which this attention to their welfare has gradually occasioned in the personal appearance, decent behavior, and improved intelligence (most of them having been Sunday scholars) of the successive generations of these poor creatures, which have passed before us during that period, —

has been very creditable to their Masters and very encouraging to ourselves under the disheartening hinderances to our progress, in attempting otherwise to lessen the evils of the occupation in our own neighborhood, and the repeated failures of our endeavors to obtain legislative redress for the grievance itself throughout the whole kingdom.

The experience of ten years convinced us, that all efforts as well as plans materially and permanently to benefit this class of boys must be unavailing, because so long as the employment was authorized by the legislature, it would never be superseded by the introduction of mechanical apparatus: — it being the interest, or rather the practice, of the masters, as much as possible, to disgust their customers, by wilfully negligent, or slovenly mismanagement of such substitutes when required to use them. This repugnance arose principally from a desire to spare themselves, and lay upon their apprentices (who were often their own children) the labor and torture of a villanous trade, which cannot be taught without cruelty, learnt without suffering, or practised without peril to life and limb, under the most humane master, and by the most obedient scholar. This fact is the unanswerable objection to the whole system, — it cannot be mended, though its inevitable miseries may be, and are, in numberless instances, frightfully aggravated.

Wherefore, in March, 1817, we roused our townspeople to set the first example of moving the legis-

nature against this sin of the nation. A public meeting was accordingly held, and a petition adopted earnestly imploring the House of Commons, to whom it was primarily addressed, to take the subject into early and serious consideration. This was presented by Lord Milton (now Earl Fitzwilliam) one of the representatives for Yorkshire, with a view merely of its being received and laid upon the table; for no expectation was entertained of any immediate steps being taken upon it by those to whom we appealed. Though temperately worded, and supported only by a few frank and plain expressions of his own kind disposition towards the suffering children, the reading of this document produced so happy an impression upon the minds of the members present, that his Lordship, availing himself of the propitious omen, immediately moved for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the subject and report on the same. Meanwhile similar petitions coming in from other quarters, and the result of the Committee's inquiries proving highly satisfactory, — the Metropolitan Society (instituted in 1803, for the same benevolent purposes as ours at a later period,) using their utmost zeal and diligence to promote the object, — on the 25th of June following a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, for prohibiting the employment of Climbing Boys in sweeping chimneys, from as brief a prospective date as should be found practicable under existing circumstances. Certain technical difficulties, however, respecting the nature

of the Bill, and the probability of Parliament being prorogued before an Act could be passed, caused the postponement of further proceedings till the next Session.

In the following year, 1818, the Bill was revived, carried triumphantly through the Commons, sent up to the Lords, read, committed, counsel heard, evidence examined, favorably reported, but withdrawn before the third reading, to give to the government surveyors, and other professional gentlemen, opportunity to make certain experiments and estimates, recommended by their Lordships' Committee, previous to their ultimate decision on the merits of the case.

In the third year, 1819, the Bill was again introduced in the House of Peers, when, after some very strange discussion, it was summarily thrown out. Two causes, exceedingly dissimilar, concurred to effect this catastrophe: namely, certain grave doubts, expressed by high legal authority, whether, in making laws, more tenderness were due to old chimneys, or to young children; — the former being inveterately crooked and therefore incurable, whereas (though this was left to be inferred) the latter (the children) might easily be made crooked, by accommodating their pliable bodies to the perverse ways through which they followed their craft. The second stumbling-block, on which indeed the neck of the bill was broken, deserves more distinct exposure. A noble Earl, who resisted the Bill less by argument than by banter, among other illustra-

tions of the calamities which would befall the nation, if the use of Climbing Boys were abolished, is reported to have said: — "I might illustrate the confined humanity of the supporters of this measure, by repeating a story, commonly told in Ireland. It was usual in that country to sweep chimneys by tying a string to the leg of a goose, and dragging the unfortunate bird down the chimney. This practice was reprobated by many humane persons, who looked upon the goose as very ill treated; but an honest Irishman having asked what he should use instead of the goose, one of the humane gentlemen replied, '*Why don't you get a couple of ducks?*' — Such was the humanity that dictated this measure, which, dwelling on the sufferings of the Climbing Boys, forgot every care for the safety of society, which, considering the few children employed in sweeping chimneys, threw out of its protection the many children who should be exposed to the hazards of fire, and to be tossed out of windows."

This pleasant sally put their Lordships into such good humor, that, to borrow a couple of the noble Earl's phrases, the Bill was either "tossed out of the window," or "exposed to the hazard of fire," for aught that I could ever learn of its fate.

The report of the foregoing debate and decision in the House of Peers was published in my newspaper of *March* 23, 1819. Under the date of *April* the 13th following, I find this paragraph, written by myself, and for the authenticity of which I can as

conscientiously vouch, as his Lordship could for the truth of "a story commonly told in Ireland:" —

"Yesterday (being Easter Monday), at the Cutlers' Hall, in this town, the Committee for abolishing the use of Climbing Boys, and bettering the condition of Chimney Sweepers' Apprentices, gave their annual dinner to the children employed in that business here. Twenty-two were present; and though the lads of this town and neighborhood fare as well, if not better than others in the like situation elsewhere, their friends here are more and more convinced, from experience, observation, and reflection during *twelve* years past, that the practice of employing Climbing Boys to sweep chimneys is a national crime as well as a national disgrace, and ought to be prohibited.

"A boy, about thirteen years of age, who attended the dinner at the Cutlers' Hall, on last Easter Monday, lately came to a shocking and premature end, in the following manner, as we were, on this occasion, informed by his companions. Their master being asleep in a public house, at a village in Derbyshire, his two apprentices, who had been sweeping in the neighborhood, were left with a company of fellows who were drinking together, and became the butts of their brutal conversation. Among other things, it was wantonly proposed to the younger apprentice to go up the chimney of the room in which they were sitting, while there was a fire in the range. He refused; but the elder

empted by a promise of sixpence, ventured, and was helped up into the flue. Before he reached the top, however, the soot fell down in such quantities upon the fire below, that the chimney was soon in a blaze, and the poor boy struggled to the bottom through the flames, and was dragged out by the legs before he came direct upon the live coals in the grate. He was so miserably scorched, that he died, after lingering three weeks in excruciating torture."

I need not further pursue the history of parliamentary proceedings on this subject, in which my friends and I bore our part from time to time, till, during the last Session, an Act for the total discontinuance of the evil practice passed both Houses, almost without a murmur of opposition, under the direct sanction of Her Majesty's Government.

Among other intervening means for eventually bringing to pass this great purpose, Mr. Roberts projected the publication of a volume, to be entitled "*The Chimney Sweepers' Friend, and Climbing Boys' Album*," of which he persuaded me to undertake the editorship. The first part of the work, when completed, contained in various forms, a summary of such information on the general question as we had been enabled to collect, during seventeen years from the commencement of our labors and inquiries. The second part consisted of essays and tales, in prose and verse, illustrative of the unpitied and unalleviated sufferings of children, under this unnatural bondage, through more than a century

since its introduction. These were chiefly furnished, at my solicitation, by living authors of distinction. The volume was dedicated by permission, to His Majesty, George IV., and being soon out of print, a new edition was issued at York, by a benevolent bookseller, and sold extensively through the northern provinces.

The following small pieces were my quota of contributions to this work.

October 22, 1840.

THE CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

PROLOGUE.

A WORD WITH MYSELF.

I KNOW they scorn the Climbing Boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it; — brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art,
But let his *country* bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates, imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

He was my equal at his birth,
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
— And such are born to thrones on earth,
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth,
Though "Wretch" be written on his brow,
And leprosy consume his youth?

If holy nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes, let the scorn that haunts his course
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss and sting me with remorse,
If I the fatherless forsake.

Sheffield, Feb. 28, 1824.

No. I.

THE COMPLAINT.

Who loves the climbing boy? Who cares
If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
A thought or wish with me?

I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters none;
Ah! what to me is all this earth
Where I am only one?

I wake and see the morning shine,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
No, not the light of day;—

No, not the very breath I draw;
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law,
My griefs are mine alone:

Ah! these they could not make him feel—
Would they themselves had felt!
Who bound me to that man of steel
Whom mercy cannot melt.

Yet not for wealth or ease I sigh,
All are not rich and great;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

For all I know have kin and kind,
Some home, some hope, some joy;
But these I must not look to find —
Who knows the climbing boy?

The world has not a place of rest
For outcast so forlorn;
'T was all bespoken, all possest,
Long before I was born.

Affection, too, life's sweetest cup,
Goes round from hand to hand,
But I am never ask'd to sup —
Out of the ring I stand.

If kindness beats within my heart,
What heart will beat again?
I coax the dogs, they snarl and start;
Brutes are as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
The misery of his lot;
The gipsy may be loved, and love;
But I — but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength consume:

What tree could thrive in such a soil?
What flower so scathed could bloom?

Should I outgrow this crippling work,
How shall my bread be sought?
Must I to other lads turn Turk,
And teach what I am taught?

O, might I roam with flocks and herds
In fellowship along!
O, were I one among the birds,
All wing, and life, and song!

Free with the fishes might I dwell
Down in the quiet sea!
The snail in his cob-castle shell —
The snail's a king to me!

For out he glides in April showers,
Lies snug when storms prevail;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers —
I wish I was a snail!

No, never; do the worst they can
I may be happy still;
For I was born to be a man,
And if I live I will.

No. II.

THE DREAM.

I DREAMT; but what care I for dreams?
And yet I tremble too;
It look'd so like the truth, it seems
As if it would come true.

I dreamt that, long ere peep of day,
I left my cold straw bed,
And o'er a common far away,
As if I flew, I fled.

The tempest hurried me behind
Like a mill-stream along;
I could have lean'd against the wind,
It was so deadly strong.

The snow — I never saw such snow —
Raged like the sea all round,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro;
I thought I must be drown'd.

Now up, now down, with main and might
I plunged through drift and stour;
Nothing, no nothing baulk'd my flight,
I had a giant's power.

Till suddenly the storm stood still,
Flat lay the snow beneath;
I curdled to an icicle,
I could not stir — not breathe.

My master found me rooted there;
He flogg'd me back to sense,
Then pluck'd me up, and by the hair,
Sheer over ditch and fence, —

He dragg'd, and dragg'd, and dragg'd me on,
For many and many a mile;
At a grand house he stopp'd anon;
It was a famous pile.

Up to the moon it seem'd to rise,
Broad as the earth to stand;
The building darken'd half the skies,
Its shadow half the land.

All round was still — as still as death
I shivering, chattering, stood;
And felt the coming, going breath,
The tingling, freezing blood.

Soon, at my master's rap, rap, rap,
The door wide open flew;
In went we; — with a thunder clap
Again the door bang'd to.

I trembled, as I've felt a bird
Tremble within my fist;

For none I saw, and none I heard,
But all was lone and whist.

The moonshine through the windows show'd
Long stripes of light and gloom;
The carpet with all colors glow'd,
Stone men stood round the room:

Fair pictures in their golden frames,
And looking-glasses bright;
Fine things, I cannot tell their names,
Dazed and bewitch'd me quite.

Master soon thwack'd them out my head —
The chimney must be swept!
Yet in the grate the coals were red;
I stamp'd, and scream'd, and wept.

I kneel'd, I kiss'd his feet, I pray'd;
For then — which shows I dreamt —
Methought I ne'er before had made
The terrible attempt.

But, as a butcher lifts the lamb
That struggles for its life,
(Far from the ramping, bleating dam,)
Beneath his desperate knife;

With his two iron hands he grasp'd,
And hoisted me aloof;
His naked neck in vain I clasp'd,
The man was pity-proof.

So forth he swung me through the space,
Above the smouldering fire;
I never can forget his face,
Nor his gruff growl, "Go higher."

As if I climb'd a steep house-side,
Or scaled a dark draw-well,
The horrid opening was so wide,
I had no hold, — I fell:

Fell on the embers, all my length,
But scarcely felt their heat,
When, with a madman's rage and strength,
I started on my feet;

And, ere I well knew what I did,
Had clear'd the broader vent;
From his wild vengeance to be hid,
I cared not where I went.

The passage narrow'd as I drew
Limb after limb by force,
Working and worming, like a screw,
My hard, slow, up-hill course.

Rougher than harrow-teeth within,
Sharp lime and jagged stone
Stripp'd my few garments, gored the skin,
And grided to the bone.

Gall'd, wounded, bleeding, ill at ease,
Still I was stout at heart;

Head, shoulders, elbows, hands, feet, knees
All play'd a stirring part.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd in vain,
No light at top appear'd;
No end to darkness, toil, and pain,
While worse and worse I fear'd.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and had to climb,
Yet more and more astray;
A hundred years I thought the time,
A thousand miles the way.

Strength left me, and breath fail'd at last,
Then had I headlong dropp'd,
But the strait funnel wedged me fast,
So there dead-lock'd I stopp'd.

I groan'd, I gasp'd, to shriek I tried,
No sound came from my breast;
There was a weight on every side,
As if a stone-delf press'd.

Yet still my brain kept beating on
Through night-mares of all shapes,
Foul fiends, no sooner come than gone,
Dragons, and wolves, and apes.

They gnash'd on me with bloody jaws,
Chatter'd, and howl'd, and hiss'd;
They clutch'd me with their cat-like claws,
While off they whirl'd in mist.

Till, like a lamp-flame, blown away,
My soul went out in gloom;
Thought ceased, and dead-alive I lay,
Shut up in that black tomb.

O, sweetly on the mother's lap
Her pretty baby lies,
And breathes so freely in his nap,
She can't take off her eyes.

Ah! thinks she then, — ah, thinks she **not!**
How soon the time may be
When all her love will be forgot,
And he a wretch like me?

She in her grave at rest may lie,
And daisies speck the sod,
Nor see him bleed, nor hear him cry,
Beneath a ruffian's rod.

No mother's lap was *then* my bed,
O'er me no mother smiled;
No mother's arm went round my head,
— Am I no mother's child?

Life, on a sudden, ran me through,
Light, light, all round me blazed,
Red flames rush'd roaring up the flue,
— Flames by my master raised.

I heard his voice, and ten-fold might
Bolted through every limb;

I saw his face, and shot upright;
Brick walls made way from him.

Swift as a squirrel seeks the bough
Where he may turn and look
Down on the school-boy, chop-fallen now,
My ready flight I took.

The fire was quickly quench'd beneath,
Blue light above me glanced,
And air, sweet air, I 'gan to breathe,
The blood within me danced.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd away,
Till on the top I stood,
And saw the glorious dawn of day
Come down on field and flood.

Oh me! a moment of such joy
I never knew before;
Right happy was the climbing boy,
One moment, — but no more.

Sick, sick, I turn'd, the world ran round,
The stone I stood on broke.
And plumb I toppled to the ground,
— Like a scared owl, I woke.

I woke, but slept again, and dream'd
The self-same things anew:
The storm, the snow, the building seem'd
All true, as daylight's true.

But, when I tumbled from the top,
The world itself had flown;
There was no ground on which to drop,
'T was emptiness alone.

On winter nights I've seen a star
Leap headlong from the sky;
I've watch'd the lightning from afar
Flash out of heaven and die.

So, — but in darkness, — so I fell
Through nothing to no place,
Until I saw the flames of hell
Shoot upward to my face.

Down, down, as with a mill-stone weight,
I plunged right through their smoke:
To cry for mercy 't was too late, —
They seized me, — I awoke:

'Woke, slept, and dream'd the like again
The third time, through and through,
Except the winding up; — ah! then
I wish it had been true.

For when I climb'd into the air,
Spring-breezes flapt me round;
Green hills, and dales, and woods were there,
And May-flowers on the ground.

The moon was waning in the west,
The clouds were golden red;

The lark, a mile above his nest,
Was cheering o'er my head.

The stars had vanish'd, all but one,
The darling of the sky,
That glitter'd like a tiny sun,
No bigger than my eye.

I look'd at this, — I thought it smiled,
Which made me feel so glad,
That I became another child,
And not the climbing lad:

A child as fair as you may see,
Whom soot has never soil'd;
As rosy-cheek'd as I might be
If I had not been spoil'd.

Wings, of themselves, about me grew,
And, free as morning-light,
Up to that single star I flew,
So beautiful and bright.

Through the blue heaven I stretch'd my hand
To touch its beams, — it broke
Like a sea-bubble on the sand;
Then all fell dark. — I woke.

No. III.

EASTER-MONDAY AT SHEFFIELD.*

Yes, there are some that think of me;
The blessing on their heads! I say;
May all their lives as happy be,
As mine has been with them to-day!

When I was sold, from Lincolnshire
To this good town, I heard a noise,
What merry-making would be here
At Easter-tide, for climbing boys.

'T was strange, because where I had been,
The better people cared no more
For such as me, than had they seen
A young crab crawling on their shore.

Well, Easter came; — in all the land
Was e'er a 'prentice lad so fine!
A bran-new suit, at second-hand,
Cap, shoes, and stockings, all were mine.

* There are some local allusions in this part, sufficiently intelligible on the spot, but not worth expla'ning here.

The coat was green, the waistcoat red,
The breeches leather, white and clean;
I thought I must go off my head,
I could have jump'd out of my skin.

All Sunday through the streets I stroll'd,
Fierce as a turkey-cock, to see
How all the people, young and old,
At least I thought so, look'd at me.

At night, upon my truss of straw,
Those gaudy clothes hung round the room
By moon-glimpse oft their shapes I saw
Like bits of rainbow in the gloom.

Yet scarce I heeded them at all,
Although I never slept a wink;
The feast, next day, at Cutlers' Hall,
Of *that* I could not help but think.

Wearily trail'd the night away;
Between the watchmen and the clock,
I thought it never would be day;
At length out crew the earliest cock.

A second answer'd, then a third,
At a long distance, — one, two, three, —
A dozen more in turn were heard;
— I crew among the rest for glee.

Up gat we, I and little Bill,
And donn'd our newest and our best;

Nay, let the proud say what they will,
As grand as fiddlers we were drest.

We left our litter in the nook,
And wash'd ourselves as white as snow;
On brush and bag we scorn'd to look,
— It was a holiday, you know.

What ail'd me then I could not tell,
I yawn'd the whole forenoon away,
And hearken'd while the vicar's bell
Went ding dong, ding dong, pay, pay, pay!

The clock struck twelve — I love the twelves
Of all the hours 'twixt sun and moon;
For then poor lads enjoy themselves,
— We sleep at midnight, rest at noon.

This noon was not a resting time!
At the first stroke we started all,
And, while the tune rang through the chime,
Muster'd, like soldiers, at the hall.

Not much like soldiers in our gait;
Yet never soldier, in his life,
Tried, as he march'd, to look more straight
Than Bill and I, — to drum and fife.

But now I think on't, what with scars,
Lank bony limbs, and spavin'd feet,
Like broken soldiers from the wars,
We limp'd, yet strutted through the street.

Then, while our meagre motley crew
Came from all quarters of the town,
Folks to their doors and windows flew;
I thought the world turn'd upside down.

For now, instead of oaths and jeers,
The sauce that I have found elsewhere,
Kind words, and smiles, and hearty cheers
Met us, — with halfpence here and there.

The mothers held their babies high,
To chuckle at our hobbling train,
But clipt them close while we went by;
— I heard their kisses fall like rain, —

And wiped my cheek, that never felt
The sweetness of a mother's kiss;
For heart and eyes began to melt,
And I was sad, yet pleased, with this.

At Cutlers' Hall we found the crowd,
That shout the gentry to *their* feast;
They made us way, and bawl'd so loud,
We might have been young lords at least.

We enter'd, twenty lads and more,
While gentlemen, and ladies too,
All bade us welcome at the door,
And kindly ask'd us, — "How d'ye do?"

"Bravely," I answer'd, but my eye
Prickled, and leak'd, and twinkled still;

I long'd to be alone, to cry,
— To be alone, and cry my fill.

Our other lads were blithe and bold,
And nestling, nodding as they sat,
Till dinner came, their tales they told,
And talk'd of this, and laugh'd at that.

I pluck'd up courage, gaped, and gazed
On the fine room, fine folks, fine things,
Chairs, tables, knives, and forks, amazed,
With pots and platters fit for kings.

Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and what not,
Soon smoked before us, — such a size,
Giants their dinners might have got;
We open'd all our mouths and eyes.

Anon, upon the board, a stroke
Warn'd each to stand up in his place;
One of our generous friends then spoke
Three or four words, — they call'd it *Grace*.

I think he said, — "GOD bless our food!"
— Oft had I heard *that* name, in tones
Which ran like ice, cold through my blood,
And made the flesh creep on my bones.

But now, and with a power so sweet,
The name of GOD went through my heart,
That my lips trembled to repeat
Those words, and tears were fain to start.

Tears, words, were in a twinkle gone,
Like sparrows whirling through the street,
When, at a sign, we all fell on,
As geese in stubble, to our meat.

The large plum-puddings first were carved,
And well we younkers plied them o'er;
You would have thought we *had* been starved,
Or *were to be*, — a month or more.

Next the roast-beef flew reeking round
In glorious slices, mark ye that!
The dishes were with gravy drown'd;
A sight to make a weazel fat.

A great meat-pie, a good meat-pie,
Baked in a cradle-length of tin,
Was open'd, emptied, scoop'd so dry,
You might have seen your face within.

The ladies and the gentlemen
Took here and there with us a seat;
They might be hungry, too, — but then
We gave them little time to eat.

Their arms were busy helping us,
Like cobblers' elbows at their work,
Or see-saw, see-saw, thus and thus:
A merry game at knife and fork.

O, then the din, the deafening din,
Of plates, cans, crockery, spoons, and knives,

And waiters running out and in;
We might be eating for our lives.

Such feasting I had never seen,
So presently had got enough;
The rest, like fox-hounds, staunch and keen,
Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd like cormorants their craws,
As though they never would have done;
It was a feast to watch their jaws
Grind, and grow weary, one by one.

But there's an end to every thing;
And this grand dinner pass'd away,
I wonder if great George our king
Has such a dinner every day.

Grace after meat again was said,
And my good feelings sprang anew.
But at the sight of gingerbread,
Wine, nuts, and oranges, they flew.

So while we took a turn with these,
Almost forgetting we had dined;
As though we might do what we please,
We loll'd, and joked, and told our mind.

Now I had time, if not before,
To take a peep at every lad;
I counted them to twenty-four,
Each in his Easter finery clad.

All wash'd and clean as clean could be,
And yet so dingy, marr'd, and grim,
A mole with half an eye might see
Our craft in every look and limb.

All shapes but straight ones you might find,
As sapling-firs on the high moors,
Black, stunted, crook'd, through which the wind,
Like a wild bull, all winter roars.

Two toddling five-year olds were there,
Twins, that had just begun to climb,
With cherry-cheeks, and curly hair,
And skins not yet engrain'd with grime.

I wish'd, I did, that they might die,
Like "Babes i' th' Wood," the little slaves,
And "Robin-redbreast" painfully
Hide them "with leaves," for want of graves;—

Rather than live, like me, and weep
To think that ever they were born;
Toil the long day, and from short sleep
Wake to fresh miseries every morn.

Gay as young goldfinches in spring,
They chirp'd and peck'd, top-full of joy,
As if it was some mighty thing
To be a chimney-sweeper's boy.

And so it is, on such a day
As welcome Easter brings us here,

— In London, too, the first of May, —
But O, what is it all the year!

Close at a Quaker-lady's side,
Sate a young girl; — I know not how
I felt when me askance she eyed,
And a quick blush flew o'er her brow.

For then, just then, I caught a face
Fair, — but I oft had seen it black,
And mark'd the owner's tottering pace
Beneath a vile two-bushel sack.

O! had I known it was a lass,
Could I have scorn'd her with her load?
— Next time we meet, she shall not pass
Without a lift along the road.

Her mother, — mother but in name!
Brought her to-day to dine with us:
Her father, — she's his 'prentice: — shame
On both, to use their daughter thus!

Well, *I* shall grow, and *she* will grow
Older, — it may be taller, — yet;
And if she'll smile on me, I know
Poor Poll shall be poor Reuben's pet.

Time, on his two unequal legs,
Kept crawling round the church-clock's face,
Though none could see him shift his pegs,
Each was for ever changing place.

O, why are pleasant hours so short?
And why are wretched ones so long?
They fly like swallows while we sport,
They stand like mules when all goes wrong.

Before we parted, one kind friend,
And then another, talk'd so free;
They went from table-end to end,
And spoke to each, and spoke to me.

Books, pretty books, with pictures in,
Were given to those who learn to read,
Which show'd them how to flee from sin,
And to be happy boys indeed.

These climbers go to Sunday schools,
And hear what things to do or shun,
Get good advice, and golden rules
For all their lives, — but I'm not one.

Nathless I'll go next Sabbath day
Where masters, without thrashing, teach
Lost children how to read, and pray,
And sing, and hear the parsons preach.

For I'm this day determined — nor
With bad companions to grow old,
But, weal or woe, whate'er my lot,
To mind what our good friends have told.

They told us things I never knew
Of Him who heaven and earth did make;

And my heart felt their words were true,
It burn'd within me while they spake.

Can I forget that God is love,
And sent his Son to dwell on earth?
Or, that our Saviour from above
Lay in a manger at his birth, —

Grew up in humble poverty,
A life of grief and sorrow led?
No home to comfort Him had He;
No, not a place to lay his head.

Yet He was merciful and kind,
Heal'd with a touch all sort of harms;
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind;
And took young children in his arms.

Then He was kill'd by wicked men,
And buried in a deep stone cave;
But of Himself He rose again,
On Easter-Sunday, from the grave.

Caught up in clouds, — at God's right hand,
In heaven He took the highest place;
There dying Stephen saw Him stand,
— Stephen, who had an angel's face.

He loves the poor, He always did;
The little ones are still his care;

I'll seek him, — let who will forbid, —
I'll go to Him this night in prayer.

O, soundly, soundly should I sleep,
And think no more of sufferings past,
If God would only bless, and keep,
And make me his, — his own, at last.

Sheffield, March, 1834.

SONGS OF ZION;

BEING

IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.

PREFACE.

In the following imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than that, whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavored to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness, and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of

"psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, May 21, 1822.

Several compositions of the same kind are introduced here, which were not included with those formerly published.

February **5, 1841.**

SONGS OF ZION.

PSALM I.

THRICE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

His works shall prosper; — he shall be
A fruitful, fair, unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked; — they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast;
In judgment they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.

PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
"There is no help in God for thee:"
Lord! lift thou up thy servant's head,
My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry;
He heard me from his holy hill;
At his command the waves roll'd by;
He beckon'd, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept; — I woke;
Thou, Lord! my spirit didst sustain;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath:
Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His presence guards his people's path.

PSALM IV.

No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
  The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
  And trust in refuges of lies?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
  The godly man in every age:
He loves a meek and lowly heart;
  His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin;
  Commune with your own heart; be still;
The Lord requireth truth within,
  The sacrifice of mind and will.

PSALM IV.

No. 2.

While many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord! lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord! shall stay my head.
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our King! how excellent
  Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
  How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
  Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
  And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
  The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
  Thy lights in every land: —

Lord! what is man, that thou shouldst deign
  On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
  Then fill a throne above?

O Lord, how excellent thy name!
  How manifold thy ways!
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
  Eternity thy praise.

PSALM XI.

THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path;
In Him the weak are strong;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares;
The gloom and tempest of his frown;
—This portion shall be theirs.

The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble He will bless.

PSALM XV.

LORD! who is he that shall abide
  Within thy tabernacle here?
Who on thy holy hill reside?
  — He that maintains a conscience clear.

He that in his uprightness walks,
  Who from his heart the truth will tell;
Of others ne'er malignly talks,
  Nor lets his tongue on slanders dwell: —

He who his neighbor never wrongs,
  But, while the base ones are abhorr'd,
Pays the high honor that belongs
  To those who fear and love the Lord: —

He that to his own hurt will swear,
  Nor change his word, his covenant break;
Nor lend on usury to ensnare,
  Nor bribes to slay the righteous take: —

He who doth these shall not be moved,
  For God will surely him uphold,
And bring, when in the furnace tried,
  Forth from the fire, refined like gold.

PSALM XIX.

No. 1.

Thy glory, Lord! the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power;
— Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense;
— My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

PSALM XIX.

No. 2.

Thy law is perfect, Lord of light!
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold, — than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

Let these, O God! my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord! save me from presumptuous crimes
Cleanse me from secret sin!

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness!
With thee acceptance find.

PSALM XX.

JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
Of thine adversity;
The God of Jacob be thy stay,
His name thy strong-hold be:—

Help from his sanctuary send,
Strength from his holy hill;
Accept thy vows, thy prayers attend,
Thy heart's desires fulfil.

In thy deliverance we rejoice,
And in Jehovah's name
Lift up our banners and our voice,
His triumphs to proclaim.

Now know we that the Lord will hear
His own Anointed One,

And rescue him from every fear;
— So let his will be done.

While some in chariots put their trust,
On horses some rely,
Those shall be broken, these like dust
Before the whirlwind fly.

But we remember God alone,
And hope in Him, whose hand
Will raise us up though overthrown,
Though fall'n will make us stand.

God save the King, — the people save!
Lord! hear a nation's cries:
From death redeem us, and the grave,
To life beyond the skies.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek, — by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, — thy kingdom of love.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 1.

THE earth is thine, Jehovah! — thine
Its peopled realms and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord! ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood, — He shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 2.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards! like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

Who is the King of Glory? — He,
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right arm in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh;
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory? — Who?
The Lord of Hosts; — behold his name;
The kingdom, power, and honor due
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.

PSALM XXIV.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

No. 1.

THE earth is God's with all its stores,
The world and all therein that be;
Upon the flood He fix'd the shores,
And gave his law unto the sea.

His holy mountain who shall climb,
Or tread his courts without offence?
— He who hath cleansed his heart from crime,
And wash'd his hands in innocence: —

From vanity hath turn'd his eyes,
Nor put to shame his neighbor's trust,
Practised deceit, or utter'd lies; —
He that is upright, pure, and just.

These shall enjoy Jehovah's grace;
To them his mercy shall be shown;
For these are they that seek thy face;
These, God of Jacob! Thou wilt own.

PSALM XXIV.

(THE SECOND VERSION.)

No. 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates! behold
The King of Glory draweth nigh;
Ye everlasting doors! unfold,
And give Him welcome to the sky.

Who is this King of Glory, — who?
— Jehovah, strong and mighty; — He
His foes in battle overthrew,
And crown'd Himself with victory.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! on high;
Eternal doors! throw wide your leaves;
The King of Glory draweth nigh,
And Him the heaven of heaven receives.

Who is this King of Glory, — say?
— The Lord of Hosts, whom we proclaim
He is the King of Glory: — they
That know his power will fear his Name.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate:
His might thine heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
— The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 2.

ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord! for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet:—

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

"Seek ye my face;"—without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God! remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait;
My soul! disdain to fear;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

Give glory to God in the highest! give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways:
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord!

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power; — all nature is awed.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark-bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear:
The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks;
The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through the caves;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, O! when he speaketh, in silence adore.

PSALM XXX.

Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light!
For thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight:
I implored thy succor,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises!
Call his love to mind;
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind:
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted,
"Nought shall move me hence;"
Thou hadst made my mountain
Strong in thy defence:
—Then thy face was hidden,
Trouble laid me low,
"Lord," I cried, most humbly,
"Why forsake me so?

"Would my blood appease Thee,
In atonement shed?
Can the dust give glory,—
Praise employ the dead?
Hear me, Lord! in mercy;
God, my helper, hear;"
—Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free:

Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore, —
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore!

PSALM XXXIX.

Lord! let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honor, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord?
My hope is in thy name;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low:

Remove thy judgments, lest I die;
I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord! with Thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray!
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XLII.

No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord! shall I to Thee draw near?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
"Where is now thy God?" he cries:
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went
Where the multitude frequent:
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King!
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:

Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.

No. 2.

Hearken, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls;
While I plunge to lower caves
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird;

Hast Thou all my prayers forgot?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not?

Why, my soul, art thou perplex'd?
Why with faithless trouble vex'd?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

PSALM XLIII.

[Continuation of PSALM XLII.]

No. 3.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness;
Plead for me in my distress:
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest;

There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God; — disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
With his unclouded presence blest,
Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand;
There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire;
Our treasure and our heart be there:
O for a seraph's wing of fire!
No, — on the mightier wings of prayer, —

We reach at once that last retreat,
And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon, how soon! our spirits droop;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe:
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God! thine image here.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 2.

COME and behold the works of God,
What desolations He will make;
In vengeance when He wields his rod,
The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake:
He utters forth his voice; — 't is felt;
Like wax the world's foundations melt;
The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

Again He maketh wars to cease,
He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot; — joy and peace
In all his glorious march appear:
Silence, O Earth! thy Maker own;
Ye Gentiles, He is God alone;
The Lord of Hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

Extol the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name;
Sing praises, and rejoice!

Sing praises to our God! sing praise
To every creature's King!
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore;
Earth and her shields to God belong;
Sing praises evermore!

PSALM XLVIII.

JEHOVAH is great, and great be his praise;
In the city of God He is King;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendor, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
When the storm of thy jealousy lowers;
As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God! hath our mind
Remember'd thy mercy of old;
Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be confined;
Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
The mountain of Zion rejoice,
For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
— Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
Her walls and her bulwarks mark well;
Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

Then say to your children: — Our strong-hold is tried;
This God is our God to the end;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall for ever defend.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God!
In loving-kindness hear my prayer;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod;
Lord! in thy tender mercy, spare.

Offences rise where'er I look;
But I confess their guilt to Thee:
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.

Whither from vengeance can I run?
Just are thy judgments, Lord, and right:
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.

Shapen in frailty, born in sin,
From error how shall I depart?
Lo, thou requirest truth within;
Lord! write thy truth upon my heart.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
Pure from defilement, white as snow;
Heal me for my Redeemer's sake;
Then joy and gladness I shall know.

A perfect heart in me create,
Renew my soul in innocence;
Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
Nor take thine Holy Spirit hence.

Thy consolations, as of old,
Now to my troubled mind restore;
By thy free Spirit's might uphold
And guide my steps, to fall no more.

Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring;
— Open my lips, O God! in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire,
Thy righteous anger can appease;
Burnt-offerings thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet;
My heart, O God! do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O God! Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace!

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on Thee, my God!
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXIX.

God! be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs:
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving-kindness' sake:
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord! to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I;
Set me, O my God! on high:
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord! in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

PSALM LXX.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God!
Foes, like armed bands, increase;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice;
I am bow'd with misery;
Yet I make thy law my choice;
Turn, my God! and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save!

PSALM LXXI.

LORD! I have put my trust in Thee,
Turn not my confidence to shame;
Thy promise is a rock to me,
A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb;
Thou wert my strength and hope in youth;
Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
And stand amid the world alone,
(A stranger, left by former years,)
I know my God, — by Him am known.

Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour;
The foe hath not foregone his rage,
The lion ravens to devour.

Not far, my God, not far remove:
Sin and the world still spread their snares;
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.

Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought!
Me, with what consolations crown'd!
Now be thy last deliverance wrought;
My soul in peace with Thee be found!

PSALM LXXII.

Hail to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered;
For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is — **Love.**

PSALM LXXIII.

Truly the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love his name;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoln are their eyes with wine and lust,
For more than heart can wish have they;
In fraud and tyranny they trust
To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens; their tongue
Walks arrogantly through the earth;
Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung;
They reel in revelry and mirth.

"Who is the Lord, that we should fear
Lest He our dark devices know?
Who the Most High, that He should hear,
Or heed, the words of men below?"

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
Exulting while their joys increase;
These are the' ungodly; — men, whose wealth
Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleansed my heart in vain,
And wash'd in innocence my hands?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
And then their fearful end I knew,
How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely, in slippery places set,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd;
Snared in the toils of their own net,
A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight;
So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw;
I seem'd before Thee like a brute;

Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side;
O! still uphold me, and defend;
Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord! in heaven but Thee?
On earth shall none divide my heart;
Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
Thou mine eternal portion art.

PSALM LXXVII.

In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord! my feeble cries;
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies:
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew:

Remember'd songs of gladness,
Through night's lone silence brought,
Strike notes of deeper sadness,
And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off forever?
Can time his truth impair?
His tender mercy, never
Shall I presume to share?
Hath He, his loving-kindness
Shut up in endless wrath?
— No; — this is my own blindness
That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
The years of his right hand;
And, strong in his protection,
Again through faith I stand:
Thy deeds, O Lord! are wonder;
Holy are all thy ways;
The secret place of thunder
Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
O God! the billows saw;
They saw Thee, and they trembled,
Turn'd, and stood still, with awe:
The clouds shot hail — they lighten'd;
The earth reel'd to and fro;
Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
Thy footsteps are not known;
Let Adam's sons and daughters
Confide in Thee alone:
Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore;
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

PSALM LXXX.

Of old, O God! thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid;
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of Hosts! thine ear incline,
Change into songs thy people's fears;

Return, and visit this thy vine,
Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continual dew
Of thy rich blessing here descend;
So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
While realms beneath its shadow rest;
The morning and the evening star
Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,
Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
The fulness of the Gentiles come,
And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,
O Lord of Hosts! to me,
Thy tabernacles are!
My flesh cries out for Thee;
My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire
To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place
To build her little nest;
The swallow's wandering race
Hither return and rest;
Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,
And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice-blessed they who dwell
Within thine house, my God!
Where daily praises swell,
And still the floor is trod
By those, who in thy presence bow,
By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
As pilgrims when they pass,

The well-springs never fail,
  Fresh rain renews the grass;
From strength to strength they journey still,
Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts! give ear,
  A gracious answer yield;
O God of Jacob! hear;
  Behold, O God! our shield;
Look on thine own Anointed One,
And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord! I would rather stand
  A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
  In tents of worldly state;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
  Glory and grace to shed;
God is a shield of might,
  To guard the faithful head:
O Lord of Hosts! how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee!

PSALM XC.

LORD! Thou hast seen thy people's rest
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
Their hope in tribulations;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting!

The sons of men return to clay,
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a dream when broken:
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

At morn we flourish like the grass
With dew and sunbeams lighted,
But ere the cool of evening pass,
The rich array is blighted:
Thus do thy chastisements consume
Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom;
We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
That tells a mournful story;
Early or late, stopt short by death;
And where is all our glory?
Our days are threescore years and ten,
And if the span be lengthen'd then,
Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo! thou hast set before thine eyes
All our misdeeds and errors;
Our secret sins from darkness rise,
At thine awakening terrors:
Who shall abide the trying hour?
Who knows the thunder of thy power?
We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord! teach us so to mark our days,
That we may prize them duly;
So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
That we may love Thee truly:
Return, O Lord! our griefs behold,
And with thy goodness, as of old,
O satisfy us early!

Restore our comforts as our fears,
Our joy as our affliction;
Give to thy church, through changing years,
Increasing benediction;
Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
And with thy perfect image seal
Thy servants and their labors.

PSALM XCI.

Call Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guilt nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly:
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all;

Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er Thee to keep,
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep:
On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above:
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King; — upon his throne
He sits in garments glorious;
Or girds for war his armor on,
In every field victorious:
The world came forth at his command;
Built on his word, its pillars stand;
They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting;
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path;
— The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord! are sure;
Thy realm fears no commotion,
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
The' eternal toil of ocean:
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock; — for holiness
Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice!
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's; — He made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's; — He laid
Its solid foundations below:
O come, let us worship, and kneel
Before our Creator, our God!
— The people who serve Him with zeal,
— The flock whom He guides with his rod.

As Moses, the fathers of old
Through the sea and the wilderness led,
His wonderful works we behold,
With manna from heaven are fed:
To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,

And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
To dwell in his favor unite;
His service is freedom, his yoke
Is easy, his burden is light:
But, oh! of rebellion beware,
Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That *we* shall not enter his rest.

PSALM C.

Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth!
O, serve Him with gladness and fear!
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

For Jehovah is God, — and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name!

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul! with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O my soul! till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim:
Thine infirmities He heal'd;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd:
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favor free.

He will not retain displeasure,
Though awhile He hide his face;
Nor his God-like bounty measure
By our merit, but his grace:
As the heaven the earth transcends,
Over us his care extends.

Far as the east and west are parted,
He our sins hath sever'd thus:
As a father, loving-hearted,
Spares his Son, He spareth us;
For He knows our feeble frame,
He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower, where it groweth,
Frail and beautiful; — anon,
When the south-wind softly bloweth,
Look again, — the flower is gone!
Such is man, his honors pass,
Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity, — the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word;
Yea, with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds his sway;
Angels! ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul!

PSALM CIV.

My soul! adore the Lord of might:
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go:
—This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent gulf again;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains;

There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks:
On Lebanon his cedar towers,
The wild goats bound upon his rocks;
Fowls in his forests build their nests,
— The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
He fills with grain the golden ear;
Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer;
— The moon her tide of changing knows,
Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out;
He maketh darkness, and 't is night;
Then roam the beasts of prey about,
The desert rings with chase and flight:
The lion, and the lion's brood,
Look up, — and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east; ere long the sun
Warms the glad nations with his beams;

Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
And night returns to them in dreams:
Man from his couch to labor goes,
Till evening brings again repose!

How manifold thy works, O Lord!
In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought;
The earth is with thy riches stored,
And ocean with thy wonders fraught:
Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
By Thee directed on their way;
There, in his own mysterious world,
Leviathan delights to play;
And tribes that range immensity,
Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly;
They gather what thy seasons give;
Take Thou away their breath, they die:
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return:
He looks upon the earth, it quakes;
Touches the mountains, and they burn:
— Thou, God! for ever art the same;
I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.

No. 1.

THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity, the same,
To eternity endure.

Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land;
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:—

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 2.

They that mourn in dungeon gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there;—

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high control;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony, they fall
To the dust, and, gazing round,
Call for help;—in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 3.

Fools, for their transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sunset into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
  Lengthens out their number'd days;
Let them glorify his name
  With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
  For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
  And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 4.

They that toil upon the deep,
  And, in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
  With the billow and the gale,—

Mark what wonders God performs,
  When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
  In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
  On the mountain of the wave;
Down as suddenly 't is hurl'd
  To the' abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry;
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

PSALM CVII.

No. 5.

Let the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart;
Yea, the rock, at his command,
Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel, — his arm
Lays their pride again in dust:
But the poor He shields from harm,
And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
Thus evolving bliss from woe,
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
All his loving-kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

Servants of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God? — so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God! in joyful lays
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord; — He lent an ear
When I for help implored;
He rescued me from all my fear;
Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
Death dragg'd me for his prey;
The pit was moved to take me in;
All hope was far away.

I cried, in agony of mind,
"Lord! I beseech Thee, save:"
He heard me; — Death his prey resign'd,
And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim;
The sacramental cup I'll take,
And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow:—

Henceforth to Thee myself I give;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

All ye Gentiles, praise the Lord;
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise!

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe!

PSALM CXXI.

Encompass'd with ten thousand ills,
Press'd by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

— He who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps;
The Lord is thy defence.

The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day;
Nor thee the moon molest by night
Along thy tranquil way.

Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress;
Thy going out and coming in,
The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, — in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion! in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

PSALM CXXIV.

The Lord is on our side,
His people now may say;
The Lord is on our side, — or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.

Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.

Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave;
Then had the flames gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth
—The Lord is on our side.

PSALM CXXV.

Who makes the Lord of Hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immovable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord! do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy,
Do Thou in peace thy people guide
To thine eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

When God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice.
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

They catch the strain and answer thus,
"The Lord hath done great things for us;
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

Turn our captivity, O Lord!
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before.

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe
To Thee, O Lord! I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in Thy sight could live?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord! I am knocking at thy gate;
Open, and take me in!

Like them, whose longing eyes
Watch, till the morning star
(Though late, and seen through tempests) rise,
Heaven's portals to unbar:

Like them I watch and pray,
And, though it tarry long,
Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above!
The waters soon will cease;
For, lo! the swift returning dove
Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

LORD! for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken, — I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.

Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast;
By no subtilty beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.

Saints! rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 1.

God in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all — be holiness to Thee!

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 2.

LORD! for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's Son;—
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake;—
Look on thine own Anointed One!

The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn
His throne for ever to maintain;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

Zion, my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving-kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.

I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown;
His foes my vengeance shall consume;
Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
  Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
  And bonds of charity!
'T is like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
  The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
  Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odors breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
  Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands;
  Yea, life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love!

PSALM CXXXIV.

Bless ye the Lord with solemn rite,
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end!

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sat down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind;
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, — "Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
— If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise, O Lord! in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place;
For Thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul!
Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord! above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive;
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil;
Forsake me not, for I am thine;
Perfect in me thine utmost will;
— Whate'er it be, that will be mine!

PSALM CXXXIX.

Searcher of hearts! to Thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue, — all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds,
Evil or good, escapes thine ear:
Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, for ever near:
Such knowledge is for me too high;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity?
— If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet Thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo! Thou art there;

If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.

"Let darkness hide me," if I say,
Darkness can no concealment be;
Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
Darkness and light are one with Thee;
For Thou my embryo-form didst view
Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by thy hand;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God! and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI.

LORD! let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; — his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God!
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

But O! redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet,
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me, — then
Thou knew'st the path I chose;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I walk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends, — there was not one
In sorrow to condole;
I look'd for refuge, — there was none;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord; — I said, —
Thou art my refuge; Thou,
My portion; — hasten to mine aid;
Hear and deliver *now*.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave,
Exalt thy suppliant's head;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR me, O Lord! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness.
For, at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord! I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

O! let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone;
By thy good Spirit, guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and keep me by thy word;
May all its promises be mine!
Be Thou my portion — I am thine.

PSALM CXLV.

The Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God! thy praise proclaim;
The saints thy wond'rous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou;
Thy throne for ever shall endure;
Angels before thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall;
He raiseth men of low degree;
O God! our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise ye the Lord from pole to pole!
Praise Thou the Lord, my soul, my soul!
Long as I live, my voice shall raise,
My pulse repeat, the song of praise.

In men, in princes, put no trust;
Their breath goes forth, they turn to dust;
Then, fleeting like the flower of grass,
Perish their thoughts, their glories pass.

Thrice happy he whose heart can say
"The God of Jacob is my stay;
The Lord of Hosts my help shall be,
Who made the heaven, the earth, the sea."

The Lord avenges the opprest,
He sends the wandering stranger rest;
The Lord unbinds the prisoner's chain,
He sets the fallen up again.

The Lord restores the blind to sight,
Gives strength to them that have no might;
The Lord relieves, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

The Lord supplies the poor with food,
He loves to do the righteous good;
But for the wicked, in his wrath,
He turns destruction on their path.

The Lord shall reign for evermore,
Thy King, O Zion! — Him adore;
Let unborn generations raise
To God, thy God, the song of praise!

PSALM CXLVIII.

Heralds of creation! cry,
— Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heaven and earth! obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above!
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon! your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars! your Maker's praise.

Earth! from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains! burst in song
Rivers! roll with praise along;
Clap your hands, ye trees! and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds! on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks!

Kings! your Sovereign serve with awe;
Judges! own his righteous law;
Princes! worship Him with fear;
Bow the knee, all people here!

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old;
Youths and maidens! in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess!
Him let every being bless!

END OF VOL. II.

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

VOLUME III.

GREENLAND.

A POEM, IN FIVE CANTOS.

PREFACE.

In the following Poem the Author frankly acknowledges that he has so far failed, as to be under the necessity of sending it forth incomplete, or suppressing it altogether. Why he has not done the latter is of little importance to the public, which will assuredly award him no more credit than his performance, taken as it is, can command; while the consequences of his temerity, or his misfortune, must remain wholly with himself.

The original plan was intended to embrace the most prominent events in the annals of ancient and modern Greenland; — incidental descriptions of whatever is sublime or picturesque in the seasons and scenery, or peculiar in the superstitions, manners, and character of the natives, — with a rapid retrospect of that moral revolution which the Gospel has wrought among these people by reclaiming them, almost universally, from dark idolatry and savage ignorance.

Of that part of the projected poem which is here exhibited, the first three cantos contain a sketch of the history of the ancient Moravian Church, its re-

vival in the early part of the eighteenth century, the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland, and the voyage of the first three brethren who went thither in 1733. The fourth canto refers principally to traditions concerning the Norwegian colonies, which are said to have existed, on both shores of Greenland, from the tenth century to the fifteenth. In the fifth canto the author has attempted, in a series of episodes, to sum up and exemplify the chief causes of the extinction of those colonies, and the abandonment of Greenland for several centuries by European voyagers. Although this canto is entirely a work of imagination, the fiction has not been adopted merely as a substitute for lost facts, but as a vehicle for illustrating some of the most splendid and striking phenomena of the climate, for which a more appropriate place might not have been found, even if the poem had been carried to a successful conclusion.

The principal subjects introduced in the course of the poem will be found in Crantz's histories of the Brethren and of Greenland, or in Risler's Narratives, extracted from the records of the ancient *Unitas Fratrum*, or United Brethren. To the accounts of Iceland, by various travellers, the author is also much indebted.

Sheffield, March 27, 1819.

GREENLAND.

CANTO FIRST.

The first three Moravian Missionaries are represented as on their Voyage to Greenland, in the Year 1733. — *Sketch of the Descent, Establishment, Persecutions, Extinction, and Revival of the Church of the United Brethren from the tenth to the beginning of the eighteenth Century.* — *The Origin of their Missions to the West Indies and to Greenland.*

THE moon is watching in the sky; the stars
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;
Ocean, outstretch't with infinite expanse,
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;
The tide o'er which no troubling spirits breathe,
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,
A ship above and ship below appear;
A double image, pictured on the deep,
The vessel o'er its shadow seems to sleep;
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,
With evanescent motion to the west,
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
— No! — 't is the evening hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck; where, on the stern retired,
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,
And hearts, enkindled with a holier flame,
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,
Devoutly stand: — their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And 'midst the songs, that Seraph-Minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal King,
These simple strains, — which erst Bohemian hills
Echo'd to pathless woods and desert rills;
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound, — are known
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,
When, by the' Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to Him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-race
Kiss the victorious Sceptre of His grace.
Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, Earth's circle, Hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching Pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound
The voices of adoring worlds around,

Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind:
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the' unconscious eye;
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil;)
— Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts and wilder men; — unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe;
Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus — to live is Christ, to die is gain.

'T is morn: — the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the East impends an arch of clouds,
That spans the ocean; — while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,

That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendor of the spheres,
Dark-purple as the moorland-heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapors o'er the autumnal plain:
Till the full Sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.
— Where is the Vessel? — Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Lo! on the deck, with patriarchal grace,
Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,
Stands CHRISTIAN DAVID; — venerable name!
Bright in the records of celestial fame,
On earth obscure; — like some sequester'd star,
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,
Unseen by man; till telescopic eye,
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,
And adds a jewel to the crown of night.
Though hoary with the multitude of years,
Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers,
He towers; — with faith, whose boundless glance can see
Time's shadows brightening through eternity;
Love, — God's own love in his pure breast enshrined
Love, — love to man the magnet of his mind;

Sublimer schemes maturing in his thought
Than ever statesman plann'd or warrior wrought;
While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,
To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.*

Whence are the pilgrims? whither would they roam?
Greenland their port; — Moravia *was* their home.
Sprung from a race of martyrs; men who bore
The cross on many a Golgotha, of yore;
When first Sclavonian tribes the truth received,
And princes at the price of thrones believed;†
— When WALDO, flying from the' apostate west,‡
In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd;
— When WICKLIFFE, like a rescuing Angel, found
The dungeon where the word of God lay bound,

* The names of the first three Moravian missionaries to Greenland were Christian David, Matthew Stach, and Christian Stach.

† The Church of the United Brethren (first established under that name about the year 1460) traces its descent from the Sclavonian branch of the Greek Church, which was spread throughout Bohemia and Moravia, as well as the ancient Dalmatia. The Bulgarians were once the most powerful tribe of the Sclavic nations; and among them the Gospel was introduced in the ninth century. — See additional note (A) in the Appendix.

‡ With the Waldenses, the Bohemian and Moravian Churches, which never properly submitted to the authority of the Pope, held intimate communion for ages; and from Stephen, the last bishop of the Waldenses, in 1467, the United Brethren received their episcopacy. Almost immediately afterwards, those ancient confessors of the truth were dispersed by a cruel persecution, and Stephen himself suffered martyrdom, being burnt as a heretic at Vienna.

Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,
In its own sunshine, through his native land: *
— When Huss, the victim of perfidious foes,
To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose;
And ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,
Foretold the' immortal triumphs of his death: †
— When Ziska, burning with fanatic zeal,
Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,
And through the heart of Austria's thick array
To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way;
But there (as if transfigured on the spot
The world's Redeemer stood) his rage forgot;
Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,
Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,
While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd ground,
And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around: ‡

* Wickliffe's writings were early translated into the Bohemian tongue, and eagerly read by the devout and persecuted people, who never had given up the Bible in their own language, nor consented to perform their church service in Latin. Archbishop Sbinek, of Prague, ordered the works of Wickliffe to be burnt by the hands of the hangman. He himself could scarcely read!

† It is well known that John Huss (who might be called a disciple of our Wickliffe), though furnished with a safe-conduct by the Emperor Sigismund, was burnt by a decree of the council of Constance. Several sayings predictive of retribution to the priests, and reformation in the Church, are recorded, as being uttered by him in his last hours. Among others: — "A hundred years hence," said he, addressing his judges, "ye shall render an account of your doings to God and to me." Luther appeared at the period thus indicated.

‡ After the martyrdom of John Huss, his followers and coun

— When mild GREGORIUS, in a lowlier field,
As brave a witness, as unwont to yield
As ZISKA's self, with patient footsteps trod
A path of suffering, like the Son of God,
And nobler palms, by meek endurance won,
Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun: *
Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,
He felt the joys which parted spirits feel;
Rapt into bliss from ecstasy of pain,
Imagination wander'd o'er a plain:
Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,
A tree its ample branches bore on high,
With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,
While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung;
All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,
O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw;
A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,
With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching there;
At hand three venerable forms were seen,
In simple garb, with apostolic mien,
Who mark'd the distant fields convulsed with strife,
— The guardian Cherubs of that Tree of Life;

trymen took up arms for the maintenance of their civil and religious liberties. The first and most distinguished of their leaders was John Ziska. He seized possession of a high mountain, which he fortified, and called Tabor. Here he and his people (who were hence called Taborites) worshipped God according to their consciences and his holy word; while in the plains they fought and conquered their persecutors and enemies.

* See note (B) in the Appendix, for a brief account of this Gregory, and an illustration of the lines that follow concerning his trance and vision while he lay upon the rack.

Not armed like Eden's host, with flaming brands,
Alike to friends and foes they stretch their hands,
In sign of peace, and while Destruction spread
His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled:
— When poor COMENIUS, with his little flock,
Escaped the wolves, and from the boundary rock,
Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of woe,
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,
And happier years revolving in his mind,
Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind;
As if his eye could never thence depart,
As if his ear were seated in his heart,
And his full soul would thence a passage break,
To leave the body, for his country's sake;
While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,
That God would make that martyr-land his care,
And nourish in its ravaged soil a root
Of GREGOR'S Tree, to bear perennial fruit.*

His prayer was heard: — that Church, through ages past,
Assail'd and rent by persecution's blast;

* John Amos Comenius, one of the most learned as well as pious men of his age, was minister of the Brethren's congregation at Fulneck, in Moravia, from 1618 to 1627, when the Protestant nobility and clergy being expatriated, he fled with a part of his people through Silesia into Poland. On the summit of the mountains forming the boundary, he turned his sorrowful eyes towards Bohemia and Moravia, and kneeling down with his brethren there, implored God, with many tears, that he would not take away the light of his holy word from those two provinces, but preserve in them a remnant for himself. A remnant was saved. — See Appendix, note (C).

Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burden tire,
Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,
(Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,
Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles;)
— That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled, dead,
Oft from the dust of ruin raised her head,
And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,
Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves;
Where, 'midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;
From east to west while priestcraft's banners flew,
And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew;
— That Church advanced triumphant, o'er the ground,
Where all her conquering martyrs had been crown'd,
Fearless her foe's whole malice to defy,
And worship God in liberty, — or die:
For truth and conscience oft she pour'd her blood,
And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,
Wresting from bigotry the proud control
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,
Where God, the judge of all, should fill the throne,
And reign, as in his universe, alone.*

* See note (D) in the Appendix.

'T was thus through centuries she rose and fell;
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell;
But founded on a rock, which cannot move —
The' eternal rock of her Redeemer's love —
That Church, which Satan's legions thought destroy'd,
Her name extinct, her place for ever void,
Alive once more, respired her native air,
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer:
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and pains,
(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,
But in his heart he was a murderer still:)
Then CHRISTIAN DAVID, strengthen'd from above,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;
Bold as a lion on his Master's part,
In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart:
Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,
— Even as a mother from the felon jaws
Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,
With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,
— The little remnant of that ancient race:
Far in Lusatian woods they found a place;
There — where the sparrow builds her busy nest,
And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,
Thine altar, God of Hosts! — *there* still appear
The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear;
Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age
By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,

Abroad in every place, — in every hour
Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.
No; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,
And guard all night the journeying angels kept,
Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers;
— The Lord hath set his watch upon her towers.*

Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,
Raised sweet society in solitude:
And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,
Which now from many a cottage window stream'd,
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd;
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,
Music of all his soul's affections made;
Where through the trackless wilderness erewhile,
No hospitable ray was known to smile;
Or if a sudden splendor kindled joy,
'T was but a meteor dazzling to destroy:

* In 1721 (ninety-four years after the flight of Comenius), the Church of the United Brethren was revived by the persecuted refugees from Moravia (descendants of the old confessors of that name), who were led from time to time by Christian David (himself a Moravian, but educated in the Lutheran persuasion), to settle on an uncultivated piece of land, on an estate belonging to Count Zinzendorf, in Lusatia. Christian David, who was a carpenter, began the work of building a church in this wilderness, by striking his axe into a tree, and exclaiming, — "Here hath the sparrow found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself; even thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts!" They named the settlement Herrnhut, or The Lord's Watch. — See Appendix, note (E).

While the wood echoed to the hollow owl,
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.

Unwearied as the camel, day by day,
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,
To cool the fervid current in his veins,
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings
The gold and gems of Ethiopian kings:
So CHRISTIAN DAVID, spending yet unspent,
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went;
Through all their haunts his suffering brethren sought,
And safely to that land of promise brought;
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,
A secret well of consolation flow'd,
Fed from the fountain near the eternal throne,
— Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose;
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,
Ere to the West with pitying eyes they turn'd;
Their love to Christ beyond the' Atlantic burn'd.
Forth sped their messengers, content to be
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity;
Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles,
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,
— The tyrant and the slave that licks his feet.*

* In 1732, when the congregation at Herrnhut consisted of

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept:
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,
With pious forethought, while their hands prepare
Beds which the living and unborn shall share,
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,
His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)
They told their purpose, each o'erjoy'd to find
His own idea in his brother's mind.
For counsel in simplicity they pray'd,
And vows of ardent consecration made:
— Vows heard in heaven; from that accepted hour,
Their souls were clothed with confidence and power,*
Nor hope deferr'd could quell their hearts' desire;
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire;

about six hundred persons, including children, the first two missionaries sailed for the Danish island of St. Thomas, to preach the Gospel to the negroes; and such was their devotion to the good work, that being told that they could not have intercourse otherwise with the objects of their Christian compassion, they determined to sell themselves for slaves on their arrival, and work with the blacks in the plantations. But this sacrifice was not required. Many thousand negroes have since been truly converted in the West Indies.

* Matthew Stach and Frederick Boenisch, two young men being at work together, preparing a piece of ground for a burial-place at Herrnhut, disclosed to each other their distinct desires to offer themselves to the congregation as missionaries to Greenland. They therefore became joint candidates. Considerable delay, however, occurred; and when it was at length determined to attempt the preaching of the Gospel there, Frederick Boenisch being on a distant journey, Christian David was appointed to conduct thither Matthew Stach and his cousin, Christian Stach, who sailed from Copenhagen on the 10th of April, 1733, and landed in Baal's river on the 20th of May following.

But ere its shoots a tree of life became,
Congenial spirits caught the' electric flame;
And for that holy service, young and old,
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd;
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,
For life-long labors on barbarian ground;
To break, through barriers of eternal ice,
A vista to the gates of Paradise;
And light beneath the shadow of the pole
The tenfold darkness of the human soul;
To man, — a task more hopeless than to bless
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness;
With God, — as possible when unbegun
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north;
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went
To dwell by sufferance in a land, decreed
The future birthright of his promised seed,)
Unknowing whither; — uninquiring why
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,
And all around was darkness to be felt;
— Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt:
They knew, — and 't was enough for them to know,
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go;
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,
Inspired their will, and made His call their choice,

See the swift vessel bounding o'er the tide,
That wafts with CHRISTIAN DAVID for their guide,
Two young Apostles on their joyful way
To regions in the twilight verge of day:
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth;
What things were gain before, accounting loss,
And glorying in the shame, they bear the cross;
— Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,
A bloody omen through a Pagan world:
— Not the vain image, which the Devotee
Clasps as the God of his idolatry;
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore;
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign
Of wrath appeased by sacrifice divine;
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO SECOND.

Hopes and Fears. — The Brethren pursue their Voyage. — A Digression on Iceland

What are thine hopes, Humanity! — thy fears?
Poor voyager, upon this flood of years,
Whose tide, unturning, hurries to the sea
Of dark unsearchable eternity,
The fragile skiffs, in which thy children sail
A day, an hour, a moment, with the gale,
Then vanish; — gone like eagles on the wind,
Or fish in waves, that yield and close behind?
Thine Hopes, — lost anchors buried in the deep,
That rust, through storm and calm, in iron sleep;
Whose cables, loose aloft and fix'd below,
Rot with the sea-weed, floating to and fro!
Thy Fears — are wrecks that strew the fatal surge,
Whose whirlpools swallow, or whose currents urge
Adventurous barks on rocks, that lurk at rest,
Where the blue halcyon builds her foam-light nest;
Or strand them on illumined shoals, that gleam
Like drifted gold in summer's cloudless beam:
Thus would thy race, beneath their parent's eye,
Live without knowledge, without prospect die.

But when religion bids her spirit breathe,
And opens bliss above and woe beneath;

When God reveals his march through Nature's night
His steps are beauty, and his presence light,
His voice is life: — the dead in conscience start;
They feel a new creation in the heart.
Ah! then, Humanity, thy hopes, thy fears,
How changed, how wondrous! — On this tide of years,
Though the frail barks, in which thine offspring sail
Their day, their hour, their moment with the gale,
Must perish; — Shipwreck only sets them free;
With joys unmeasured as eternity,
They ply on seas of glass with golden oars,
And pluck immortal fruits along the shores;
Nor shall *their* cables fail, *their* anchors rust,
Who wait the resurrection of the just:
Moor'd on the Rock of Ages, though decay
Moulder the weak terrestrial frame away,
The trumpet sounds, — and lo! wherever spread,
Earth, air, and ocean render back their dead;
And souls with bodies, spiritual and divine,
In the new heavens, like stars, for ever shine.
These are thine Hopes: — thy Fears what tongue can tell?
Behold them graven on the gates of Hell:
"The wrath of God abideth here: his breath
Kindled the flames: — *this* is the second death."
'T was Mercy wrote the lines of judgment there;
None who from earth can read them may despair!
Man! — let the warning strike presumption dumb; —
Awake, arise, escape the wrath to come;
No resurrection from *that* grave shall be;
The worm within is — immortality.

The terrors of Jehovah, and his grace,
The Brethren bear to earth's remotest race.
And now, exulting on their swift career,
The northern waters narrowing in the rear,
They rise upon the' Atlantic flood, that rolls
Shoreless and fathomless between the poles,
Whose waves the east and western world divide,
Then gird the globe with one circumfluent tide;
For mighty Ocean, by whatever name
Known to vain man, is everywhere the same,
And deems all regions by his gulfs enbraced
But vassal tenures of his sovereign waste.
Clear shines the sun; the surge, intensely blue,
Assumes by day heaven's own aerial hue:
Buoyant and beautiful, as through a sky,
On balanced wings, behold the vessel fly;
Invisibly impell'd, as though it felt
A soul, within its heart of oak that dwelt,
Which broke the billows with spontaneous force,
Ruled the free elements, and chose its course.
Not so: — and yet along the trackless realm,
A hand unseen directs the' unconscious helm;
The Power that sojourn'd in the cloud by day,
And fire by night, on Israel's desert way;
That Power the obedient vessel owns: — His will,
Tempest and calm, and death and life, fulfil.

Day following day the current smoothly flows;
Labor is but refreshment from repose;
Perils are vanish'd; every fear resign'd;
Peace walks the waves, Hope carols on the wind;

And Time so sweetly travels o'er the deep,
They feel his motion like the fall of sleep
On weary limbs, that, stretch'd in stillness, seem
To float upon the eddy of a stream,
Then sink, — to wake in some transporting dream.
Thus, while the Brethren far in exile roam,
Visions of Greenland show their future home.
— Now a dark speck, but brightening as it flies,
A vagrant sea-fowl glads their eager eyes;
How lovely, from the narrow deck to see
The meanest link of nature's family,
Which makes us feel, in dreariest solitude,
Affinity with all that breathe renew'd:
At once a thousand kind emotions start,
And the blood warms and mantles round the heart!
— O'er the ship's lee, the waves in shadow seen,
Change from deep indigo to beryl green,
And wreaths of frequent weed, that slowly float,
Land to the watchful mariner denote:
Ere long the pulse beats quicker through his breast,
When, like a range of evening clouds at rest,
Iceland's grey cliffs and ragged coast he sees,
But shuns them, leaning on the southern breeze;
And while they vanish far in distance, tells
Of lakes of fire and necromancers' spells.

Strange Isle! a moment to poetic gaze
Rise in thy majesty of rocks and bays,
Glens, fountains, caves, that seem not things of earth,
But the wild shapes of some prodigious birth;

As if the kraken, monarch of the sea,
Wallowing abroad in his immensity,
By polar storms and lightning shafts assail'd, [fail'd
Wedged with ice-mountains, here had fought and
Perish'd — and in the petrifying blast,
His hulk became an island rooted fast;*
— Rather, from ocean's dark foundation hurl'd,
Thou art a type of his mysterious world,
Buoy'd on the desolate abyss, to show
What wonders of creation hide below.

Here Hecla's triple peaks, with meteor lights,
Nature's own beacons, cheer hybernal nights:
But when the orient flames in red array,
Like ghosts the spectral splendors flee the day;
Morn at her feet beholds supinely spread
The carcass of the old chimera dead,

* The most horrible of fabulous sea-monsters is the *kraken* or *hafgufa*, which many of the Norway fishers pretend to have seen in part, but none entire. They say, that when they find a place which is at one time eighty or one hundred fathoms deep and at another only twenty or thirty, and also observe a multitude of fishes, allured by a delicious exhalation which the kraken emits, they conclude that there is one below them. They therefore hasten to secure a large draught of the fry around them; but as soon as they perceive the soundings to grow shallower, they scud away, and from a safe distance behold him rising in a chain of ridges and spires, that thicken as they emerge, till they resemble the masts of innumerable vessels moored on a rocky coast. He then riots upon the fish that have been stranded and entangled in the forest of spikes upon his back, and having satiated his hunger, plunges into the depths with a violent agitation of the waters. — See *Crantz's Greenland.*

That wont to vomit flames and molten ore,
Now cleft asunder to the inmost core;
In smouldering heaps, wide wrecks and cinders strown,
Lie like the walls of Sodom overthrown,
(Ere from the face of blushing Nature swept,
And where the city stood the Dead Sea slept;)
While inaccessible, tradition feigns,
To human foot the guarded top remains,
Where birds of hideous shape and doleful note,
Fate's ministers, in livid vapors float.*

Far off, amidst the placid sunshine, glow
Mountains with hearts of fire and crests of snow,
Whose blacken'd slopes with deep ravines entrench'd,
Their thunders silenced, and their lightnings quench'd,
Still the slow heat of spent eruptions breathe,
While embryo earthquakes swell their wombs beneath.

Hark! from yon caldron cave, the battle sound
Of fire and water warring under ground;
Rack'd on the wheels of an ebullient tide,
Here might some spirit, fallen from bliss, abide,
Such fitful wailings of intense despair,
Such emanating splendors fill the air.†

* Hecla is now the ruins of a volcano. The three peaks are said to be haunted by evil spirits in the shape of birds. The island abounds with volcanic mountains.

† The Geysers, or boiling fountains, of Iceland, have been so frequently and so happily described, that their phenomena are sufficiently familiar to general readers not to require any partic-

— He comes, he comes; the' infuriate Geyser springs
Up to the firmament on vapory wings;
With breathless awe the mountain glory view;
White whirling clouds his steep ascent pursue.
But lo! a glimpse; — refulgent to the gale,
He starts all naked through his riven veil;
A fountain-column, terrible and bright,
A living, breathing, moving form of light:
From central earth to heaven's meridian thrown,
The mighty apparition towers alone,
Rising, as though for ever he could rise,
Storm and resume his palace in the skies.
All foam, and turbulence, and wrath below;
Around him beams the reconciling bow;
(Signal of peace, whose radiant girdle binds,
Till nature's doom, the waters and the winds;)
While mist and spray, condensed to sudden dews
The air illumine with celestial hues,
As if the bounteous sun were raining down
The richest gems of his imperial crown.
In vain the spirit wrestles to break free,
Foot-bound to fathomless captivity;
A power unseen, by sympathetic spell
For ever working, — to his flinty cell,

ular illustration here. The Great Geyser, according to Dr. Henderson (the latest traveller who has published an account of Iceland), is seventy-eight feet in perpendicular depth, and from eight to ten feet in diameter: the mouth is a considerable basin, from which the column of boiling water is ejaculated to various heights; sometimes exceeding one hundred feet.

Recalls him from the ramparts of the spheres;
He yields, collapses, lessens, disappears;
Darkness receives him in her vague abyss,
Around whose verge light froth and bubbles hiss,
While the low murmurs of the refluent tide
Far into subterranean silence glide,
The eye still gazing down the dread profound,
When the bent ear hath wholly lost the sound.
— But is he slain and sepulchred? — Again
The deathless giant sallies from his den,
Scales with recruited strength the ethereal walls,
Struggles afresh for liberty — and falls.
Yes, and for liberty the fight renew'd,
By day, by night, undaunted, unsubdued,
He shall maintain, till Iceland's solid base
Fail, and the mountains vanish from its face.

And can these fail? — Of Alpine height and mould
Schapta's unshaken battlements behold;
His throne an hundred hills; his sun-crown'd head
Resting on clouds; his robe of shadow spread
O'er half the isle; he pours from either hand
An unexhausted river through the land, [green,
On whose fair banks, through valleys warm and
Cattle and flocks, and homes, and spires are seen.
Here Nature's earthquake pangs were never felt;
Here in repose hath man for ages dwelt;
The everlasting mountain seems to say,
"I am, — and I shall never pass away."

Yet fifty winters, and with huge uproar,
Thy pride shall perish; — thou shalt be no more;
Amidst chaotic ruins on the plain,
Those cliffs, these waters shall be sought in vain! *
— Through the dim vista of unfolding years,
A pageant of portentous woe appears.
Yon rosy groups, with golden locks, at play,
I see them, — few, decrepit, silent, grey;
Their fathers all at rest beneath the sod,
Whose flowerless verdure marks the House of God,
Home of the living and the dead; — where meet
Kindred and strangers, in communion sweet,
When dawns the Sabbath on the block-built pile;
The kiss of peace, the welcome, and the smile
Go round; till comes the Priest, a father there,
And the bell knolls his family to prayer;
Angels might stoop from thrones in heaven, to be
Co-worshippers in such a family,
Whom from their nooks and dells, where'er they roam,
The Sabbath gathers to their common home.
Oh! I would stand a keeper at this gate
Rather than reign with kings in guilty state;

* This imaginary prophecy (1733) was fulfilled just fifty years afterwards, in 1783. The *Schapta*, *Schaptka*, or *Shaftar Yokul* and its adjacencies were the subjects of the most tremendous volcanic devastation on record. Two rivers were sunk or evaporated, and their channels filled up with lava; many villages were utterly destroyed; and one fourth part of the island rendered nearly uninhabitable. Famine and pestilence followed.

A day in such serene enjoyment spent
Were worth an age of splendid discontent!
— But whither am I hurried from my theme?
Schapta returns on the prophetic dream.

From eve till morn strange meteors streak the pole;
At cloudless noon mysterious thunders roll,
As if below both shore and ocean hurl'd
From deep convulsions of the nether world;
Anon the river, boiling from its bed,
Shall leap its bounds and o'er the lowlands spread,
Then waste in exhalation, — leaving void
As its own channel, utterly destroy'd,
Fields, gardens, dwellings, churches, and their graves,
All wreck'd or disappearing with the waves.
The fugitives that 'scape this instant death
Inhale slow pestilence with every breath;
Mephitic streams from Schapta's mouldering breast
With livid horror shall the air infest;
And day shall glare so foully on the sight,
Darkness were refuge from the curse of light.
Lo! far among the glaciers, wrapt in gloom,
The red precursors of approaching doom,
Scatter'd and solitary founts of fire,
Unlock'd by hands invisible, aspire;
Ere long more rapidly than eye can count,
Above, beneath, they multiply, they mount,
Converge, condense, — a crimson phalanx form,
And range aloft in one unbounded storm;

From heaven's red roof the fierce reflections throw
A sea of fluctuating light below.
— Now the whole army of destroyers, fleet
As whirlwinds, terrible as lightnings, meet;
The mountains melt like wax along their course,
When downward, pouring with resistless force,
Through the void channel where the river roll'd,
To ocean's verge their flaming march they hold;
While blocks of ice, and crags of granite rent,
Half-fluid ore, and rugged minerals blent,
Float on the gulf, till molten or immersed,
Or in explosive thunderbolts dispersed.
Thus shall the Schapta, towering on the brink
Of unknown jeopardy, in ruin sink;
And this wild paroxysm of frenzy past,
At her own work shall Nature stand aghast.

Look on this desolation: — mark yon brow,
Once adamant, a cone of ashes now:
Here rivers swampt; there valleys levell'd, plains
O'erwhelm'd; — one black-red wilderness remains,
One crust of lava, through whose cinder-heat
The pulse of buried streams is felt to beat;
These from the frequent fissures, eddying white,
Sublimed to vapor, issued forth like light
Amidst the sulphury fumes, that drear and dun,
Poison the atmosphere and blind the sun.
Above, as if the sky had felt the stroke
Of that volcano, and consumed to smoke,

One cloud appears in heaven, and one alone,
Hung round the dark horizon's craggy zone,
Forming at once the vast encircling wall,
And the dense roof of some Tartarean hall,
Propt by a thousand pillars, huge and strange,
Fantastic forms that every moment change,
As hissing, surging from the floor beneath,
Volumes of steam the' imprison'd waters breathe.
Then should the sun, ere evening gloom ascend,
Quick from the west the murky curtain rend,
And pour the beauty of his beams between
These hideous arches, and light up the scene;
At the sweet touch of his transforming rays
With amber lustre all the columns blaze,
And the thick folds of cumbrous fog aloof
Change to rich drapery of celestial woof:
With such enchantment air and earth were fraught,
Beyond the coloring of the wealthiest thought
That Iceland Scalds, transported at the view,
Might deem the legends of their fathers true,
And here behold, illumining the waste,
The palace of immortal Odin placed;
Till rapt imagination joy'd to hear
The neigh of steeds, the clank of armor near,
And saw, in barbarous state, the tables spread
With shadowy food, and compass'd with the dead,
Weary from conflicts, — still the fierce delight
Of spectre-warriors, in the daily fight:
Then while they quaff'd the mead from skalls of foes,
By whirlwind gusts the din of battle rose;

The strife of tongues, the tournament of words
Following the shock of shields, the clash of swords
Till, gorged and drunken at the' enormous feast,
Awhile their revels and their clamors ceased;
Ceased to the eye and ear; — yet where they lay,
Like sleeping lions, surfeited with prey,
In tawny groups, recumbent through the den,
In dreams the heroes drank and fought again.

Away with such Divinities! their birth
Man's brain-sick superstition, and their mirth
Lust, rapine, cruelty; — their fell employ
God's works and their own votaries to destroy.
— The Runic Bard to nobler themes shall string
His ancient harp, and mightier triumphs sing:
For glorious days are risen on Iceland: — clear
The gospel-trumpet sounds to every ear,
And deep in many a heart the Spirit's voice
Bids the believing soul in hope rejoice.
O'er the stern face of this tempestuous isle,
Though briefly Spring, and Autumn never, smile,
Truth walks with naked foot the' unyielding snows,
And the glad desert blossoms like the rose.
Though earthquakes heave, though torrents drown
his cot,
Volcanoes waste his fields, — the peasant's lot
Is blest beyond the destiny of kings:
— Lifting his eyes above sublunar things,
Like dying Stephen, when he saw in prayer
Heaven open'd, and his Saviour beckoning there,

He cries, and clasps his Bible to his breast,
"Let the earth perish, — *here* is not my rest."*

* One of the finest specimens of Icelandic poetry extant is said to be the "Ode to the British and Foreign Bible Society," composed by the Rev. John Thorlakson, of Bœgisâ, the translator of Milton's "Paradise Lost" into his native tongue. Of this Ode there is a Latin translation by the learned Iceland Professor, Finn Magnusson. A spirited English version has also appeared. Thorlakson is a venerable old man, and holds church preferment to the amount of six pounds five shillings per annum, out of which he allows a stipend to a curate.

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO THIRD.

The Voyage to Greenland concluded. — A Fog at Sea. — Ice-fields. — Eclipse of the Sun. — The Greenland Fable of Malina and Aninga. — A Storm. — The Ice-blink. — Northern Lights. — The Brethren land.

How speed the faithful witnesses, who bore
The Bible and its hopes to Greenland's shore?
— Like Noah's ark, alone upon the wave
(Of one lost world the' immeasurable grave),
Yonder the ship, a solitary speck,
Comes bounding from the horizon; while on deck
Again imagination rests her wing,
And smoothes her pinions, while the Pilgrims sing
Their vesper oraisons. — The Sun retires,
Not as he wont, with clear and golden fires;
Bewilder'd in a labyrinth of haze,
His orb redoubled, with discolor'd rays,
Struggles and vanishes; — along the deep,
With slow array, expanding vapors creep,
Whose folds, in twilight's yellow glare uncurl'd,
Present the dreams of an unreal world;
Islands in air suspended; marching ghosts
Of armies, shapes of castles, winding coasts,
Navies at anchor, mountains, woods, and streams,
Where all is strange, and nothing what it seems;
Till deep involving gloom, without a spark
Of star, moon, meteor, desolately dark,

Seals up the vision: — then, the Pilot's fears
Slacken his arm; a doubtful course he steers,
Till morning comes, but comes not clad in light;
Uprisen day is but a paler night,
Revealing not a glimpse of sea or sky;
The ship's circumference bounds the sailor's eye.
So cold and dense the' impervious fog extends,
He might have touch'd the point where being ends;
His bark is all the universe; so void
The scene, — as though creation were destroy'd,
And he and his few mates, of all their race,
Were here becalm'd in everlasting space.*

Silent and motionless, above, below,
The sails all struck, the waves unheard to flow,
In this drear blank of utter solitude,
Where life stands still, no faithless fears intrude;
Through that impervious veil the Brethren see
The face of omnipresent Deity:
Nor Him alone; — whate'er his hand hath made;
His glory in the firmament display'd;
The sun majestic in his course, and sole;
The moon and stars rejoicing round the pole;
Earth o'er its peopled realms and wastes unknown,
Clad in the wealth of every varying zone;
Ocean through all the' enchantment of his forms,
From breathing calms to devastating storms;

* The incidents described in this canto are founded upon the real events of the voyage of the Missionaries, as given in Crantz's History. — See the Appendix, note (F).

Heaven in the vision of eternal bliss,
Death's terrors, hell's unsearchable abyss;
— Though rapt in secrecy from human eye,
These in the mind's profound sensorium lie,
And, with their Maker, by a glance of thought,
Are in a moment to remembrance brought;
Then most, when most restrain'd the' imperfect sight,
God and his works shine forth in His own light.
Yet clearest through that veil the Pilgrims trace
Their Father's image in their Saviour's face;
A sigh can waft them to his feet in prayer,
Not Gabriel bends with more acceptance there,
Nor to the throne from heaven's pure altar rise
The odors of a sweeter sacrifice,
Than when before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And tell Him all they fear, or hope, or feel;
Perils without, and enemies within,
Satan, the world, temptation, weakness, sin;
Yet rest unshaken on his sure defence,
Invincible through his omnipotence:
"Oh! step by step," they cry, "direct our way,
And give thy grace, like manna, day by day;
The store of yesterday will not suffice,
To-morrow's sun to us may never rise;
Safe only, when our souls are stay'd on Thee;
Rich only, when we know our poverty."

And step by step the Lord those suppliants led,
He gave them daily grace like daily bread;

By sea, on shore, through all their pilgrimage,
In rest and labor, to their latest age,
Sharp though their trials, and their comforts scant,
God was their refuge, and they knew not want.

On rustling pinions, like an unseen bird,
Among the yards, a stirring breeze is heard;
The conscious vessel wakes as from a trance,
Her colors float, the filling sails advance;
White from her prow the murmuring surge recedes:
— So the swan, startled from her nest of reeds,
Swells into beauty, and with curving chest,
Cleaves the blue lake, with motion soft as rest.
Light o'er the liquid lawn the pageant glides;
Her helm the well-experienced pilot guides,
And while he threads the mist-enveloped maze,
Turns to the magnet his inquiring gaze,
In whose mute oracle, where'er he steers,
The pointing hand of Providence appears;
With this, though months of gloom the main enrobe,
His keel might plough a furrow round the globe.

Again the night ascends without a star:
Low sounds come booming o'er the waves afar,
As if conflicting navies shook the flood,
With human thunders in the strife of blood,
That slay more victims in one brief campaign,
Than heaven's own bolts through centuries have slain.
The seaman hearkens; — color flies his cheek,
His stout heart throbs with fears he dare not speak.

No lightning-splendors streak the' unbroken gloom;
— His bark may shoot the gulf beyond the tomb,
And he, if e'er it come, may meet a light,
Which never yet hath dawn'd on living sight.
Fresher and fresher blows the' insurgent gale;
He reefs his tops, he narrows sail by sail,
Yet feels the ship with swifter impulse sweep
O'er mightier billows, the recoiling deep;
While still, with doleful omen on his ear,
Come the deep echoes of those sounds of fear,
Distant, — yet every volley rolls more near.

Oh! in that agony of thought forlorn,
How longs the' impatient mariner for morn!
She wakes, — his eyes are wither'd to behold
The scene which her disastrous beams unfold:
The fog is vanish'd, but the welkin lowers,
Sharp hail descends, and sleet in blinding showers;
Ocean one bed of foam, with fury tost,
In undistinguishable whiteness lost,
Save where vast fields of ice their surface show,
Buoyant, but many a fathom sunk below:
Changing his station as the fragments pass,
Death stands the pilot of each ponderous mass;
Gathering his brow into the darkest frown,
He bolts his raft to run the victim down,
But shoots astern: — the shock the vessel feels,
A moment in the giddy whirlpool reels,
Then like an arrow soars, as through the air,
So high the salient waves their burden bear.

Quick skirmishes with floating batteries past,
Ruin inevitable threats at last:
Athwart the north, like ships of battle spread,
Winter's flotilla, by their captain led,
(Who boasts with these to make his prowess known
And plant his foot beyond the arctic zone,)
Islands of ice, so wedged and grappled lie,
One moving continent appals the eye,
And to the ear renews those notes of doom,
That brought portentous warnings through the gloom;
For loud and louder, with explosive shocks,
Sudden convulsions split the frost-bound rocks,
And launch loose mountains on the frothing ooze,
As pirate-barks, on summer seas to cruize.
In front this perilous array; — behind,
Borne on the surges, driven by the wind,
The vessel hurries to the brink of fate;
All efforts fail, — but prayer is not too late:
Then, in the imminent and ghastly fall
Foul on destruction, — the disciples call
On Him, their Master, who, in human form,
Slept in the lap of the devouring storm;
On Him, who in the midnight watch was seen,
Walking the gulf, ineffably serene,
At whose rebuke the tempest ceased to roar,
The winds caress'd the waves, the waves the shore.
On Him they call; — their prayer, in faith preferr'd
Amidst the frantic hurricane, is heard;
He gives the sign, by none in earth or heaven
Known, but by him to whom the charge is given,

The Angel of the Waters ; — he, whose wrath
Had hurl'd the vessel on that shipwreck path,
Becomes a minister of grace ; — his breath
Blows, — and the enemies are scatter'd, — Death,
Reft of his quarry, plunges through the wave,
Buried himself where he had mark'd their grave.
The line of battle broken, and the chain
Of that armada, which oppress'd the main,
Snapt hopelessly asunder, quickly all
The' enormous masses in disruption fall,
And the weak vessel, through the chaos wild,
Led by the mighty Angel, — as a child,
Snatch'd from its crib, and in the mother's arms
Borne through a midnight tumult of alarms, —
Escapes the wrecks ; nor slackens her career,
Till sink the forms, and cease the sounds of fear,
And He, who rules the universe at will,
Saith to the reinless elements, " Be still."

Then rise sweet hymns of gratulation ; praise
From hearts and voices, in harmonious lays ; —
So Israel sang deliverance, when he stood
By the Red Sea, and saw the morning-flood,
That in its terrible embraces bore
The slain pursuers and their spoils on shore.

Light-breathing gales awhile their course propel,
The billows roll with pleasurable swell,
Till the seventh dawn ; when o'er the pure expanse
The Sun, like lightning, throws his earliest glance,

"Land; Land!" exclaims the ship-boy from the mast,
"Land! Land!" with one electric shock hath pass'd
From lip to lip, and every eye hath caught
The cheering glimpse so long, so dearly sought;
Yet must imagination half supply
The doubtful streak, dividing sea and sky;
Nor clearly known, till in sublimer day,
From icy cliffs refracted splendors play,
And clouds of sea-fowl high in ether sweep,
Or fall like stars through sunshine on the deep
'Tis Greenland! but so desolately bare,
Amphibious life alone inhabits there;
'Tis Greenland! yet so beautiful the sight,
The Brethren gaze with undisturb'd delight:
In silence (as before the Throne), they stand,
And pray, in prospect of that promised land,
That He, who sends them thither may abide
Through the waste howling wilderness their guide;
And the good shepherd seek his straying flocks,
Lost on those frozen waves and herbless rocks,
By the still waters of his comforts lead,
And in the pastures of salvation feed.

Their faith must yet be tried: — the sun at noon
Shrinks from the shadow of the passing moon,
Till, ray by ray of all his pomp bereft
(Save one slight ring of quivering lustre left),
Total eclipse involves his peerless eye
Portentous twilight creeps around the sky;

The frighted sea-birds to their haunts repair;
There is a freezing stillness in the air,
As if the blood through Nature's veins ran cold,
A prodigy so fearful to behold;
A few faint stars gleam through the dread serene,
Trembling and pale spectators of the scene;
While the rude mariners, with stern amaze,
As on some tragic execution gaze,
When calm but awful guilt is stretcht to feel
The torturing fire, or dislocating wheel,
And life, like light from yonder orb, retires,
Spark after spark, till the whole man expires.
Yet may the darken'd sun and mourning skies
Point to a higher, holier sacrifice;
The Brethren's thoughts to Calvary's brow ascend,
Round the Redeemer's Cross their spirits bend,
And while heaven frowns, earth shudders, graves disclose
The forms of sleepers, startled from repose,
They catch the blessing of his latest breath,
Mark his last look, and through the' eclipse of death
See lovelier beams than Tabor's vision shed,
Wreathe a meek halo round his sacred head.
To Greenland then, with quick compassion, turn
Their deepest sympathies; their bosoms burn,
To her barbarian race, with tongues of flame,
His love, his grief, his glory to proclaim.

O could they view, in this alarming hour,
Those wretched ones, themselves beneath the power

Of darkness, while the shadow clips the sun!
How to their dens the fierce sea-hunters run,
Who death in every shape of peril brave,
By storms and monsters, on the faithless wave,
But now in speechless horror lie aghast,
Till the malignant prodigy be past:
While bolder females, with tormenting spells,
Consult their household dogs as oracles,
And by the yelping of their curs divine
That still the earth may stand, the sun may shine.
Then forth they creep, and to their offspring tell
What fate of old a youth and maid befell:*
How, in the age of night, ere day was born
On the blue hills of undiscover'd morn;
Where one pale cresset twinkled through the shade,
MALINA and her gay companions play'd
A thousand mimic sports, as children wont;
They hide, they seek, they shoot, harpoon and hunt
When lo! ANINGA, passionate and young,
Keen as a wolf, upon his sister sprung,
And pounced his victim; — gentler way to woo
He knew not, or he scorn'd it if he knew:
MALINA snatch'd her lamp, and in the dark
Dash'd on his felon-front a hideous mark,
Slipt from his foul embrace (and laugh'd aloud),
Soft as the rainbow melting from the cloud;

* For the fable of Malina and Aninga (the Sun and the Moon), see note (G) of the Appendix; which also explains the allusions here made to the terror of the men, and the courage and spells of the women, during eclipses of the Sun.

Then shot to heaven, and in her wondrous flight
Transform'd her image, sparkled into light,
Became the sun, and through the firmament,
Forth in the glory of a goddess went.
ANINGA baffled, madden'd, unsubdued,
By her own beams the fugitive pursued,
And when she set, his broad disfigured mien
As the dim moon among the stars was seen;
Thenceforward doom'd his sister's steps to chase,
But ne'er o'ertake in heaven's eternal race.
Yet when his vanish'd orb might seem to sleep,
He takes his monthly pastime on the deep,
Through storms, o'er cataracts, in his Kayak sails,
Strikes with unerring dart the polar whales,
Or o'er ice-mountains, in his dog-drawn car,
Pursues the reindeer to the furthest star.
But when eclipse his baneful disk invades,
He prowls for prey among the Greenland maids,
Till roaring drums, belaboring sticks, and cries
Repel the errant Demon to the skies.

The sun hath cast aside his veil;—he shines
With purest splendor till his orb declines;
Then landward, marshalling in black array,
Eruptive vapors drive him from the day;
And night again, with premature control,
Binds light in chains of darkness o'er the pole;
Heaven in one ebon mass of horror scowls:
—Anon a universal whirlwind howls,

With such precipitation dash'd on high,
Not from one point, but from the whole dark sky,
The surges at the onset shrink aghast,
Borne down beneath the paralyzing blast;
But soon the mad tornado slants its course,
And rolls them into mountains by main force,
Then utterly embroil'd, through clouds and waves,
As 'twixt two oceans met in conflict, raves.
Now to the passive bark, alternate tost,
Above, below, both sea and sky are lost,
All but the giddy summit, where her keel
Hangs in light balance on the billowy wheel;
Then, as the swallow in his windward flight,
Quivers the wing, returns, and darts downright,
She plunges through the blind abyss, and o'er
Her groaning masts the cavern'd waters roar.
Ruled by the hurricane, no more the helm
Obeys the pilot;—seas on seas o'erwhelm
The deck; where oft embattled currents meet,
Foam in white whirlpools, flash to spray, retreat,
And rock the vessel with their huge turmoils,
Like the cork-float around the fisher's toils.
Three days of restless agony, that seem
Of one delirious night the waking dream,
The mariners in vain their labors ply,
Or sick at heart in pale despondence lie.
The Brethren weak, yet firm as when they faced
Winter's ice-legions on his own bleak waste,
In patient hope, that utters no complaint,
Pray without ceasing; pray, and never faint;

Assured that He, who from the tempest's neck
Hath loosed his grasp, still holds it at his beck,
And with a pulse too deep for mortal sense,
— The secret pulse of his omnipotence,
That beats through every motion of the storm,
— Can check destruction in its wildest form:
Bow'd to his will, — their lot how truly blest,
Who live to serve Him, and who die to rest!

To live and serve Him is their Lord's decree;
He curbs the wind, He calms the' infuriate sea;
The sea and wind their Maker's yoke obey,
And waft his servants on their destined way.
Though many a league by that disaster driven [riven,
'Thwart from their course; with planks and cordage
With hands disabled, and exhausted strength,
The active crew refit their bark at length;
Along the placid gulf, with heaving sails,
That catch from every point propitious gales,
Led like the moon, from infancy to age,
Round the wide zodiac of her pilgrimage,
Onward and smooth their voyage they pursue
Till Greenland's coast again salutes their view.

'T is sunset: to the firmament serene,
The' Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd
The keen, clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,

Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends, to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
— Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
— O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,*
On which the sun, beyond the' horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
— Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust; — mountains themselves are worn

* The term Ice-Blink is generally applied by our mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished under this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.

With his light footsteps; *here* for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls,
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror, in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf; immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.

Midnight hath told his hour; the moon yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades:
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendors kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals came
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame,
— Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends:

Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer the welkin shines:
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil;
Then suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,
Through all the colors of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

The seaman's jealous eye askance surveys
This pageantry of evanescent rays,
While in the horror of misgiving fear
New storms already thunder on his ear:
But morning comes, and brings him sweet release;
Day shines and sets; at evening all is peace;
Another and another day is past;
The fourth appears, — the loveliest and the last;
The sails are furl'd; the anchor drags the sand;
The boat hath cross'd the creek; — the Brethren land.

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO FOURTH.

Retrospect of ancient Greenland: — The Discovery of Iceland, of Greenland, of Wineland. — The Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern and Western Coasts of Greenland; the Appearance of the Skraellings, or modern Greenlanders, in the West, and the Destruction of the Norwegian Settlers in that Quarter.

HERE while in peace the weary Pilgrims rest,
Turn we our voyage from the new-found west,
Sail up the current of departed time,
And seek along its banks that vanish'd clime,
By ancient scalds in Runic verse renown'd,
Now like old Babylon no longer found.
— "Oft was I weary when I toil'd at thee;" *
This, on an oar abandon'd to the sea,
Some hand had graven: — From what founder'd boat
It fell; — how long on ocean's waves afloat;
— Who mark'd it with that melancholy line;
No record tells: — Greenland! such fate was thine;
Whate'er thou wast, of thee remains no more
Than a brief legend on a foundling oar;
And he, whose song would now revive thy fame,
Grasps but the shadow of a mighty name.

* About the middle of the seventeenth century, an oar was drifted on the coast of Iceland, bearing this inscription in Runic characters: —

"Oft var ek dasa, dur ek dro thik."

"Oft was I weary when I drew thee." This oar was conjectured to have been brought from East Greenland, a hundred and fifty years after the last ship sailed from Norway for that coast.

From Asia's fertile womb, when Time was young,
And earth a wreck, the sires of nations sprung;
In Shinar's land of rivers, Babel's tower
Stood the lorn relic of their scatter'd power;
A broken pillar, snapt as from the spheres,
Slow-wasting through the silent lapse of years,
While o'er the regions, by the flood destroy'd,
The builders breathed new life throughout the void,
Soul, passion, intellect; till blood of man
Through every artery of Nature ran;
O'er eastern islands pour'd its quickening stream,
Caught the warm crimson of the western beam,
Beneath the burning line made fountains start
In the dry wilderness of Afric's heart,
And through the torpid north, with genial heat,
Taught love's exhilarating pulse to beat;
Till the great sun, in his perennial round,
Man, of all climes the restless native, found,
Pursuing folly in his vain career,
As if existence were immortal here;
While on the fathers' graves the sons, untaught
By their mischance, the same illusions sought,
By gleams and shadows measured woe and bliss,
As though unborn for any world but this.

Five thousand years, unvisited, unknown,
Greenland lay slumbering in the frozen zone, —
While heaven's resplendent host pursued their way
To light the wolf and eagle to their prey,
And tempests o'er the main their terrors spread
To rock Leviathan upon his bed; —

Ere Ingolf his undaunted flag unfurl'd
To search the secrets of the polar world.*
'T was liberty, that fires the coldest veins,
And exile, famine, death, prefers to chains;
'T was liberty, through floods unploughed before,
That led his gallant crew from Norway's shore;
They cut their cable, and in thunder broke
With their departing oars the tyrant's yoke;
The deep their country, and their bark their home,
A floating isle, on which they joy'd to roam
Amidst immensity; with waves and wind,
Now sporting and now wrestling; — unconfined,
Save by the blue surrounding firmament,
Full, yet for ever widening as they went:
Thus sail'd those mariners, unheeding where
They found a port, if Freedom anchor'd there.

By stars that never set, their course they steer'd,
And northward with indignant impulse veer'd,
For sloth had lull'd, and luxury o'errun,
And bondage seized, the realms that loved the sun.

* Among numerous incoherent traditions, it is recorded that Iceland was first discovered by one Flokko, a pirate, who, being bewildered at sea, let fly (as was the custom of the Norwegians in such extremities) a raven, which, soaring to a great elevation, discerned land, and made for it. Flokko followed, and arriving at a mountainous coast covered with snow and glaciers, called it Iceland. Some time afterwards, about the year 874, Ingolf, a Norwegian earl, with his vassals, escaping from the tyranny of Harold Harfagar, pursued the same course as Flokko, and, by the same experiment with a raven, rediscovered Iceland; which he and his followers peopled, and there he established a commonwealth that reflected honor on an age of barbarism.

At length by mountain-ice, with perils strange,
Menaced, repell'd, and forced their track to change,
They bade the unimprison'd raven fly,
A living compass through the chartless sky:
Up to the zenith, swift as fire, he soar'd,
Through the clear boundless atmosphere explored
The dim horizon stretcht beneath his sight;
Then to the west full-onward shot his flight:
Thither they follow; till from Thule's rocks,
Around the bird of tempests rose the flocks
Of screaming sea-fowl, widening ring o'er ring,
Till heaven grew dark; then wheeling on the wing
Landward they whiten all the rocks below,
Or diving melt into the gulf like snow.
Pleased with the proud discovery, Ingolf gave
His lintel and his doorposts to the wave,
Divining as they drifted to the strand
The will of destiny, — the place to land.*
There on a homeless soil his foot he placed,
Framed his hut-palace, colonized the waste,
And ruled his horde with patriarchal sway;
— Where justice reigns, 't is freedom to obey:
And there his race, in long succession blest,
(Like generations in the eagle's nest,
Upon their own hereditary rock,)
Flourish'd, invincible to every shock

* This device of superstition is borrowed from the tradition concerning Ingolf, and probably the same was frequently employed by the northern rovers, leaving their native country, and seeking a home in strange lands.

Of time, chance, f reign force, or civil rage, —
A noble dynasty from age to age;
And Iceland shone for generous lore renown'd,
A northern light, when all was gloom around.

Ere long, by brave adventurers on the tide,
A new Hesperian region was descried,
Which fancy deem'd, or fable feign'd, so fair,
Fleets from old Norway pour'd their settlers there,
Who traced and peopled far that double shore,
Round whose repelling rocks two oceans roar,
Till at the southern promontory, tost
By tempests, each is in its rival lost.
Thus Greenland (so that arctic world they named)
Was planted, and to utmost Calpe famed
For wealth exhaustless, which her seas could boast,
And prodigies of Nature on her coast;
Where, in the green recess of every glen,
The House of Prayer o'ertopt the' abodes of men,
And flocks and cattle grazed by summer-streams,
That track'd the valleys with meandering gleams:
While on the mountains ice eternal frown'd,
And growing glaciers deepen'd tow'rds the ground,
Year after year, as centuries roll'd away,
Nor lost one moment till that judgment-day
When eastern Greenland from the world was rent,
Ingulf'd, — or fix'd one frozen continent.*

* The extravagant accounts of the fertility of ancient Green and need not be particularized here. Some of the annals state, that the best wheat grew to perfection in the valleys; that the

'T were long and dreary to recount in rhyme
The crude traditions of that long-lost clime:
To sing of wars, by barbarous chieftains waged,
In which as fierce and noble passions raged,
Heroes as subtle, bold, remorseless, fought,
And deeds as dark and terrible were wrought,
As round Troy-walls, became the splendid themes
Of Homer's song, and Jove's Olympian dreams;
When giant-prowess, in the iron field,
With single arm made phalanx'd legions yield;
When battle was but massacre, — the strife
Of murderers, — steel to steel, and life to life.
— Who follows Homer takes the field too late;
Though stout as Hector, sure of Hector's fate,
A wound as from Achilles' spear he feels,
Falls, and adorns the Grecian's chariot-wheels.

Nor stay we monkish legends to rehearse;
To build their cloister-walls in Gothic verse;
Of groves and gardens, wine and music tell;
Fresh roses breathing round the hermit's cell,
And baths, in which Diana's nymphs might lave,
— From earth's self-opening veins the blood-warm wave,

forests were extensive and luxuriant; flocks and herds were numerous, and very large and fat, etc. At St. Thomas's Cloister, there was a natural fountain of hot water (a *geyser*), which, being conveyed by pipes into all the apartments of the monks, ministered to their comfort in many ways. Adjoining this cloister there was a richly cultivated garden, through which a warm rivulet flowed, and rendered the soil so fertile, that it produced the most beautiful flowers and the most delicious fruits.

Whose genial streams, amidst disparted ice,
Made laps of verdure, — like those isles of spice
In eastern seas; or rich oases, graced
With flowers and fountains, in the Libyan waste.

Rather the muse would stretch a mightier wing,
Of a new world the earliest dawn to sing;
How, — long ere Science, in a dream of thought,
Earth's younger daughter to Columbus brought,
And sent him, like the Faerie Prince, in quest
Of *that* "bright vestal throned in the west." *
— Greenland's bold sons, by instinct, sallied forth
On barks, like icebergs drifting from the north,
Cross'd without magnet undiscover'd seas,
And, all surrendering to the stream and breeze,
Touch'd on the line of that twin-bodied land,
That stretches forth to either pole a hand,
From arctic wilds that see no winter-sun,
To where the oceans of the world are one,
And round Magellan's streights, Fuego's shore,
Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific roar.

Regions of beauty there these rovers found,
The flowery hills with emerald woods were crown'd;

* Spenser introduces Prince Arthur as traversing the world in search of his mistress Gloriana, whom he had only seen in a dream. The discovery of a region in the west, by the Greenland Norwegians, about the year 1000, and intercourse maintained with it for 120 years afterwards, may be considered as the most curious fact or fable connected with the history of these colonists. The reason why it was called *Wineland*, is given in the sequel. — See also note (H) in the Appendix.

Spread o'er the vast savannahs, buffalo herds
Ranged without master; and the bright-wing'd birds
Made gay the sunshine as they glanced along,
Or turn'd the air to music with their song.

Here from his mates a German youth had stray'd,
Where the broad river cleft the forest glade;
Swarming with alligator-shoals, the flood
Blazed in the sun, or moved in clouds of blood;
The wild boar rustled headlong through the brake;
Like a live arrow leap'd the rattle-snake;
The uncouth shadow of the climbing bear
Crawl'd on the grass, while he aspired in air;
Anon with hoofs, like hail, the greenwood rang,
Among the scattering deer a panther sprang:
The stripling fear'd not, — yet he trod with awe,
As if enchantment breathed o'er all he saw,
Till in his path uprose a wilding vine;
— Then o'er his memory rush'd the noble Rhine;
Home and its joys, with fulness of delight,
So rapt his spirit, so beguiled his sight,
That, in those glens of savage solitude,
Vineyards and corn-fields, towns and spires he view'd,
And through the image-chamber of his soul
The days of other years like shadows stole;
All that he once had been, again he grew,
Through every stage of life he pass'd anew;
The playmates of his infancy were there,
With dimpled cheeks. blue eyes, and flaxen hair;

The blithe companions of his riper youth,
And one whose heart was love, whose soul was truth.
— When the quick-mingling pictures of that dream
(Like broken scenery on a troubled stream,
Where sky and landscape, light and darkness, run
Through widening circles,) harmonized in one,
His father's cot appear'd, with vine-leaves drest,
And clusters pendent round the swallow's nest;
In front the little garden, at whose gate,
Amidst their progeny, his parents sate,
He only absent; — but his mother's eye
Look'd through a tear; — she reach'd him with a sigh:
Then in a moment vanish'd time and space,
And with a shout he rush'd to her embrace;
Round hills and dales the joyful tidings spread,
All ran to welcome TYRKER from the dead.
With bliss inebriate, in that giddy trance,
He led his waltzing partner through the dance;
And while he pluck'd the grapes that blush'd at hand
Trod the rich wine-press in his native land,
Quaff'd the full flowing goblet, loosed his tongue,
And songs of vintage, harvest, battle sung,
At length his shipmates came: their laughter broke
The gay delusion; in alarm he 'woke:
Transport to silent melancholy changed;
At once from love, and joy, and hope estranged,
O'er his blank mind, with cold bereaving spell,
Came that heart-sickness which no tongue can tell

— Felt when, in foreign climes, 'midst sounds unknown,
We hear the speech or music of our own,
Roused to delight, from drear abstraction start,
And feel our country beating at our heart;
The rapture of a moment; — in its birth
It perishes for ever from the earth;
And dumb, like shipwreck'd mariners we stand,
Eyeing by turns the ocean and the land,
Breathless; — till tears the struggling thought release,
And the lorn spirit weeps itself to peace.

Wineland the glad discoverers call'd that shore,
And back the tidings of its riches bore;
But soon return'd with colonizing bands,
— Men that at home would sigh for unknown lands;
Men of all weathers, fit for every toil,
War, commerce, pastime, peace, adventure, spoil;
Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
Ascendance; where they fix'd their foot they reign'd.
Both coasts they long inherited, though wide
Dissever'd; stemming to and fro the tide,
Free as the Syrian dove explores the sky,
Their helm their hope, their compass in their eye,
They found at will, where'er they pleased to roam,
The ports of strangers or their northern home,
Still 'midst tempestuous seas and zones of ice,
Loved as their own, their *unlost* Paradise.
— Yet was their Paradise forever lost:
War, famine, pestilence, the power of frost,

Their woes combining, wither'd from the earth
This late creation, like a timeless birth,
The fruit of age and weakness, forced to light,
Breathing awhile, — relapsing into night.

Ages had seen the vigorous race, that sprung
From Norway's stormy forelands, rock'd when young
In ocean's cradle, hardening as they rose,
Like mountain-pines amidst perennial snows ·
— Ages had seen these sturdiest sons of Time
Strike root and flourish in that ruffian clime,
Commerce with lovelier lands and wealthier hold,
Yet spurn the lures of luxury and gold;
Beneath the umbrage of the Gallic vine,
For moonlight snows and cavern-shelter pine;
Turn from Campanian fields a lofty eye
To gaze upon the glorious Alps, and sigh,
Remembering Greenland; more and more endear'd,
As far and further from its shores they steer'd;
Greenland their world, — and all was strange beside;
Elsewhere they wander'd: here they lived and died.

At length a swarthy tribe, without a name,
Unknown the point of windward whence they came ·
The power by which stupendous gulfs they cross'd,
Or compass'd wilds of everlasting frost,
Alike mysterious; — found their sudden way
To Greenland; pour'd along the western bay
Their straggling families; and seized the soil
For their domain, the ocean for their spoil.

Skraellings the Normans call'd these hordes in scorn,
That seem'd created on the spot, — though born
In trans-Atlantic climes, and thither brought
By paths as covert as the birth of thought;
They were at once; — the swallow-tribes in spring
Thus daily multiply upon the wing,
As if the air, their element of flight,
Brought forth new broods from darkness every night;
Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come we see not how, nor know we whence.*

A stunted, stern, uncouth, amphibious stock,
Hewn from the living marble of the rock,
Or sprung from mermaids, and in ocean's bed,
With orcs and seals, in sunless caverns bred,
They might have held, from unrecorded time,
Sole patrimony in that hideous clime,
So lithe their limbs, so fenced their frames to bear
The intensest rigors of the polar air;
Nimble, and muscular, and keen to run
The rein-deer down a circuit of the sun;
To climb the slippery cliffs, explore their cells,
And storm and sack the sea-birds' citadels;
In bands, through snows, the mother-bear to trace.
Slay with their darts the cubs in her embrace,
And, while she lick'd their bleeding wounds, to brave
Her deadliest vengeance in her inmost cave:

* See note (I) of the Appendix.

Train'd with inimitable skill to float,
Each, balanced in his bubble of a boat,
With dexterous paddle steering through the spray,
With poised harpoon to strike his plunging prey,
As though the skiff, the seaman, oar, and dart
Were one compacted body, by one heart
With instinct, motion, pulse, empower'd to ride
A human Nautilus upon the tide;
Or with a fleet of Kayaks to assail
The desperation of the stranded whale,
When wedged 'twixt jagged rocks he writhes and rolls
In agony among the ebbing shoals,
Lashing the waves to foam, until the flood,
From wounds, like geysers, seems a bath of blood,
Echo all night dumb-pealing to his roar,
Till morn beholds him slain along the shore.

Of these, — hereafter should the lyre be strung
To arctic themes, — may glorious days be sung;
Now be our task the sad reverse to tell,
How in their march the nobler Normans fell; *

* The incidents alluded to in this clause are presumed to have occasioned the extinction of the Norwegian colonists on the western coast of Greenland. Crantz says, that there is a district on Ball's river, called Pissiksarbik, or the *place of arrows*; where it is believed, that the Skraellings and Norwegians fought a battle, in which the latter were defeated. The modern Greenlanders affirm, that the name is derived from the circumstance of the parties having shot their arrows at one another from opposite banks of the stream. Many *rudera*, or ruins of ancient buildings, principally supposed to have been churches, are found along the coast from Disko Bay to Cape Farewell.

— Whether by dire disease, that turn'd the breath
Of bounteous heaven to pestilence and death,
In number, strength, and spirit worn away,
Their lives became the cool assassin's prey;
— Or in the battle-field, as Skraellings boast,
These pigmies put to flight their giant-host,
When front to front on scowling cliffs they stood
And shot their barbs athwart the parting flood;
Arrow smote arrow, dart encounter'd dart,
From hand to hand, impaling heart for heart;
Till spent their missiles: quick as in a dream
The images are changed; across the stream
The Skraellings rush'd, the precipices scaled;
— O'erwhelm'd by multitudes, the Normans fail'd;
A scatter'd remnant to the south retired,
But one by one along their route expired:
They perish'd; — History can no more relate
Of their obscure and unlamented fate:
They perish'd; — yet along that western shore,
Where Commerce spread her colonies of yore,
Ruins of temples and of homes are traced,
— Steps of magnificence amidst the waste
Where Time hath trod, and left those wrecks to show
That Life hath been, where all is death below.

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies on the Eastern Coast of Greenland, and the Abandonment of Intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the Increase of the Arctic Ices about the beginning of the Fifteenth Century.

Launch on the gulf, my little Greenland bark!
Bear me through scenes unutterably dark;
Scenes with the mystery of Nature seal'd,
Nor till the day of doom to be reveal'd.
What though the spirits of the arctic gales
Freeze round thy prow, or fight against thy sails,
Safe as Arion, whom the dolphin bore,
Enamor'd of his music, to the shore,
On thee adventuring o'er an unknown main,
I raise to warring elements a strain
Of kindred harmony: — O, lend your breath,
Ye tempests! while I sing this reign of death:
Utter dark sayings of the days of old;
In parables upon my harp unfold
Deeds perish'd from remembrance; truth, array'd,
Like heaven by night, in emblematic shade,
When shines the horoscope, and star on star,
By what they are not lead to what they are;
Atoms, that twinkle in an infant's eye,
Are worlds, suns, systems in the' unbounded sky.
Thus the few fabled woes my strains create
Are hieroglyphics in a book of Fate;

And while the shadowy symbols I unroll,
Imagination reads a direr scroll.
Wake, ye wild visions! o'er the northern deep,
On clouds and winds, like warrior-spectres sweep;
Show by what plagues and hurricanes destroy'd,
A breathing realm became a torpid void.

The floods are raging, and the gales blow high
Low as a dungeon-roof impends the sky;
Prisoners of hope, between the clouds and waves,
Six fearless sailors man yon boat, that braves
Peril redoubling upon peril past:
From childhood nurslings of the wayward blast,
Aloft as o'er a buoyant arch they go,
Whose keystone breaks; — as deep they plunge below;
Unyielding, though the strength of man be vain;
Struggling, though borne like surf along the main;
In front a battlement of rocks; in rear,
Billow on billow bounding: near, more near,
They verge to ruin; — life and death depend
On the next impulse; — shrieks and prayers ascend;
When, like the fish that mounts on drizzling wings,
Sheer from the gulf the' ejected vessel springs,
And grounds on inland ice, beyond the track
Of hissing foam-wreaths, whence the tide roll'd back;
Then ere that tide, returning to the charge,
Swallows the wreck, the captives are at large.
On either hand steep hills obstruct their path;
Behind, the ocean roaring in his wrath,

Mad as a Libyan wilderness by night,
With all its lions up, in chase or fight.
The fugitives right onward shun the beach,
Nor tarry till the inmost cove they reach,
Secluded in the labyrinthine dell,
Like the last hollow of a spiral shell.
There, with the axe or knife which haste could save,
They build a house; — perhaps they dig a grave:
Of solid snow, well-squared, and piled in blocks,
Brilliant as hewn from alabaster rocks,
Their palace rises, narrowing to the roof,
And freezes into marble, tempest-proof;
Night closing round, within its shade they creep,
And weary Nature sinks at once to sleep.

Oh! could we walk amidst their dreams, and see
All that they have been, are, or wish to be,
In fancy's world! — each at his own fire-side:
One greets a parent; one a new-made bride;
Another clasps his babe with fond embrace,
A smile in slumber mantling o'er his face;
All dangers are forgotten in a kiss,
Or but remember'd to exalt the bliss.
— One wounded sufferer wakes, with pain oppress,
Yet are his thoughts at home among the rest;
Then beams his eye, his heart dilated burns,
Till the dark vigil to a vision turns,
That vision to reality: and home
Is so endear'd, he vows no more to roam.
Ha! suddenly he starts: with trembling lips,
Salt shower drops, oozing through the roof, he sips

Aware that instant, yet alarm'd too late,
— The sea hath burst its barrier, fix'd their fate;
Escape impossible: the tempests urge
Through the deep dell the inundating surge:
Nor wall nor roof the' impetuous flood controls;
Above, around, within, the deluge rolls:
He calls his comrades; — ere their doom be known,
'T is past; — the snow-house utterly o'erthrown,
Its inmates vanish; never to be found,
Living or dead, on habitable ground.

There is a beauteous hamlet in the vale;
Green are the fields around it; sweetly sail
The twilight shadows o'er the darkening scene,
Earth, air, and ocean, all alike serene;
Dipt in the hues of sunset, wreath'd in zones,
The clouds are resting on their mountain-thrones;
One peak alone exalts its glacier crest,
A golden paradise, above the rest;
Thither the day with lingering steps retires,
And in its own blue element expires:
Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside
On Horeb's consecrated top, and died.
The moon, meanwhile, o'er ocean's sombre bed,
New-risen, a thousand glow-worm lights hath spread;
From east to west the wildfire splendors glance,
And all the billows in her glory dance;
Till, in mid-heaven, her orb might seem the eye
Of Providence, wide-watching from the sky,
While Nature slumbers; — emblem of *His* grace
Whose presence fills the infinite of space.

The clouds have left the mountains; coldly bright,
Their icy summits shed cerulean light;
The steep declivities between assume
A horror of unfathomable gloom:
The village sleeps; — from house to house, the ear
Of yonder sentinel no sound can hear:
A maniac; — he, while calmer heads repose,
Takes his night round, to tell the stars his woes;
Woes, which his noble heart to frenzy stung;
— *He* hath no bard, and *they* remain unsung.
A warrior once, victorious arms he bore,
And bears them still, although his wars are o'er;
For 't is his boast, with shield and sword in hand,
To be the guardian Angel of the land.
Mark with what stern solemnity he stalks,
And to himself as to a legion talks:
Now deep in council with his chiefs; anon
He starts, as at the trumpet; leads them on,
And wins the day; — his battle-shout alarms
None but the infant in the nurse's arms;
Soon hush'd, but closer to her side, it sleeps;
While he abroad his watch in silence keeps.

At every door he halts, and brings a sigh,
But leaves a blessing, when he marches by:
He stops; from that low roof, a deadly groan
Hath made unutterable anguish known;
A spirit into eternity hath pass'd;
A spouse, a father, there hath breathed his last.
The widow and her little ones weep *not;*
In its excess their misery is forgot,

One dumb, dark moment; — then from all their eyes
Rain the salt tears, and loud their wailings rise:
Ah! little think that family forlorn
How brief the parting; — they shall meet ere morn!
For lo! the witness of their pangs hath caught
A sight that startles madness into thought:
Back from their gate unconsciously he reels;
A resurrection of his soul he feels.
There is a motion in the air: his eye
Blinks as it fear'd the falling of the sky.
The splendid peak of adamantine ice,
At sunset like an earthly paradise,
And in the moon of such empyrean hue,
It seem'd to bring the unseen world to view:
— That splendid peak, the Power (which to the spheres
Had piled its turrets through a thousand years)
Touches, as lightly as the passing wind,
And the huge mass, o'erbalanced, undermined,
And dislocated from its base of snow,
Slides down the slope, majestically slow,
Till o'er the precipice, down headlong sent,
And in ten thousand thousand spangles rent,
It piles a hill where spread a vale before:
— From rock to rock the echoes round the shore
Tell with their deep artillery the fate
Of the whole village crush'd beneath its weight.
— The sleepers wake, — their homes in ruins hurl'd, —
They wake — from death into another world.
The gazing maniac, palsied into stone,
Amidst the wreck of ice, survives alone;

A sudden interval of reason gleams,
Steady and clear, amidst his wildering dreams,
But shows reality in such a shape,
'Twere rapture back to frenzy to escape.
Again the clouds of desolation roll,
Blotting all old remembrance from his soul:
Whate'er his sorrows or his joys have been,
His spirit grows embodied through *this* scene;
With eyes of agony, and clenching hands,
Fix'd in recoil, a frozen form he stands,
And, smit with wonder at his people's doom,
Becomes the monument upon their tomb.

Behold a scene, magnificent and new;
Nor land nor water meet the' excursive view;
The round horizon girds one frozen plain,
The mighty tombstone of the buried main,
Where, dark and silent, and unfelt to flow,
A dead sea sleeps with all its tribes below.
But heaven is still itself; the deep blue sky
Comes down with smiles to meet the glancing eye,
Though if a keener sight its bound would trace,
The arch recedes through everlasting space.
The sun, in morning glory, mounts his throne,
Nor shines he here in solitude unknown;
North, south, and west, by dogs or reindeer drawn,
Careering sledges cross the unbroken lawn,
And bring from bays and forelands round the coast,
Youth, beauty, valor, Greenland's proudest boast,
Who thus, in winter's long and social reign,
Hold feasts and tournaments upon the main,

When, built of solid floods, his bridge extends
A highway o'er the gulf to meeting friends,
Whom rocks impassable, or winds and tide,
Fickle and false, in summer months divide.

The scene runs round with motion, rings with mirth,
— No happier spot upon the peopled earth;
The drifted snow to dust the travellers beat,
The' uneven ice is flint beneath their feet.
Here tents, a gay encampment rise around,
Where music, song, and revelry resound;
There the blue smoke upwreathes a hundred spires,
Where humbler groups have lit their pine-wood fires.
Ere long they quit the tables; knights and dames
Lead the blithe multitude to boisterous games.
Bears, wolves, and lynxes yonder head the chase;
Here start the harness'd reindeer in the race;
Borne without wheels, a flight of rival cars
Track the ice-firmament, like shooting stars,
Right to the goal, converging as they run,
They dwindle through the distance into one.
Where smoother waves have form'd a sea of glass,
With pantomimic change the skaters pass; [wheel
Now toil like ships 'gainst wind and stream; then
Like flames blown suddenly asunder; reel
Like drunkards; then dispersed in tangents wide,
Away with speed invisible they glide.
Peace in their hearts, death-weapons in their hands,
Fierce in mock-battle meet fraternal bands,

Whom the same chiefs erewhile to conflict led,
When friends by friends, by kindred kindred bled.
Here youthful rings with pipe and drum advance,
And foot the mazes of the giddy dance;
Grey-beard spectators, with illumined eye,
Lean on their staves, and talk of days gone by;
Children, who mimic all, from pipe and drum
To chase and battle, dream of years to come.
Those years to come the young shall ne'er behold;
The days gone by no more rejoice the old.

There is a boy, a solitary boy,
Who takes no part in all this whirl of joy,
Yet, in the speechless transport of his soul,
He lives, and moves, and breathes throughout the whole:
Him should destruction spare, the plot of earth,
That forms his play-ground, gave a poet birth,
Who, on the wings of his immortal lays,
Thine heroes, Greenland! to the stars shall raise.
It must not be: — abruptly from the show
He turns his eyes; his thoughts are gone below
To sound the depths of ocean, where his mind
Creates the wonders which it cannot find.
Listening, as oft he listens in a shell
To the mock tide's alternate fall and swell,
He kneels upon the ice, — inclines his ear,
And hears, — or does he only seem to hear? —
A sound, as though the Genius of the deep
Heaved a long sigh, awaking out of sleep.

He starts; — 't was but a pulse within his brain!
No; — for he feels it beat through every vein;
Groan following groan, (as from a giant's breast,
Beneath a burying mountain, ill at rest,)
With awe ineffable his spirit thrills,
And rapture fires his blood, while terror chills.
The keen expression of his eye alarms
His mother; she hath caught him in her arms,
And learn'd the cause; — that cause, no sooner known,
From lip to lip, o'er many a league is flown;
Voices to voices, prompt as signals, rise
In shrieks of consternation to the skies:
Those skies, meanwhile, with gathering darkness scowl;
Hollow and winterly the bleak winds howl.
— From morn till noon had ether smiled serene,
Save one black-belted cloud, far eastward seen,
Like a snow-mountain; — there in ambush lay
The' undreaded tempest, panting for his prey:
That cloud by stealth hath through the welkin spread,
And hangs in meteor-twilight over-head;
At foot, beneath the adamantine floor,
Loose in their prison-house the surges roar:
To every eye, ear, heart, the' alarm is given,
And landward crowds, (like flocks of sea-fowl driven,
When storms are on the wing,) in wild affright,
On foot, in sledges, urge their panic flight,
In hope the refuge of the shore to gain
Ere the disruption of the struggling main,
Foretold by many a stroke, like lightning sent
In thunder, through the' unstable continent,

Which now, elastic on the swell below,
Rolls high in undulation to and fro.
Men, reindeer, dogs, the giddy impulse feel,
And, jostling headlong, back and forward reel:
While snow, sleet, hail, or whirling gusts of wind,
Exhaust, bewilder, stop the breath, and blind.
All is dismay and uproar; some have found
Death for deliverance, as they leap'd on ground,
Swept back into the flood: — but hope is vain:
Ere half the fugitives the beach can gain,
The fix'd ice, severing from the shore, with shocks
Of earthquake violence, bounds against the rocks;
Then suddenly, while on the verge they stand,
The whole recoils for ever from the land,
And leaves a gulf of foam along the shore,
In which whoever plunge are seen no more.

Ocean, meanwhile, abroad hath burst the roof
That sepulchred his waves; he bounds aloof.
In boiling cataracts, as volcanoes spout
Their fiery fountains, gush the waters out;
The frame of ice with dire explosion rends,
And down the' abyss the mingled crowd descends.
Heaven! from this closing horror hide thy light;
Cast thy thick mantle o'er it, gracious Night!
These screams of mothers with their infants lost,
These groans of agony from wretches tost
On rocks and whirlpools, — in thy storms be drown'd,
The crash of mountain-ice to atoms ground,
And rage of elements! — while winds, that yell
Like demons, peal the universal knell,

The shrouding waves around their limbs shall spread,
" And Darkness be the burier of the dead."
Their pangs are o'er : — at morn the tempests cease.
And the freed ocean rolls himself to peace ;
Broad to the sun his heaving breast expands,
He holds his mirror to a hundred lands ;
While cheering gales pursue the eager chase
Of billows round immeasurable space.*

Where are the multitudes of yesterday?
At morn they came ; at eve they pass'd away.
Yet some survive ; — yon castellated pile
Floats on the surges, like a fairy isle ;
Preëminent upon its peak, behold,
With walls of amethyst and roofs of gold,
The semblance of a city ; towers and spires
Glance in the firmament with opal fires :
Prone from those heights pellucid fountains flow
O'er pearly meads, through emerald vales below.
No lovelier pageant moves beneath the sky,†
Nor one so mournful to the nearer eye ;

* The principal phenomena described in this disruption of so immense a breadth of ice, are introduced on the authority of an authentic narrative of a journey on sledges along the coast of Labrador, by two Moravian missionaries and a number of Esquimaux, in the year 1782. The first incident in this canto, the destruction of the snow house, is partly borrowed from the same record.

† The ice-bergs, both fixed and floating, present the most fantastic and magnificent forms, which an active imagination may easily convert into landscape scenery. Crantz says, that some of these look like churches, with pillars, arches, portals,

Here, when the bitterness of death had pass'd
O'er others, with their sledge and reindeer cast,
Five wretched ones, in dumb despondence wait
The lingering issue of a nameless fate;
A bridal party: — mark yon reverend sage
In the brown vigor of autumnal age;
His daughter in her prime; the youth, who won
Her love by miracles of prowess done;
With these, two meet companions of their joy,
Her younger sister, and a gallant boy,
Who hoped, like *him*, a gentle heart to gain
By valorous enterprise on land or main.
— These, when the ocean-pavement fail'd their feet,
Sought on a glacier's crags a safe retreat;
But in the shock, from its foundation torn,
That mass is slowly o'er the waters borne,
An ice-berg! — on whose verge all day they stand,
And eye the blank horizon's ring for land.
All night around a dismal flame they weep;
Their sledge, by piecemeal, lights the hoary deep.
Morn brings no comfort; at her dawn expire
The latest embers of their latest fire;
For warmth and food the patient reindeer bleeds,
Happier in death than those he warms and feeds.

and illuminated windows; others like castles, with square and spiral turrets. A third class assumes the appearance of ships in full sail, to which pilots have occasionally gone out, for the purpose of conducting them into harbor; many again resemble large islands, with hill and dale, as well as villages, and even cities, built upon the margin of the sea. Two of these stood for many years in Disco Bay, which the Dutch whalers called Amsterdam and Haarlem.

— How long, by that precarious raft upbuoy'd,
They blindly drifted on a shoreless void;
How long they suffer'd, or how soon they found
Rest in the gulf, or peace on living ground;
— Whether, by hunger, cold, and grief consumed,
They perish'd miserably — and unentomb'd
(While on that frigid bier their corses lay),
Became the sea-fowl's or the sea-bear's prey;
— Whether the wasting mound, by swift degrees,
Exhaled in mist and vanish'd from the seas,
While they, too weak to struggle even in death,
Lock'd in each other's arms resign'd their breath,
And their white skeletons, beneath the wave,
Lie intertwined in one sepulchral cave;
— Or meeting some Norwegian bark at sea,
They deem'd its deck a world of liberty;
Or sunward sailing, on green Erin's sod,
They kneel'd and worshipp'd a delivering God,
Where yet the blood they brought from Greenland runs
Among the noblest of our sister's sons,
— Is all unknown: — their ice-berg disappears
Amidst the flood of unreturning years.

Ages are fled; and Greenland's hour draws nigh;
Seal'd is the judgment; all her race must die;
Commerce forsakes the' unvoyageable seas,
That year by year with keener rigor freeze;
The' embargoed waves in narrower channels roll
To blue Spitzbergen and the utmost pole;

A hundred colonies, erewhile that lay
On the green marge of many a shelter'd bay,
Lapse to the wilderness; their tenants throng
Where streams in summer, turbulent and strong,
With molten ice from inland Alps supplied,
Hold free communion with the breathing tide,
That from the heart of ocean sends the flood
Of living water round the world, like blood;
But Greenland's pulse shall slow and slower beat,
Till the last spark of genial warmth retreat,
And, like a palsied limb of Nature's frame,
Greenland be nothing but a place and name.
That crisis comes; the wafted fuel fails;*
The cattle perish; famine long prevails;
With torpid sloth, intenser seasons bind
The strength of muscle and the spring of mind;
Man droops, his spirits waste, his powers decay,
— His generation soon shall pass away.

At moonless midnight, on this naked coast,
How beautiful in heaven the starry host!

* Greenland has been supplied with fuel, from time immemorial, brought by the tide from the northern shores of Asia, and other regions, probably even from California, and the coast of America towards Behring's Straits. This annual provision, however, has gradually been decreasing for some years past (being partly intercepted by the accumulation of ice) on the shores of *modern* Greenland, towards Davis's Straits. Should it fail altogether, that country (like the east) must become uninhabitable; as the natives themselves employ wood in the construction of their houses, their boats, and their implements of fishing, hunting, and shooting, and could not find any adequate substitute for it at home.

With lambent brilliance o'er these cloister-walls,
Slant from the firmament a meteor falls;
A steadier flame from yonder beacon streams,
To light the vessel, seen in golden dreams
By many a pining wretch, whose slumbers feign
The bliss for which he looks at morn in vain.
Two years are gone, and half expired a third
(The nation's heart is sick with hope deferr'd),
Since last for Europe sail'd a Greenland prow,
Her whole marine, — so shorn is Greenland now,
Though once, like clouds in ether unconfined,
Her naval wings were spread to every wind.
The monk, who sits, the weary hours to count,
In the lone block-house on the beacon-mount,
Watching the east, beholds the morning star
Eclipsed at rising o'er the waves afar,
As if — for so would fond expectance think —
A sail had cross'd it on the' horizon's brink.
His fervent soul in ecstasy outdrawn,
Glows with the shadows kindling through the dawn,
Till every bird that flashes through the brine
Appears an arm'd and gallant brigantine;
And every sound along the air that comes,
The voice of clarions and the roll of drums.
— 'T is she! 't is she! the well-known keel at last,
With Greenland's banner streaming at the mast;
The full-swoln sails, the spring-tide, and the breeze,
Waft on her way the pilgrim of the seas.
The monks at matins issuing from their cells,
Spread the glad tidings; while their convent-bells

Wake town and country, sea and shore, to bliss
Unknown for years on any morn but this.
Men, women, children throng the joyous strand,
Whose mob of moving shadows o'er the sand
Lengthen to giants, while the hovering sun
Lights up a thousand radiant points from one.
The pilots launch their boats: — a race! a race!
The strife of oars is seen in every face;
Arm against arm puts forth its might to reach,
And guide the welcome stranger to the beach.
— Shouts from the shore, the cliffs, the boats, arise;
No voice, no signal from the ship replies;
Nor on the deck, the yards, the bow, the stern,
Can keenest eye a human form discern.
Oh! that those eyes were open'd, there to see,
How, in serene and dreadful majesty,
Sits the destroying Angel at the helm!
— He, who hath lately march'd from realm to realm,
And from the palace to the peasant's shed,
Made all the living kindred to the dead:
Nor man alone, dumb nature felt his wrath,
Drought, mildew, murrain, strew'd his carnage-path
Harvest and vintage cast their timeless fruit,
Forests before him wither'd from the root.
To Greenland now, with unexhausted power,
He comes commission'd; and in evil hour
Propitious elements prepare his way;
His day of landing is a festal day.

A boat arrives; — to those who scale the deck,
Of life appears but one disastrous wreck;

Fall'n from the rudder, which he feign had grasp'd,
But stronger Death his wrestling hold unclasp'd,
The film of darkness freezing o'er his eyes,
A lukewarm corpse, the brave commander lies;
Survivor sole of all his buried crew,
Whom one by one the rife contagion slew,
Just when the cliffs of Greenland cheer'd his sight,
Even from their pinnacle his soul took flight.
Chill'd at the spectacle, the pilots gaze
One on another, lost in blank amaze;
But from approaching boats, when rivals throng,
They seize the helm, in silence steer along,
And cast their anchor, 'midst exulting cries,
That make the rocks the echoes of the skies,
Till the mysterious signs of woes to come,
Circled by whispers, strike the uproar dumb.
Rumor affirms, that by some heinous spell
Of Lapland witches, crew and captain fell;
None guess the secret of perfidious fate,
Which all shall know too soon, — yet know too late.

The monks, who claim the ship, divide the stores
Of food and raiment at their convent-doors.
— A mother, hastening to her cheerless shed,
Breaks to her little ones untasted bread:
Clamorous as nestling birds, the hungry band
Receive a mortal portion at her hand·
On each would equal love the best confer,
Each by distinct affection dear to her;

One the first pledge that to her spouse she gave,
One unborn till he was in his grave;
This was *his* darling, that to *her* most kind;
A fifth was once a twin, the sixth is blind:
In each she lives; — in each by turns she dies;
Smitten by pestilence before her eyes,
Three days, and all are slain; — the heaviest doom
Is hers; their ice-barr'd cottage is their tomb.
— The wretch, whose limbs are impotent with cold,
In the warm comfort of a mantle roll'd,
Lies down to slumber on his soul's desire;
But wakes at morn, as wrapt in flames of fire:
Not Hercules, when from his breast he tore
The cloak envenom'd with the Centaur's gore,
Felt sharper pangs than he, who, mad with rage,
Dives in the gulf, or rolls in snow to' assuage
His quenchless agony; the rankling dart
Within him burns till it consumes his heart.
From vale to vale the' affrighted victims fly,
But catch or give the plague with every sigh;
A touch contaminates the purest veins,
Till the *Black Death* through all the region reigns.*

Comes there no ship again to Greenland's shore?
There comes another: — there shall come no more;
Nor this shall reach an haven: — What are these
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?

* The depopulation of Old Greenland is supposed to have been greatly accelerated by the introduction of the plague which, under the name of the *Black Death*, made dreadful havoc throughout Europe towards the close of the fourteenth century.

Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,
Immovable as mountains in the storms?
Far as Imagination's eye can roll,
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,
Arches o'er many a league the' indignant tide,
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,
To mine a passage to the beach below;
Thence from its neck that winter yoke to rend,
And down the gulf the crashing fragments send.
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,
Not wreck'd, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung,
Wrapt in the topmost shrouds there rests a boy,
His old sea-faring father's only joy;
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn;
Through fourscore years from port to port he veer'd,
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear'd;
Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,
His son at sea is ever in his eye.
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage:
He ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot;
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear;

Congeal'd to adamant, his frame shall last,
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groups embracing as they died,
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,
Behold the crew! — They sail'd, with hope elate,
For eastern Greenland: till, ensnared by fate,
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still:
The madness of the wildest gale that blows,
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,
When withering horror struck from heart to heart
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,
And each, a petrifaction at his post,
Look'd on yon father, and gave up the ghost; *
He meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glazed,
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,
— The' imperishable dead, that seem alive;
— The' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,
Bore his last words into eternity,
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,
Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.

* The Danish Chronicle says, that the Greenland colonists were tributary to the kings of Norway from the year 1023; soon after which they embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province is stated to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the superintendence of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408 the succession of seventeen bishops is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, Andrew, ordained bishop of Greenland by Askill, archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his diocese, but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never known. To his imagined fate this episode alludes.

Now motionless, amidst the icy air,
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.
The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,
Till thence the' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays;
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,
And round the' expiring saint such visions burn,
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown
Wide open to receive his soul; — 't is flown.
The glory vanishes, and over all
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night
Meet here with interchanging shade and light;
But from this bark no timber shall decay,
Of these cold forms no feature pass away;
Perennial ice around the' encrusted bow,
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts shall grow,
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid;
As in pure amber, with divergent lines,
A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.
From age to age increased with annual snow,
This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,
Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,
And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,
Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,
Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.

But when the' archangel's trumpet sounds on high,
The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,
And leave its dead, upstarting at the call,
Naked and pale, before the Judge of all.

Once more to Greenland's long forsaken beach,
Which foot of man again shall never reach,
Imagination wings her flight, explores
The march of Pestilence along the shores,
And sees how Famine in his steps hath paced,
While Winter laid the soil for ever waste.
Dwellings are heaps of fall'n or falling stones,
The charnel-houses of unburied bones,
On which obscene and prowling monsters fed,
But with the ravin in their jaws fell dead.
Thus while Destruction, blasting youth and age,
Raged till it wanted victims for its rage;
Love, the last feeling that from life retires,
Blew the faint spark of his unfuell'd fires.
In the cold sunshine of yon narrow dell
Affection lingers; — *there* two lovers dwell,
Greenland's whole family; nor long forlorn,
There comes a visitant; a babe is born.
O'er his meek helplessness the parents smiled;
'T was Hope; — for Hope is every mother's child:
Then seem'd they, in that world of solitude,
The Eve and Adam of a race renew'd.
Brief happiness! too perilous to last;
The moon hath wax'd and wan'd, and all is past:
Behold the end: — one morn, athwart the wall,
They mark'd the shadow of a reindeer fall.

Bounding in tameless freedom o'er the snow;
The father track'd him, and with fatal bow
Smote down the victim; but before his eyes,
A rabid she-bear pounced upon the prize;
A shaft into the spoiler's flank he sent,
She turn'd in wrath, and limb from limb had rent
The hunter; but his dagger's plunging steel,
With riven bosom, made the monster reel;
Unvanquish'd, both to closer combat flew,
Assailants each, till each the other slew;
Mingling their blood from mutual wounds, they lay
Stretch'd on the carcass of their antler'd prey.

Meanwhile his partner waits, her heart at rest,
No burden but her infant on her breast:
With him she slumbers, or with him she plays,
And tells him all her dreams of future days,
Asks him a thousand questions, feigns replies,
And reads whate'er she wishes in his eyes.
— Red evening comes; no husband's shadow falls,
Where fell the reindeer's o'er the latticed walls:
'T is night; no footstep sounds towards her door;
The day returns, — but he returns no more.
In frenzy forth she sallies; and with cries,
To which no voice except her own replies
In frightful echoes, starting all around,
Where human voice again shall never sound,
She seeks him, finds him not; some angel-guide
In mercy turns her from the corpse aside;
Perhaps his own freed spirit, lingering near,
Who waits to waft her to a happier sphere,

But leads her first, at evening, to their cot,
Where lies the little one, all day forgot;
Imparadised in sleep she finds him there,
Kisses his cheek, and breathes a mother's prayer.
Three days she languishes, nor can she shed
One tear, between the living and the dead;
When her lost spouse comes o'er the widow's thought,
The pangs of memory are to madness wrought;
But when her suckling's eager lips are felt,
Her heart would fain — but oh! it cannot — melt;
At length it breaks, while on her lap he lies,
With baby wonder gazing in her eyes.
Poor orphan! mine is not a hand to trace
Thy little story, last of all thy race!
Not long thy sufferings; cold and colder grown,
The arms that clasp thee chill thy limbs to stone.
— 'T is done: — from Greenland's coast, the latest sigh
Bore infant innocence beyond the sky.

END OF CANTO V.

APPENDIX TO GREENLAND.

CANTO I.

(A), page 9.

The story of the introduction of Christianity among the Sclavonic tribes is interesting. The Bulgarians, being borderers on the Greek empire, frequently made predatory incursions on the Imperial territory. On one occasion the sister of Bogaris, King of the Bulgarians, was taken prisoner, and carried to Constantinople. Being a royal captive, she was treated with great honor, and diligently instructed in the doctrines of the Gospel, of the truth of which she became so deeply convinced, that she desired to be baptized; and when, in 845, the Emperor Michael III. made peace with the Bulgarians, she returned to her country a pious and zealous Christian. Being earnestly concerned for the conversion of her brother and his people, she wrote to Constantinople for teachers to instruct them in the way of righteousness. Two distinguished bishops of the Greek Church, Cyrillus and Methodius, were accordingly sent into Bulgaria. The King Bogaris, who heretofore had resisted conviction, conceived a particular affection for Methodius, who, being a skilful painter, was desired by him, in the spirit of a barbarian, to compose a picture exhibiting the most horrible devices. Methodius took a happy advantage of this strange request, and painted the day of judgment in a style so terrific, and explained its scenes to his royal master in language so awful and affecting, that Bogaris was awakened, made a profession of the true

faith, and was baptized by the name of Michael, in honor of his benefactor the Greek Emperor. His subjects, according to the fashion of the times, some by choice, and others from constraint, adopted their master's religion. To Cyrillus is attributed the translation of the Scriptures still in use among the descendants of the Sclavonian tribes, which adhere to the Greek Church; and this is probably the most ancient European version of the Bible in a living tongue.

But notwithstanding this triumphant introduction of Christianity among these fierce nations (including the Bohemians and Moravians), multitudes adhered to idolatry, and among the nobles especially many continued Pagans, and in open or secret enmity against the new religion and its professors. In Bohemia, Duke Borziwog, having embraced the Gospel, was expelled by his chieftains, and one Stoymirus, who had been thirteen years in exile, and who was believed to be a heathen, was chosen by them as their prince. He being, however, soon detected in Christian worship, was deposed, and Borziwog recalled. The latter died soon after his restoration, leaving his widow, Ludomilla, regent during the minority of her son Wratislaus, who married a noble lady, named Drahomira. The young duchess, to ingratiate herself with her husband and her mother-in-law, affected to embrace Christianity, while in her heart she remained an implacable enemy to it. Her husband dying early, left her with two infant boys. Wenceslaus, the elder, was taken by his grandmother, the pious Ludomilla, and carefully educated in Christian principles; the younger, Boleslas, was not less carefully educated in hostility against them by Drahomira; who, seizing the government during the minority of her children, shut up the churches, forbade the clergy either to preach or teach in schools, and imprisoned, banished, or put to death those who disobeyed her edicts against the Gospel. But when her eldest son, Wenceslaus, became of age, he was persuaded by his grandmother and the principal Christian nobles to take possession of the government, which was his inheritance. He did so, and began his reign by removing his pagan mother and brother to a distance from the metropolis. Drahomira, transported with rage, resolved to rid herself of her mother-in-law whose influence over Wenceslaus was predominant. She found

two heathen assassins ready for her purpose, who, stealing unperceived into Ludomilla's oratory, fell upon her as she entered it for evening prayers, threw a rope round her neck, and strangled her. The remorseless Drahomira next plotted against Wenceslaus, to deprive him of the government; but her intrigues miscarrying, she proposed to her heathen son to murder him. An opportunity soon offered. On the birth of a son, Boleslas invited his Christian brother to visit him, and be present at a pretended ceremony of blessing the infant. Wenceslaus attended, and was treated with unwonted kindness; but, suspecting treachery, he could not sleep in his brother's house. He therefore went to spend the night in the church. Here, as he lay defenceless in an imagined sanctuary, Boleslas, instigated by their unnatural mother, surprised and slew him with his sabre. The murderer immediately usurped the sovereignty, and commenced a cruel persecution against the Christians, which was terminated by the interference of the Roman Emperor Otto I., who made war upon Boleslas, reduced him to the condition of a vassal, and gave peace to his persecuted subjects. This happened in the year 943.

(B), page 11.

The genuine followers of John Huss never approved of the war for religion carried on by Ziska, though many of them were identically involved in it. Rokyzan, a Calixtine, having with his party made a compromise with their sovereign and the priests, by which they were allowed the use of the cup in the sacrament, was made archbishop of Prague in the year 1435; and thenceforward, though he had been fully convinced of the truth of the doctrines promulgated by Huss, he became a treacherous friend or an open enemy of his followers, as it happened to serve the purposes of his ambition. The Pope, however, refused to confirm him in his new dignity, unless he would relinquish the cup; on which, for a time, he made great pretensions of undertaking a thorough reform in the church. All who hoped any thing good of him were disappointed, and none more

than his pious nephew Gregorius, who in vain, on behalf of the peace-loving Hussites, besought him to proceed in the work of church-regeneration. He refused peremptorily, at length, after having greatly dissimulated and temporized. His refusal was the immediate cause of the commencement of the Church of the United Brethren, in that form in which it has been recognized for nearly four hundred years. They were no sooner known, however, as "*Fratres legis Christi*," Brethren according to the rule of Christ, than they were persecuted as heretics. Among others, Gregorius, who is styled the "Patriarch of the Brethren," was apprehended at a private meeting with a number of his people. The judge who executed the royal authority, on entering the room, used these remarkable words:—"It is written, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; therefore, follow me, by command of the higher powers." They followed, and were sentenced to the torture. On the rack, Gregorius fell into a swoon, and all present supposed him to be dead. Hereupon his apostate uncle Rokyzan hastened to the spot, and falling upon his neck, with tears and loud lamentations bewailed him, exclaiming,—O, my dear Gregorius! would God I were where thou art!" His nephew, however, revived, and was set at liberty. He afterwards, according to tradition, declared that in his trance he had seen a vision;—a tree, covered with leaves and blossoms and fruits, on which many beautiful birds were feeding and melodiously singing. Under it was a shepherd's boy, and near at hand three venerable old men (as guardians of the tree), whose habiliments and countenances were those of the three persons who, several years afterwards, were consecrated the first bishops of the Church of the United Brethren, by Stephen, the last bishop of the Waldenses.

(C), page 12.

Comenius afterwards visited and resided in various parts of Germany, Holland, and England; everywhere, on his travels, recommending, with earnestness and importunity, the case of his oppressed brethren in Bohemia and Moravia to men in

power. But his appeals were in vain; and when, at the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, he found that nothing was provided for their protection in the free exercise of their religion, he published an affecting representation of the peculiar hardships of their church, in which he observed:—"We justly, indeed, deserve to bear the wrath of Almighty God; but will such men (alluding to the Protestant diplomatists and their constituent authorities) be able to justify their actions before God, who, forgetting the common cause of all Protestants, and the old covenants amongst us, neglect to assist those who are oppressed in the same engagements? Having made peace for themselves, they never gave it a thought, that the Bohemians and Moravians, who *at the first, and for so many centuries*, asserted the truth in opposition to Popery, were likewise worthy to be mutually considered by them; that the light of the Gospel, which first was enkindled and put upon the candlestick in the Brethren's church, might not now be extinguished, as it appears to be. This afflicted people, therefore, which on account of its faithful adherence to the apostolic doctrines, following the footsteps of the primitive church, and the instructions of the holy fathers, has been so much hated, persecuted, tossed to and fro, and even forsaken by those of its own household, and now finds mercy from no man;—this afflicted people has nothing left, but to cast itself upon the aid of the eternally merciful Lord God, and with the ancient prophet, when his nation was overthrown by its enemies, to exclaim,—'For these things I weep; mine eye, mine eye runneth down with water, because the Comforter that should relieve my soul is far from me.' Lam. i. 16.—But Thou, O Lord God! who abidest for ever and ever, and whose throne is eternal, why wilt Thou forget us, and even forsake us in this extremity? O bring us, Lord, again to Thyself, that we may return to our homes. Renew our days as of old." In 1649, Comenius published a history of the Brethren's Church, which he dedicated, as his "last will and testament," to *the Church of England*, to preserve for the successors of the brethren in future ages, as to the last hour of his life he cherished the hope of their revival and establishment in peace and freedom.—This work was translated from the original Latin, and published in London in 1661.

(D), page 13.

Previous to the Reformation, for about fifty years, the prisons in Bohemia, and especially at Prague, were filled, from time to time, in consequence of special decrees, with members of the Brethren's Church. Michael, one of their first bishops, was long under rigorous confinement. Many perished in deep dungeons, with cold and hunger; others were cruelly tortured. The remainder were obliged to seek refuge in thick forests, and to hide themselves by day in caverns and recesses among the rocks. Fearing to be betrayed in the daytime by the smoke, they kindled their fires only at night, around which they employed their time in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. If they were under the necessity of going out in the snow, either to seek provisions or to visit their neighbors, they always walked behind one another, each in his turn treading in the footsteps of the first, and the last dragging a piece of brushwood after him, to obliterate the track, or to make it appear as if some poor peasant had been to the woods to fetch a bundle of sticks. With the first Reformers, Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, Melancthon, Bucer, and Capito, the Brethren held the most friendly correspondence, and by all were acknowledged to be a true apostolical church. The strictness of their church-discipline, however, and the difference which subsisted among these great men themselves on that general subject, as well as the insulated locality of the Brethren, probably were the causes why they remained still totally distinct from any of the new Christian societies which were then instituted. *After* the Reformation, especially about the beginning and till the middle of the seventeenth century, they were exposed to the same kind of persecutions and proscriptions which their ancestors had suffered. After the death of the Emperor Rudolph, in 1612, the resolutions of the Council of Trent were decreed to be put in force against all Protestants in Bohemia. This occasioned a civil war, like that of the Hussites. The Brethren, though they are understood to have taken very little share in this defence of the truth, by weapons of carnal warfare, were

nevertheless exposed to all the vindictive cruelty by which the Protestants in Bohemia were nearly extirpated, after their defeat by the Imperialists, on the White Mountain, near Prague, in 1620. On the 21st June, 1621, no less than *twenty-seven* of the Patrons (*Defensores*) of the Protestant cause, principally nobles and men of distinction, were beheaded, who all died as faithful witnesses and martyrs to the religion of Christ. This execution was followed by a decree of banishment against all ministers of the Brethren's churches in Bohemia and Moravia. Many hundred families, both noble and plebeian, fled into the neighboring provinces. Emigration, however, was rendered as difficult as possible to the common people, who were strictly watched by the emissaries of persecution. Many thousands, notwithstanding, gradually made their escape, and joined their ministers in exile; others, who from age, infirmity, or the burden of large families, could not do the same, remained in their country, but were compelled to worship God, after the manner of their forefathers, in secret only; for thenceforward neither churches nor schools for Protestants were allowed to exist in Bohemia and Moravia. Search was made for their Bibles and religious books, which were burnt in piles, and in some places under the gallows.

(E), page 15.

After the lapse of nearly a century, during which the refugees of the Brethren's churches, in Saxony, Poland, and Prussia were nearly lost among the people with whom they associated, and the small remnant that continued in Moravia kept up the fire on their family altars, while in their churches it was utterly extinct, a new persecution against this small remnant drove many of them from their homes, who, under the conduct of Christian David, finding an asylum on the estates of Count Zinzendorf, founded near Bertholsdorf the first congregation of the revived church of the United Brethren. On the 8th of June, 1722, Christian David, with four of the first fugitives that arrived in Lusatia, were presented to Count Zinzendorf's grandmother, who instantly gave them protection,

and promised to furnish them with the means of establishing themselves on one of her family estates. Count Zinzendorf himself gives the following account of the circumstances under which he fixed upon the situation for these settlers. He proposed a district called the Hutberg, near the high road to Zittau. It was objected, by some who knew the place, that there was no water there: he answered, "God is able to help!" and the following morning early he repaired thither to observe the rising of the vapors, that he might determine where a well might be dug. The next morning he again visited the place alone, and satisfied himself of its eligibility for a settlement. He adds, "I laid the misery and desire of these people before God with many tears; beseeching Him that his hand might be with me and frustrate my measures, if they were in any way displeasing to Him. I said further to the Lord,—'Upon this spot I will, in thy name, build the first house for them.' In the mean time the Moravians returned to the farm-house (where they had been previously lodged), having brought their families thither out of their native country. These I assisted to the best of my power, and then went to Hennersdorf to acquaint my lady (his grandmother aforementioned) with the resolution I had taken. She made no objection, and immediately sent the poor strangers a cow, that they might be furnished with milk for their little children; and she ordered me to show them the trees to be cut down for their building."

CANTO III.

(F), page 35.

Crantz says,—"On the 10th of April the Brethren went on board the king's ship Caritas, Captain Hildebrande, accompanied with many sincere wishes for blessing from the court (of Denmark) and all benevolent minds. The congregation at Herrnhut had a custom, from the year 1729, before the

commencement of a year, to compile a little manual, containing a text of Holy Scripture for every day in the same, and each illustrated or applied by a verse annexed, out of the hymn-book. This text was called the word of the day; it was given to be the subject of meditation with each member of the church in private, and of discourse by the ministers in the public meeting. Many a time it has been found that the word of the day, on which some peculiar event occurred, has remarkably coincided with it. Thus on this 10th of April, when our brethren set sail (from Copenhagen) on a mission, which often afterwards seemed to baffle all hope, the word was (Heb. xi. 1), 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.'

'We view Him, whom no eye can see,
With faith's perspective steadfastly.'

In this confidence they set sail, nor did they suffer themselves to be confounded by any of the unspeakable difficulties of the following years, till they and we at last beheld the completion of what they hoped for by faith. They had a speedy, and, excepting some storms, a commodious voyage. They sailed by Shetland, April 22d, passing there out of the North into the West Sea, or long reach, and entered Davis's Straits about the beginning of May. On the 6th they fell among some floating ice, in a thick fog, and the next day were assailed by a terrible tempest; but this very tempest drove the ice so far asunder, that it also dissipated their fears. The 13th they descried land; but on the same day, after a total eclipse of the sun, there arose a violent storm, that lasted four days and nights, and drove them sixty leagues back. May the 20th, they entered Ball's River, after a voyage of six weeks. The word of the day was, 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ.' By this they were frequently encouraged in the first years ensuing, amidst all the opposition which they encountered, and the small prospect of the conversion of the heathens."

(G), page 43.

The Greenlanders believe that the sun and moon are sister and brother. They, with other children, were once playing together in the dark, when Aninga behaving rudely to his sister Malina, she rubbed her hands in the soot about the extinguished lamp and smeared his face, that she might discover by daylight who was her tormentor; and thus the dusky spots on the moon had their origin; for she, struggling to escape, slipped out of his arms, soared aloft, and became the sun. He followed up into the firmament, and was transformed into the moon; but as he has never been able to rise so high as she, he continues running after her, with the vain hope of overtaking her. When he is tired and hungry, in his last quarter, he sets out from his house a seal-hunting, on a sledge drawn by four great dogs, and stays several days abroad to recruit and fatten; and this produces the full moon. He rejoices when the women die, and Malina, in revenge, rejoices when the men die; therefore the men keep at home during an eclipse of the sun, and the women during an eclipse of the moon. When he is in eclipse, Aninga prowls about the dwellings of the Greenlanders, to plague the females, and steal provisions and skins, nay even to kill those persons who have not duly observed the laws of temperance. At these times they hide their most precious goods; and the men carry kettles and chests to the tops of their houses, and rattle upon them with cudgels to frighten away the moon, and make him return to his place in the sky During an eclipse of the sun, the men skulk in terror into the darkest corners, while the women pinch the ears of their dogs; and if these cry out, it is a sure omen that the end of the world is not yet come: for as dogs existed before men, according to Greenland logic, they must have a quicker foresight into futurity. Should the dogs be mute, (which of course they never are, under such ill treatment,) then the dissolution of all things must be at hand. — See Crantz

CANTO IV.

(H), page 56.

An Icelander, named Bioern, in the year 1001, following his father, who had emigrated to Greenland, is said to have been driven by a storm to the south-west, where he discovered a fine champaign country covered with forests. He did not tarry long there, but made the best of his way back again, north-east, for Greenland, which he reached in safety. The tidings of his adventure being rumored abroad there, one Leif, the son of Eric the Red, a famous navigator, being ambitious of acquiring fame, by discovering and planting new lands, fitted out a vessel, with thirty-five men, and sailed with Bioern on board, in search of the south-west country. They arrived, in due time, at a low woody coast, and sailed up a river to a spacious lake, which communicated by it with the sea. The soil was exceedingly fruitful, the waters abounded with fish, particularly salmon, and the climate was mild. Leif and his party wintered there, and observed that, on the shortest day, the sun rose about eight o'clock, which may correspond with the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and denotes the situation of Newfoundland, or the river St. Lawrence in Canada. When they built their huts, after landing, they one day missed a German mariner named Tyrker, whom, after a long search, they found in the woods, dancing with delight. On being asked what made him so merry, he answered, that he had been eating such grapes as those of which wine was made in his native country. When Leif saw and tasted the fruit himself, he called the new region Vünland, or Wineland. Crantz, who gives this account, on various authorities, adds in a note, that "well-flavored wild grapes are known to grow in the forests of Canada, but no good wine has been produced from them." — After the return of Leif to Greenland, many voyages were undertaken to Wineland, and some colonies established there. One Thorfin, an Icelander, who had married a Greenland

heiress, Gudrid, the widow of the third son of Eric the Red, by whom he obtained the inheritance of Wineland, ventured thither with sixty-five men and five women; taking cattle and implements of husbandry with them, for the purpose of building and planting. The natives (probably the Esquimaux) found them thus settled, and were glad to barter with their furs and skins in exchange for iron instruments, etc. One of these barbarians, however, having stolen an axe, was dolt enough to try its edge on his companion's skull, which cost the poor wretch his life; whereupon a third, wiser than either, threw the murderous weapon into the sea. — Commerce with Wineland is reported to have been carried on for upwards of an hundred years afterwards.

(I), page 61.

The ancestors of the modern inhabitants first appeared on the western coast of Greenland in the fourteenth century, and are generally supposed to have overpowered the few Norwegians scattered in that quarter. They are called Skraellings, a word of uncertain etymology, but most probably a corruption of Karallit, or people, by which they designated themselves. Of their origin nothing can be ascertained. It seems, on the whole, not incredible (from evidence and arguments which need not be quoted here), that they are the descendants of Tartarean rovers, gradually emigrating from the heart of Asia, crossing over into West America, traversing the northern latitudes of that continent, and settling or wandering, as suited their convenience, till the foremost hordes reached Canada and Labrador; from whence the first Skraellings may have found a passage, by land or sea, to Greenland. That the Greenlanders are of the same stock with the Esquimaux, is obvious from the remarkable correspondence between their persons, dress, habitations, boats, and implements of hunting and fishing, as well as the similarity of manners, customs, superstitions, and language. Of these more may be said hereafter, should the poem of GREENLAND ever be completed. Meanwhile the slight sketch given

n the context may suffice. The following description of a Greenlander's fishing-boat, or kayak, will, however, be useful to illustrate the passage. The kayak is six yards in length, pointed at the head and stern and shaped like a weaver's shuttle; it is at the same time scarcely a foot and a half broad over the middle, and not more than a foot deep. It is built of a slender skeleton of wood, consisting of a keel, and long side-laths, with cross-ribs, like hoops but not quite round. The whole is covered with seal's skin. In the middle of this covering there is a round aperture, supported with a strong rim of wood or bone. The Greenlander slips into the cavity with his feet, and sits down upon a board covered with soft skins; he then tucks his water-pelt or great coat, so tight about him (the rim of the opening forming a girdle round his loins), that no water can penetrate into his little skiff. His lance, harpoon, and fishing tackle are all arranged in due order before him. His pautik, or oar, (made of red deal, and strengthened with bone inlaid,) he uses with admirable dexterity. This, except when he is using his weapon, he grasps with both hands in the middle, striking the water on either side alternately, by which means he can sail at the rate of twenty or even twenty-four leagues a day. In his kayak the Greenlander fears no storm, so long as he can keep his oar, which enables him to sit upright among the roughest breakers, or if overturned, while the head is downward under water, with one stroke he can recover himself; but if he loses his oar, in a high sea, he loses all. No European has ever yet been able to learn to manage a kayak except in calm weather, and when he had nothing to do but to row; to fish in it has been found impracticable to any but the natives themselves, trained from their infancy to all the hardy exercises which constituted, before the introduction of Christianity, the whole education of the poor barbarians.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOPE.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF SERAFINO AQUILANO.

Hope, unyielding to despair,
Springs for ever fresh and fair;
Earth's serenest prospects fly,
Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
Though honor, wealth, and friends depart,
She cannot drive, with all her power,
This lonely solace from the heart:
And while this the soul sustains,
Fortune still unchanged remains;
Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
Hope upon the circle rides.

The Syrens, deep in ocean's caves,
Sing while abroad the tempests roar,
Expecting soon the frantic waves
To ripple on a smiling shore:

In the whirlwind, o'er the spray,
They behold the halcyon play;
And through midnight clouds afar
Hope lights up the morning star.

This pledge of bliss in future years
Makes smooth and easy every toil;
The swain, who sows the waste with tears,
In fancy reaps a teeming soil:
What though mildew blight his joy,
Frost or flood his crops destroy,
War compel his feet to roam,
Hope still carols Harvest Home!

The monarch exiled from his realm,
The slave in fetters at the oar,
The seaman sinking by the helm,
The captive on his dungeon floor;
All through peril, pain, and death,
Fondly cling to parting breath;
Glory, freedom, power, are past,
But the dream of Hope will last.

Weary and faint, with sickness worn,
Blind, lame, and deaf, and bent with age,
By man the load of life is borne
To his last step of pilgrimage:
Though the branch no longer shoot,
Vigor lingers at the root,
And in Winter's dreariest day
Hope foretells returning May.

When, wrung with guilt, the wretch would end
His gloomy days in sudden night,
Hope comes, an unexpected friend,
To win him back to hated light:
"Hold!" she cries; and from his hand
Plucks the suicidal brand;
"Now await a happier doom,
Hope will cheer thee to the tomb."

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
And sore afflictions press the mind,
Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
Till all the world again looks kind:
Round the good man's dying bed,
Were the wreck of Nature spread,
Hope would set his spirit free,
Crying — "Immortality!"

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's Love, — how sweet the name!
What *is* a Mother's love?
— A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
  Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
  Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
  This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
  Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
  Nor weep for grief — for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
  Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
  Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
  Yet, ah! remember this, —
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die, — to curse his birth;
  — Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
  The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
  Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame, — destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
  Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The dayspring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son
— Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that Mother's Love.*

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear, of God:
Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love! — how sweet the name!
What *was* that Mother's Love?
— The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's Love.

* 2 Tim. i. 5, and iii. 14, 15.

1814.

THE TIME-PIECE.

WHO is *He* so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be?
Time: — behold his pictured face!
Moments: — can you count their race?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky
His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown;

Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the relics of an age.

Who could bear the revelation?
Who abide the sudden test?
— With instinctive consternation,
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
On his neighbor's shame durst look?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till, — the earth's last circuit run,
Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun, —
On the sea and on the land,
Shall a midnight Angel stand: —

Stand; — and, while the' abysses tremble,
Swear that Time shall be no more:
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment-seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, *Months*, *Years*, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive, — and from all regions,
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes:
— God, all-searching! God, all-seeing!
Oh! appease them, ere they rise:
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee;
God, be merciful to me!

Liverpool, 1816.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER, OF LIVERPOOL,

WHO WAS DROWNED, WHILE BATHING IN THE TIDE, ON THE 5TH OF AUGUST, 1811, IN HIS 21ST YEAR.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." — *Psalm* lxxvii. 19.

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise;
To Thee I consecrate my lays,
To whom my powers belong!
These gifts upon thine altar strown
O GOD! accept — accept thine own;
My gifts are Thine, — be Thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair,
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With GOD begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the Sun at noon,
The wandering Stars, the changing Moon,

The Wind, the Flood, the Flame;
I will not bow the votive knee
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;
"There *is* no God but GOD" for me;
—JEHOVAH is his name.

Him through all nature I explore,
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above;
But clearest in the human mind,
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

Oh! there was ONE, — on earth awhile
He dwelt; — but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by;
He came, like lightning from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Mild in his undissembling mien,
Were genius, candor, meekness seen;
— The lips, that loved the truth;
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Look'd to eternity through time;
The soul, whose hopes were wont to climb
Above the joys of youth

Of old, before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the curtain'd ark,
The child of Hannah's prayer
Heard, through the temple's silent round,
A living voice, nor knew the sound,
— That thrice alarm'd him, ere he found
The Lord, who chose him there.*

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
A prophet from a child, approved,
Spencer his course began;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried victory in his face;
He triumph'd as he ran.

How short his day! — the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won:
— The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible to wield
The Spirit's sword, the Spirit's shield,
When, lo! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the western main,
And leaves the world in night;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost;

* 1 Sam. iii.

Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
  Thus sprang his soul to light.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep,
That saw him, from the ravening deep,
  Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
For ever bowed his honor'd head,
The spirit in a moment fled,
The heart of friendship cold and dead,
  The limbs a wreath of clay!

Revolving his mysterious lot,
I mourn him, but I praise him not;
  Glory to GOD be given,
Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
His covenant of peace to show;
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,
  Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom that youth was dear,
The Angel of thy mercies here,
  Behold the path he trod,
"A milky way" through midnight skies!
— Behold the grave in which he lies;
Even from this dust thy prophet cries,
  "*Prepare to meet thy GOD.*"

HUMAN LIFE.

JOB XIV.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
— Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night,
— Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep:
— Our life is vanity.

Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
— Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be pa_,
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

THE VISIBLE CREATION.

THE GOD of Nature and of Grace
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'T was He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the firmament your eye,
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

He bows the heavens — the mountains stand
A highway for their God;
He walks amidst the desert land,
— 'T is Eden where He trod.

The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the LORD GOD'S voice
Is heard among the trees.

Here on the hills He feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains:
His praise is warbled by the birds;
— O could we catch their strains!

— Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light,
Or with the nightingale prolong
Our numbers through the night!

In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows,
— The breath of life and health.

His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruit, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.

If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will Paradise be found!

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GAETANA PASSERINI.

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
And I to Him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."
If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower,
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say, — "I, too, extol the power
Of Him, who caused me, at his will, to be."

The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains raise one song;
"Glory to God!" re-echoes in mine ear:
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

SONNET.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATTISTA COTTA.

I saw the' eternal God, in robes of light,
Rise from his throne, — to judgment forth he came;
His presence pass'd before me, like the flame
That fires the forest in the depth of night:
Whirlwind and storm, amazement and affright,
Compass'd his path, and shook all Nature's frame,
When from the heaven of heavens, with loud acclaim,
To earth he wing'd his instantaneous flight.

As some triumphal oak, whose boughs have spread
Their changing foliage through a thousand years,
Bows to the rushing wind its glorious head,
The universal arch of yonder spheres
Sunk with the pressure of its Maker's tread,
And earth's foundations quaked with mortal fears

SONNET.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF CRESCIMBENI.

I ASK'D the Heavens, — "What foe to GOD hath done
This unexampled deed?" — The Heavens exclaim,
"'T was Man; — and we in horror snatch'd the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."

I ask'd the Sea; — the Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storms, "'T was Man:
My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,
Disclosed the' abyss, and from the centre ran."

I ask'd the Earth; — the Earth replied aghast,
"'T was Man; — and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
— To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And ask'd him next: — *He* turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deign'd me no reply.

THE BIBLE.

What is the world! — A wildering maze,
Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
  Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
  All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
  Down to eternal night;
— *One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
  From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path?
The Bible: — He alone who hath
  The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
  Himself shall lose the way.

INSTRUCTION.

From heaven descend the drops of dew,
From heaven the gracious showers,
Earth's winter-aspect to renew,
And clothe the spring with flowers;
From heaven the beams of morning flow,
That melt the gloom of night;
From heaven the evening breezes blow,
Health, fragrance, and delight.

Like genial dew, like fertile showers,
The words of wisdom fall,
Awaken man's unconscious powers,
Strength out of weakness call:
Like morning beams they strike the mind,
Its loveliness reveal;
And softer than the evening wind
The wounded spirit heal.

As dew and rain, as light and air,
From heaven Instruction came,
The waste of Nature to repair,
Kindle a sacred flame;
A flame to purify the earth,
Exalt her sons on high,

And train them for their second birth,
— Their birth beyond the sky.

Albion! on every human soul,
By thee be knowledge shed,
Far as the ocean-waters roll,
Wide as the shores are spread:
Truth makes thy children free at home;
Oh! that thy flag, unfurl'd,
Might shine, where'er thy children roam,
Truth's banner round the world.

London, 1812.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE

REV. THOMAS TAYLOR;

After having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

"SERVANT of GOD! well done,
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
— The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear:
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, — but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen:
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it smote between:
'T was death to sin; — 't was life
To all that mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low:
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy GOD prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Bursts its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

ON THE ROYAL INFANT,

STILL-BORN, NOV. 5, 1817.

A THRONE on earth awaited thee;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.

Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime;
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The mother knew her offspring dead:
Oh! was it grief, or was it love
That broke her heart? — The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
The path to heaven: — the meeting there,
And how they stood before their GOD,
The day of judgment shall declare.

A MIDNIGHT THOUGHT.

In a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd;
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.

Is the dream of Nature flown?
Is the universe destroy'd,
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void?

No:—my soul, in God rejoice!
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place:
Fearless in the day of doom,
May I stand before his face!

A NIGHT IN A STAGE-COACH;

BEING A MEDITATION ON THE WAY BETWEEN LONDON AND BRISTOL,

SEPTEMBER 23, 1815.

I TRAVEL all the irksome night,
By ways to me unknown;
I travel, like a bird in flight,
Onward, and all alone.

In vain I close my weary eyes,
They will not, cannot sleep,
But, like the watchers of the skies,
Their twinkling vigils keep.

My thoughts are wandering wild and far;
From earth to heaven they dart;
Now wing their flight from star to star,
Now dive into my heart.

Backward they roll the tide of time,
And live through vanish'd years,
Or hold their "colloquy sublime"
With future hopes and fears;

Then passing joys and present woes
Chase through my troubled mind,
Repose still seeking, — but repose
Not for a moment find.

So yonder lone and lovely moon
Gleams on the clouds gone by,
Illumines those around her noon,
Yet westward points her eye.

Nor wind nor flood her course delay,
Through heaven I see her glide;
She never pauses on her way
She never turns aside.

With anxious heart and throbbing brain,
Strength, patience, spirits gone,
Pulses of fire in every vein,
Thus, thus I journey on.

But soft! — in Nature's failing hour,
Up springs a breeze, — I feel
Its balmy breath, its cordial power,
— A power to soothe and heal.

Lo! grey, and gold, and crimson streaks
The gorgeous east adorn,
While o'er the empurpled mountain breaks
The glory of the morn.

Insensibly the stars retire,
Exhaled like drops of dew;
Now through an arch of living fire,
The sun comes forth to view.

The hills, the vales, the waters burn
With his enkindling rays,
No sooner touch'd than they return
A tributary blaze.

His quickening light on me descends,
His cheering warmth I own;
Upward to him my spirit tends,
But worships GOD alone.

Oh! that on me, with beams benign,
His countenance would turn:
I too should then arise and shine,
— Arise, and shine, and burn.

Slowly I raise my languid head,
Pain and soul-sickness cease;
The phantoms of dismay are fled,
And health returns, and peace.

Where is the beauty of the scene,
Which silent night display'd?
The clouds, the stars, the blue serene,
The moving light and shade?

All gone! — the moon, erewhile so bright,
Veil'd with a dusky shroud,
Seems, in the sun's o'erpowering light,
The fragment of a cloud.

At length, I reach my journey's end:
— Welcome that well-known face!
I meet a brother and a friend;
I find a resting-place.

Just such a pilgrimage is life;
Hurried from stage to stage,
Our wishes with our lot at strife,
Through childhood to old age.

The world is seldom what it seems. —
To man, who dimly sees,
Realities appear as dreams,
And dreams realities.

The Christian's years, though slow their flight,
When he is call'd away,
Are but the watches of a night,
And Death the dawn of day.

THE REIGN OF SPRING.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?
Yet who would choose, however dear,
That Spring should revel all the year?
— Who loves not Summer's splendid reign,
The bridal of the earth and main?
Yet who would choose, however bright,
A Dog-day noon without a night?
— Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenew'd decay?
— Who loves not Winter's awful form?
The sphere-born music of the storm?
Yet who would choose, how grand soever,
The shortest day to last for ever?

'T was in that age renown'd, remote,
When all was true that Esop wrote;
And in that land of fair Ideal,
Where all that poets dream is real;
Upon a day of annual state,
The Seasons met in high debate.
There blush'd young Spring in maiden pride,
Blithe Summer look'd a gorgeous bride,

Staid Autumn moved with matron-grace,
And beldame Winter pursed her face.
Dispute grew wild; all talk'd together;
The four at once made wondrous weather;
Nor one (whate'er the rest had shown)
Heard any reason but her own,
While each (for nothing else was clear)
Claim'd the whole circle of the year.

Spring, in possession of the field,
Compell'd her sisters soon to yield:
They part, — resolved elsewhere to try
A twelvemonth's empire of the sky;
And, calling off their airy legions,
Alighted in adjacent regions.
Spring o'er the eastern champaign smiled,
Fell Winter ruled the northern wild,
Summer pursued the sun's red car,
But Autumn loved the twilight star.

As Spring parades her new domain,
Love, Beauty, Pleasure, hold her train;
Her footsteps wake the flowers beneath,
That start, and blush, and sweetly breathe;
Her gales on nimble pinions rove,
And shake to foliage every grove;
Her voice, in dell and thicket heard,
Cheers on the nest the mother-bird;
The ice-lock'd streams, as if they felt
Her touch, to liquid diamond melt;

The lambs around her bleat and play;
The serpent flings his slough away,
And shines in orient colors dight,
A flexile ray of living light.
Nature unbinds her wintry shroud
(As the soft sunshine melts the cloud),
With infant gambols sports along,
Bounds into youth, and soars in song.
The morn impearls her locks with dew,
Noon spreads a sky of boundless blue,
The rainbow spans the evening scene,
The night is silent and serene,
Save when her lonely minstrel wrings
The heart with sweetness while he sings.
— Who would not wish, unrivall'd here,
That Spring might frolic all the year?

Three months are fled, and still she reigns,
Exulting queen o'er hills and plains;
The birds renew their nuptial vow,
Nestlings themselves are lovers now;
Fresh broods each bending bough receives,
Till feathers far outnumber leaves;
But kites in circles swim the air,
And sadden music to despair.
The stagnant pools, the quaking bogs,
Teem, croak, and crawl with hordes of frogs;
The matted woods, the' infected earth,
Are venomous with reptile-birth;
Armies of locusts cloud the skies;
With beetles hornets, gnats with flies,

Interminable warfare wage,
And madden heaven with insect-rage.

The flowers are wither'd; — sun nor dew
Their fallen glories shall renew;
The flowers are wither'd; — germ nor seed
Ripen in garden, wild, or mead:
The corn-fields shoot: — their blades, alas!
Run riot in luxuriant grass.
The tainted flocks, the drooping kine,
In famine of abundance pine,
Where vegetation, sour, unsound,
And loathsome, rots and rankles round;
Nature with nature seems at strife;
Nothing can live but monstrous life
By death engender'd; — food and breath
Are turn'd to elements of death;
And where the soil his victims strew,
Corruption quickens them anew.

But ere the year was half expired,
Spring saw her folly, and retired;
Yoked her light chariot to a breeze,
And mounted to the Pleiades;
Content with them to rest or play
Along the calm nocturnal way;
Till, heaven's remaining circuit run,
They meet the pale hybernal sun,
And, gaily mingling in his blaze,
Hail the true dawn of vernal days.

THE REIGN OF SUMMER.

The hurricanes are fled; the rains,
That plough'd the mountains, wreck'd the plains,
Have pass'd away before the wind,
And left a wilderness behind,
As if an ocean had been there
Exhaled, and left its channels bare.
But, with a new and sudden birth,
Nature replenishes the earth;
Plants, flowers, and shrubs, o'er all the land
So promptly rise, so thickly stand,
As if they heard a voice, — and came,
Each at the calling of its name.
The tree, by tempests stript and rent,
Expands its verdure like a tent,
Beneath whose shade, in weary length,
The' enormous lion rests his strength,
For blood, in dreams of hunting, burns,
Or, chased himself, to fight returns;
Growls in his sleep, a dreary sound,
Grinds his wedged teeth, and spurns the ground;
While monkeys, in grotesque amaze,
Down from their bending perches gaze,
But when he lifts his eye of fire,
Quick to the topmost boughs retire.

Loud o'er the mountains bleat the flocks;
The goat is bounding on the rocks;
Far in the valleys range the herds;
The welkin gleams with flitting birds,
Whose plumes such gorgeous tints adorn,
They seem the offspring of the morn.
From nectar'd flowers and groves of spice,
Earth breathes the air of Paradise;
Her mines their hidden wealth betray,
Treasures of darkness burst to day;
O'er golden sands the rivers glide,
And pearls and amber track the tide.
Of every sensual bliss possess'd,
Man riots here; — but *is* he bless'd?
And would he choose, for ever bright,
This Summer-day without a night?
For here hath Summer fix'd her throne,
Intent to reign, — and reign alone.

Daily the sun, in his career,
Hotter and higher, climbs the sphere,
Till from the zenith, in his rays,
Without a cloud or shadow, blaze
The realms beneath him: — in his march,
On the blue key-stone of heaven's arch,
He stands; — air, earth, and ocean lie
Within the presence of his eye.
The wheel of Nature seems to rest,
Nor rolls him onward to the west.

Till thrice three days of noon unchanged,
That torrid clime have so deranged,
Nine years may not the wrong repair;
But summer checks the ravage there;
Yet still enjoins the sun to steer
By the stern Dog-star round the year,
With dire extremes of day and night,
Tartarean gloom, celestial light.

In vain the gaudy season shines,
Her beauty fades, her power declines;
Then first her bosom felt a care;
— No healing breeze embalm'd the air,
No mist the mountain-tops bedew'd,
Nor shower the arid vale renew'd;
The herbage shrunk: the ploughman's toil
Scatter'd to dust the crumbling soil;
Blossoms were shed; the' umbrageous wood,
Laden with sapless foliage, stood;
The streams, impoverish'd day by day,
Lessen'd insensibly away;
Where cattle sought, with piteous moans,
The vanish'd lymph, midst burning stones,
And tufts of wither'd reeds, that fill
The wonted channel of the rill;
Till, stung with hornets, mad with thirst,
In sudden rout, away they burst,
Nor rest, till where some channel deep
Gleams in small pools, whose waters sleep;

There with huge draught and eager eye
Drink for existence, — drink and die!

But direr evils soon arose,
Hopeless, unmitigable woes;
Man proves the shock; through all his veins
The frenzy of the season reigns;
With pride, lust, rage, ambition blind,
He burns in every fire of mind,
Which kindles from insane desire,
Or fellest hatred can inspire;
Reckless whatever ill befall,
He dares to do and suffer all
That heart can think, that arm can deal,
Or out of hell a fury feel.

There stood in that romantic clime,
A mountain awfully sublime;
O'er many a league the basement spread,
It tower'd in many an airy head,
Height over height, — now gay, now wild,
The peak with ice eternal piled;
Pure in mid-heaven, that crystal cone
A diadem of glory shone,
Reflecting, in the night-fall'n sky,
The beams of day's departed eye;
Or holding, ere the dawn begun,
Communion with the' unrisen sun.
The cultured sides were clothed with woods,
Vineyards, and fields; or track'd with floods,

Whose glacier fountains, hid on high,
Sent down their rivers from the sky.
O'er plains, that mark'd its gradual scale,
On sunny slope, in shelter'd vale,
Earth's universal tenant, — He,
Who lives wherever life may be,
Sole, social, fix'd, or free to roam,
Always and everywhere at home,
Man pitch'd his tents, adorn'd his bowers,
Built temples, palaces, and towers,
And made that Alpine world his own,
— The miniature of every zone,
From brown savannas parch'd below,
To ridges of cerulean snow.

Those high-lands form'd a last retreat
From rapid Summer's fatal heat:
Though not unfelt her fervors there,
Vernal and cool the middle air;
While from the icy pyramid
Streams of unfailing freshness slid,
That long had slaked the thirsty land,
Till avarice, with insatiate hand,
Their currents check'd; in sunless caves,
And rock-bound dells, ingulf'd the waves,
And thence in scanty measures doled,
Or turn'd heaven's bounty into gold.
Ere long the dwellers on the plain
Murmur'd, — their murmurs were in vain;

Petition'd, — but their prayers were spurn'd;
Threaten'd, — defiance was return'd;
Then rang both regions with alarms;
Blood-kindling trumpets blew to arms;
The maddening drum and deafening fife
Marshall'd the elements of strife:
Sternly the mountaineers maintain
Their rights against the' insurgent plain;
The plain's indignant myriads rose
To wrest the mountain from their foes,
Resolved its blessings to enjoy
By dint of valor, — or destroy.

The legions met in war-array;
The mountaineers brook'd no delay;
Aside their missile weapons threw,
From holds impregnable withdrew,
And, rashly brave, with sword and shield,
Rush'd headlong to the open field.
Their foes the' auspicious omen took,
And raised a battle-shout that shook
The champaign; — stanch and keen for blood,
Front threatening front, the columns stood;
But, while like thunder-clouds they frown,
In tropic haste the sun went down;
Night o'er both armies stretch'd her tent,
The star-bespangled firmament,
Whose placid host, revolving slow,
Smile on the' impatient hordes below,

That chafe and fret the hours away,
Curse the dull gloom, and long for day,
Though destined by their own decree
No other day nor night to see.
— That night is past, that day begun;
Swift as he sunk ascends the sun,
And from the red horizon springs
Upward, as borne on eagle-wings:
Aslant each army's lengthen'd lines,
O'er shields and helms he proudly shines,
While spears, that catch his lightnings keen,
Flash them athwart the space between.
Before the battle-shock, when breath
And pulse are still, — awaiting death;
In that cold pause, which seems to be
The prelude to eternity,
When fear, e'er yet a blow is dealt,
Betray'd by none, by all is felt;
While, moved beneath their feet, the tomb
Widens her lap to make them room;
— Till, in the onset of the fray,
Fear, feeling, thought are cast away,
And foaming, raging, mingling foes,
Like billows dash'd in conflict, close,
Charge, strike, repel, wound, struggle, fly,
Gloriously win, unconquer'd die: —
Here in dread silence, while they stand,
Each with a death-stroke in his hand,
His eye fix'd forward, and his ear
Tingling the signal blast to hear;

The trumpet sounds; — one note, — no more;
The field, the fight, the war is o'er;
An earthquake rent the void between;
A moment show'd, and shut the scene;
Men, chariots, steeds, — of either host,
The flower, the pride, the strength were lost·
A solitude remains; — the dead
Are buried there, — the living fled.

Nor yet the reign of Summer closed;
— At night in their own homes reposed
The fugitives, on either side,
Who 'scaped the death their comrades died;
When, lo! with many a giddy shock
The mountain-cliffs began to rock,
And deep below the hollow ground
Ran a strange mystery of sound,
As if, in chains and torments there,
Spirits were venting their despair.
That sound, those shocks, the sleepers woke;
In trembling consternation, broke
Forth from their dwellings, young and old;
— Nothing abroad their eyes behold
But darkness so intensely wrought,
'T was blindness in themselves they thought.
Anon, aloof, with sudden rays,
Issued so fierce, so broad a blaze,
That darkness started into light,
And every eye, restored to sight,

Gazed on the glittering crest of snows,
Whence the bright conflagration rose,
Whose flames condensed at once aspire,
— A pillar of celestial fire,
Alone amidst infernal shade,
In glorious majesty display'd:
Beneath, from rifted caverns, broke
Volumes of suffocating smoke,
That roll'd in surges, like a flood,
By the red radiance turn'd to blood;
Morn look'd aghast upon the scene,
Nor could a sunbeam pierce between
The panoply of vapors, spread
Above, around the mountain's head.

In distant fields, with drought consumed,
Joy swell'd all hearts, all eyes illumed,
When from that peak, through lowering skies,
Thick curling clouds were seen to rise,
And hang o'er all the darken'd plain,
The presage of descending rain.
The' exulting cattle bound along,
The tuneless birds attempt a song,
The swain, amidst his sterile lands,
With outstretch'd arms of rapture stands.
But, fraught with plague and curses, came
The' insidious progeny of flame;
Ah! then, — for fertilizing showers,
The pledge of herbage, fruits, and flowers, —

Words cannot paint, how every eye
(Blood-shot and dim with agony)
Was glazed, as by a palsying spell,
When light sulphureous ashes fell,
Dazzling, and eddying to and fro,
Like wildering sleet or feathery snow:
Strewn with grey pumice Nature lies,
At every motion quick to rise,
Tainting with livid fumes the air;
— Then hope lies down in prone despair
And man and beast, with misery dumb,
Sullenly brood on woes to come.

The mountain now, like living earth,
Pregnant with some stupendous birth,
Heaved, in the anguish of its throes,
Sheer from its crest the' incumbent snows;
And where of old they chill'd the sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian eye,
Or, purpling in the golden west,
Appear'd his evening throne of rest,
There, black and bottomless and wide,
A cauldron, rent from side to side,
Simmer'd and hiss'd with huge turmoil;
Earth's disembowell'd minerals boil,
And thence in molten torrents rush:
— Water and fire, like sisters, gush
From the same source; the double stream
Meets, battles, and explodes in steam;
Then fire prevails; and broad and deep
Red lava roars from steep to steep;

While rocks unseated, woods upriven,
Are headlong down the current driven;
Columnar flames are wrapt aloof,
In whirlwind forms, to heaven's high roof,
And there, amidst transcendent gloom,
Image the wrath beyond the tomb.

The mountaineers, in wild affright,
Too late for safety, urge their flight;
Women, made childless in the fray,
Women, made mothers yesterday,
The sick, the aged, and the blind;
— None but the dead are left behind.
Painful their journey, toilsome, slow,
Beneath their feet quick embers glow,
And hurtle round in dreadful hail;
Their limbs, their hearts, their senses fail,
While many a victim, by the way,
Buried alive in ashes lay,
Or perish'd by the lightning's stroke,
Before the slower thunder broke.
A few the open field explore:
The throng seek refuge on the shore,
Between two burning rivers hemm'd,
Whose rage nor mounds nor hollows stemm'd;
Driven like a herd of deer, they reach
The lonely, dark, and silent beach,
Where, calm as innocence in sleep,
Expanded lies the' unconscious deep.
Awhile the fugitives respire,
And watch those cataracts of fire

(That bar escape on either hand)
Rush on the ocean from the strand;
Back from the onset rolls the tide,
But instant clouds the conflict hide;
The lavas plunge to gulfs unknown,
And, as they plunge, collapse to stone.

Meanwhile the mad volcano grew
Tenfold more terrible to view;
And thunders, such as shall be hurl'd
At the death-sentence of the world;
And lightnings, such as shall consume
Creation, and creation's tomb,
Nor leave, amidst the' eternal void,
One trembling atom undestroy'd;
Such thunders crash'd, such lightnings glared
— Another fate those outcasts shared,
When, with one desolating sweep,
An earthquake seem'd to' ingulf the deep,
Then threw it back, and from its bed
Hung a whole ocean overhead;
The victims shriek'd beneath the wave,
And in a moment found one grave;
Down to the' abyss the flood return'd —
Alone, unseen, the mountain burn'd.

1815

INCOGNITA:

ON VIEWING THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADY

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817.

"She was a phantom of delight." WORDSWORTH.

IMAGE of One, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious, — now no more
On land or ocean seen!
Were all earth's breathing forms to pass
Before me in Agrippa's glass,*
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh! not one, — not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy; — Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;

* Henry Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. Emperor of Germany, — the author of "Occult Philosophy," and other profound works, — is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine in a magical mirror.

Lips of the morn embathed in dew,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who e'er enjoy'd the sun,
Thou art the image of but *One*.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,
In which her once resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood; — upon her birth
Consenting planets smiled,
And she had seen those days of mirth
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record, which hath told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 't were vain to guess:
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush, — a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face;
One passion's changing color mix,
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she? — Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn?
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd?
— If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The Dead are like the stars by day;
— Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place
Where she might still be found;

And oh! unless those eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below; —

An angel in that glorious realm
Where GOD himself is King:
— But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein eternity enrolls
The judgments on departed souls.

Of Her of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
— Fair as the *second* rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of her, this "shadow of a shade,"
Like its original, must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
Of all that e'er I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old, my song
  In lowly cadence rose;
To One who is unborn, belong
  The accents of its close:
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
  Reader! if I am bless'd,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
  In glory and in rest!
If not, — and *I* have lost my way,
Here part we, — go not *Thou* astray:
No tomb, no verse my story tell;
Once, and for ever, Fare Thee well!

THE LITTLE CLOUD.

Seen in a country excursion, among the woods and rocks of Wharncliffe and the adjacent park and pleasure grounds of Wortley Hall, the seat of the Right Honorable Lord Wharncliffe, near Sheffield, on the 30th day of June, 1818.

THE summer sun was in the west,
Yet far above his evening rest;
A thousand clouds in air display'd
Their floating isles of light and shade,
The sky, like ocean's channels, seen
In long meandering streaks between.

Cultured and waste, the landscape lay,
Woods, mountains, valleys stretch'd away,
And throng'd the' immense horizon round,
With heaven's eternal girdle bound;
From inland towns, eclipsed with smoke,
Steeples in lonely grandeur broke;
Hamlets, and cottages, and streams
By glimpses caught the casual gleams,
Or blazed in lustre broad and strong,
Beyond the picturing powers of song:
O'er all the eye enchanted ranged,
While colors, forms, proportions changed,
Or sunk in distance undefined,

Still as our devious course inclined,
— And oft we paused, and look'd behind.

One little cloud, and only one,
Seem'd the pure offspring of the sun,
Flung from his orb to show us here
What clouds adorn *his* hemisphere:
Unmoved, unchanging, in the gale,
That bore the rest o'er hill and dale,
Whose shadowy shapes, with lights around,
Like living motions, swept the ground,
This little cloud, and this alone,
Long in the highest ether shone;
Gay as a warrior's banner spread,
Its sunward margin ruby-red,
Green, purple, gold, and every hue
That glitters in the morning dew,
Or glows along the rainbow's form,
— The apparition of the storm.
Deep in its bosom, diamond-bright,
Behind a fleece of pearly white,
It seemed a secret glory dwelt,
Whose presence, while unseen, was felt;
Like Beauty's eye, in slumber hid
Beneath a half-transparent lid,
From whence a sound, a touch a breath
Might startle it, — as life from death.

Looks, words, emotions of surprise
Welcomed the stranger to our eyes:

Was it the phœnix, that from earth
In flames of incense sprang to birth?
Had ocean from his lap let fly
His loveliest halcyon through the sky?
No: — while we gazed, the pageant grew
A nobler object to our view;
We deem'd, if heaven with earth would hold
Communion, as in days of old,
Such. on his journey down the sphere,
Benignant RAPHAEL might appear,
In splendid mystery conceal'd,
Yet by his rich disguise reveal'd:
— That buoyant vapor, in mid-air,
An angel in its folds might bear,
Who, through the curtain of his shrine,
Betray'd his lineaments divine.
The wild, the warm illusion stole,
Like inspiration, o'er the soul,
Till thought was rapture, language hung
Silent but trembling on the tongue;
And fancy almost hoped to hail
The seraph rushing through his veil,
Or hear an awful voice proclaim
The embassy on which he came.

But ah! no minister of grace
Show'd from the firmament his face,
Nor, borne aloof on balanced wings,
Reveal'd unutterable things.
The sun went down: — the vision pass'd;
The cloud was *but* a cloud at last;

Yet, when its brilliancy decay'd,
The eye still linger'd on the shade,
And watching, till no longer seen,
Loved it for what it once had been.

That cloud was beautiful, — was one
Among a thousand round the sun;
The thousand shared the common lot;
They came, — they went, — they were forgot;
This fairy-form alone impress'd
Its perfect image in my breast,
And shines as richly blazon'd there
As in its element of air.

The day on which that cloud appear'd,
Exhilarating scenes endear'd:
— The sunshine on the hills, the floods;
The breeze, the twilight of the woods;
Nature in every change of green,
Heaven in unnumber'd aspects seen;
Health, spirits, exercise, release
From noise and smoke; twelve hours of peace
No fears to haunt, no cares to vex;
Friends, young and old, of either sex;
Converse familiar, sportive, kind,
Where heart meets heart, mind quickens mind,
And words and thoughts are all at play,
Like children on a holiday;
— Till themes celestial rapt the soul
In adoration o'er the pole,

Where stars are darkness in *His* sight,
Who reigns invisible in light,
High above all created things,
The Lord of Lords, the King of Kings!
Faith, which could thus on wing sublime
Outsoar the bounded flight of time;
Hope full of immortality,
And GOD in all the eye could see;
— These, these endear'd that day to me,
And made it, in a thousand ways,
A day among a thousand days,
That share with clouds the common lot;
They come, — they go, — they are forgot:
This, like that plaything of the sun,
— The little, lonely, lovely one,
This lives within me; this shall be
A part of my eternity.

Amidst the cares, the toils, the strife,
The weariness and waste of life,
That day shall memory oft restore,
And in a moment live it o'er,
When, with a lightning-flash of thought,
Morn, noon, and eve at once are brought
(As through the vision of a trance)
All in the compass of a glance.

Oh! should I reach a world above,
And sometimes think of those I love,

Of things on earth too dearly prized
(Nor yet by saints in heaven despised),
Though Spirits made perfect may lament
Life's holier hours as half mis-spent,
Methinks I could not turn away
The fond remembrance of that day,
The bright idea of that cloud
(Survivor of a countless crowd),
Without a pause, perhaps a sigh,
To think such loveliness should die,
And clouds and days of storm and gloom
Scowl on Man's passage to the tomb.
— Not so : — I feel I have a heart
Blessings to share, improve, impart,
In blithe, severe, or pensive mood,
At home, abroad, in solitude,
Whatever clouds are on the wing,
Whatever day the seasons bring.

That is true happiness below,
Which conscience cannot turn to woe ;
And though such happiness depends
Neither on clouds, nor days, nor friends,
When friends, and days, and clouds unite,
And kindred chords are tuned aright,
The harmonies of heaven and earth,
Through eye, ear, intellect, give birth
To joys too exquisite to last,
— And yet *more* exquisite when past!

When the soul summons by a spell
The ghosts of pleasures round her cell,
In saintlier forms than erst they wore,
And smiles benigner than before,
Each loved, lamented, scene renews
With warmer touches, tenderer hues;
Recalls kind words forever flown,
But echoed in a soften'd tone;
Wakes, with new pulses in the breast,
Feelings forgotten or at rest;
— The thought how fugitive and fair,
How dear and precious such things were!
That thought, with gladness more refined,
Deep and transporting, thrills the mind,
Than all those pleasures of an hour,
When most the soul confess'd their power.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were, — they are, — they yet shall be.

ABDALLAH AND SABAT.*

[Originally published with "Abdallah, or the Christian Martyr," by Thomas Foster Barham, Esq.]

From West Arabia to Bochara came
A noble youth, Abdallah was his name;
Who journey'd through the various East to find
New forms of man, in feature, habit, mind;
Where Tartar-hordes through nature's pastures run,
A race of Centaurs, — horse and rider one;
Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
Of love-sick roses, woo'd by nightingales;
Where India's grim array of idols seem
The rabble-phantoms of a maniac's dream:
— Himself the flowery path of trespass trod,
Which the false Prophet deck'd to lure from God.
But He, who changed, into the faith of Paul,
The slaughter-breathing enmity of Saul,
Vouchsafed to meet Abdallah by the way:
No miracle of light eclipsed the day;
No vision from the' eternal world, nor sound
Of awe and wonder smote him to the ground;

* See Buchanan's "Christian Researches in India," for the martyrdom of Abdallah, and the conversion and labors of Sabat.

"The Christian Observer," February, 1818, contains the account of Sabat's dreadful fate.

All mild and calm, with power till then unknown,
The gospel-glory through his darkness shone;
A still small whisper, only heard within,
Convinced the trembling penitent of sin;
And Jesus, whom the Infidel abhorr'd,
The Convert now invoked, and call'd him Lord.
Escaping from the lewd Impostor's snare,
As flits a bird released through boundless air,
And, soaring up the pure blue ether, sings,
— So rose his Spirit on exulting wings.
But love, joy, peace, the Christian's bliss below,
Are deeply mingled in a cup of woe,
Which none can pass: — he, counting all things loss
For his Redeemer, gladly bore the cross:
Soon call'd, with life, to lay that burden down,
In the first fight he won the Martyr's crown.

Abdallah's friend was Sabat; — one of those
Whom love estranged transforms to bitterest foes:
From persecution to that friend he fled;
But Sabat pour'd reproaches on his head,
Spurn'd like a leprous plague the prostrate youth,
And hated him as falsehood hates the truth;
Yet first with sophistry and menace tried
To turn him from "the faithful word" aside;
All failing, old esteem to rancor turn'd,
With Mahomet's own reckless rage he burn'd.
A thousand hideous thoughts, like fiends, possess'd
The Pandemonium of the Bigot's breast,
Whose fires, enkindled from the' infernal lake,
Abdallah's veins, unsluiced, alone could slake.

The victim, dragg'd to slaughter by his friend,
Witness'd a good confession to the end.
Bochara pour'd her people forth, to gaze
Upon the direst scene the world displays,
The blood of innocence by treason spilt,
The reeking triumph of deep-branded guilt:
— Bochara pour'd her people forth, to eye
The loveliest spectacle beneath the sky,
The look with which a Martyr yields his breath,
— The resurrection of the soul in death.
"Renounce the Nazarene!" the headsman cries,
And flash'd the unstain'd falchion in his eyes:
"No! — be his name by heaven and earth adored!"
He said, and gave his right hand to the sword.
"Renounce Him, who forsakes thee thus bereft;"
He wept, but spake not, and resign'd his left.
"Renounce Him now, who will not, cannot save;"
He kneel'd, like Stephen, look'd beyond the grave,
And, while the dawn of heaven around him broke,
Bow'd his meek head to the dissevering stroke:
Outcast on earth a mangled body lay;
A spirit enter'd Paradise that day.

But where is Sabat? — Conscience-struck he stands,
With eye of agony, and fast-lock'd hands.
Abdallah, in the moment to depart,
Had turn'd, and look'd the traitor through the heart:
It smote him like a judgment from above,
That gentle look of wrong'd, forgiving love!

Then hatred vanish'd; suddenly repress'd
Were the strange flames of passion in his breast;
Nought but the smouldering ashes of despair,
Blackness of darkness, death of death, were there.
Ere long, wild whirlwinds of remorse arise;
He flies, — from all except himself he flies,
And a low voice for ever thrilling near,
The voice of blood which none but he can hear.

He fled from guilt; but guilt and he were one,
A Spirit seeking rest and finding none;
Visions of horror haunted him by night,
Yet darkness was less terrible than light;
From dreams of woe when startled nature broke,
To woes that were not dreams the wretch awoke.
Forlorn he ranged through India, till the Power,
That met Abdallah in a happier hour,
Arrested Sabat: through his soul he felt
The word of truth; his heart began to melt,
And yielded slowly, as cold Winter yields
When the warm Spring comes flushing o'er the fields;
Then first a tear of gladness swell'd his eye,
Then first his bosom heaved a healthful sigh;
That bosom, parch'd as Afric's desert land;
That eye, a flint-stone in the burning sand.
— Peace, pardon, hope, eternal joy, reveal'd,
Humbled his heart: before the cross he kneel'd,
Look'd up to Him whom once he pierced, and bore
The name of Christ which he blasphemed before
— Was Sabat then subdued by love or fear?
And who shall vouch that he was not sincere?

Now with a Convert's zeal his ardent mind
Glow'd for the common weal of all mankind;
Yet with intenser faith the' Arabian pray'd,
When homeward thought thro' childhood's Eden stray'd.
— There, in the lap of Yemen's happiest vale,
The shepherd's tents are waving to the gale;
The Patriarch of their tribe, his sire, he sees
Beneath the shadow of ambrosial trees;
His Sisters, from the fountain in the rock,
Pour the cool sparkling water to their flock;
His Brethren, rapt on steeds and camels, roam
O'er wild and mountain, all the land their home:
— Thither he long'd to send that book, unseal'd,
Whose words are life, whose leaves his wounds had heal'd;
That Ishmael, living by his sword and bow,
Might thus again the God of Abraham know;
And Meccan Pilgrims to Caäba's shrine,
Like locusts marching in perpetual line,
Might quit the broad, to choose the narrow path,
That leads to glory, and reclaims from wrath.

Fired with the hope to bless his native soil,
Years roll'd unfelt, in consecrated toil,
To mould the truths which holy writers teach
In the loved accents of his mother's speech;
While, like the sun, that always to the west
Leads the bright day, his fervent spirit press'd,
Thither a purer light from heaven to dart,
— The only light that reaches to the heart;

Whose deserts blossom where its beams are shed,
The blind behold them, and they raise the dead.
Nor by Arabia were his labors bound,
To Persian lips he taught "the joyful sound."
Would he had held unchanged that high career!
— But Sabat fell like lightning from his sphere:
Once with the morning stars GOD's works he sung;
Anon a Serpent, with envenom'd tongue,
Like that apostate fiend who tempted Eve,
Gifted with speech, — he spake but to deceive.

Let pity o'er his errors cast a veil!
Haste to the sequel of his tragic tale.
Sabat became a vagabond on earth;
— He chose the Sinner's way, the Scorner's mirth;
Now feign'd contrition with obdurate tears,
Then wore a bravery that betray'd his fears;
With oaths and curses now his Lord denied,
And strangled guilty shame with desperate pride;
While inly-rack'd, he proved what culprits feel,
When conscience breaks remembrance on the wheel.
At length an outlaw through the orient isles,
Snared in the subtilty of his own wiles,
He perish'd in an unexpected hour,
To glut the vengeance of barbarian power;
With sackcloth shrouded, to a millstone bound,
And in the' abysses of the ocean drown'd.
— Oh! what a plunge into the dark was there!
How ended life? — In blasphemy or prayer?
The winds are fled that heard his parting cry,
The waves that stifled it make no reply.

When, at the resurrection of the Just,
Earth shall yield back Abdallah from the dust,
The sea, like rising clouds, give up its dead,
Then from the deep shall Sabat lift his head.
With waking millions round the judgment-seat,
Once, and but once again, those twain shall meet,
To part for ever, — or to part no more:
— But who the' eternal secret shall explore,
When Justice seals the gates of heaven and hell?
The rest — that day, that day alone, will tell.

1821

THE ALPS:

A REVERIE.

PART I. *Day.*

THE mountains of this glorious land
Are conscious beings to mine eye,
When at the break of day they stand
Like giants, looking through the sky,
To hail the sun's unrisen car,
That gilds their diadems of snow;
While one by one, as star by star,
Their peaks in ether glow.

Their silent presence fills my soul,
When, to the horizontal ray,
The many-tinctured vapors roll
In evanescent wreaths away,
And leave them naked on the scene,
The emblems of eternity,
The same as they have ever been,
And shall for ever be.

Yet through the valley while I range,
Their cliffs, like images in dreams,
Color and shape, and station change;
Here crags and caverns, woods and streams,

And seas of adamantine ice,
With gardens, vineyards, fields embraced,
Open a way to Paradise,
Through all the splendid waste.

The goats are hanging on the rocks,
Wide through their pastures roam the herds;
Peace on the uplands feeds her flocks,
Till suddenly the king of birds
Pouncing a lamb, they start for fear;
He bears his bleating prize on high;
The well-known plaint his nestlings hear,
And raise a ravening cry.

The sun in morning freshness shines;
At noon behold his orb o'ercast;
Hollow and dreary o'er the pines,
Like distant ocean, moans the blast;
The mountains darken at the sound,
Put on their armor, and anon,
In panoply of clouds wrapt round,
Their forms from sight are gone.

Hark! war in heaven! — the battle-shout
Of thunder rends the echoing air;
Lo! war in heaven! — thick-flashing out
Through torrent-rains red lightnings glare,
As through the Alps, with mortal ire,
At once a thousand voices raised,
And with a thousand swords of fire
At once in conflict blazed.

Part II. *Night.*

Come, golden Evening, in the west
Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
And let the triple rainbow rest
O'er all the mountain-tops: — 'tis done;
The deluge ceases; bold and bright
The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;
Down sinks the sun; on presses night;
— Mont Blanc is lovely still.

There take thy stand, my spirit; — spread
The world of shadows at thy feet;
And mark how calmly, overhead,
The stars like saints in glory meet:
While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss;
Invisible, the ear alone
Follows the uproar till it dies;
Echo on echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals, —
Darkness that may be felt; — but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet, o'er the host of heaven supreme,
Brings the faint semblance of a morn
With her awakening beam.

Ha! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Enlarging as she climbs the sphere;
A crowd of apparitions pale!
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
— They seem so exquisitely frail, —
Lest they should vanish hence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe;
Lake of Geneva! thee I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
And beautiful as Dian's face.
Pride of this land of liberty!
All that thy waves reflect I love;
Where heaven itself, brought down to thee,
Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray,
The trance of poesy is o'er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before;

For all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind;
Thus, in the fairy-land of thought,
Whate'er I seek I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of GOD not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in him?

By me, when I behold Him not,
Or love Him not when I behold,
Be all I ever knew forgot;
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;
Transform'd to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,
On yonder cliff my form be seen,
That all may ask, but none reply,
What my offence hath been.

1822.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom?
— We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars, wherefore do ye rise?
— To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon, why dost thou wane?
— That I may wax again.

O Sun, what makes thy beams so bright?
— The Word that said, — "Let there be light."

Planets, what guides you in your course?
— Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame?
— My Maker call'd me, and I came.

O Light, thy subtle essence who may know?
— Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
— The sign of omnipresent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all embracing zone?
— Where earth, GOD's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.

Ye clouds, what bring ye in your train?
— GOD's embassies, — storm, lightning, hail, or rain.

Winds, whence and whither do ye blow?
— Thou must be born again to know.

Bow in the cloud, what token dost thou bear?
— That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy "*spare*."

Dews of the morning, wherefore were ye given?
— To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble, tell me why?
— To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor, stay thy falling fire!
— No, thus shall all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean, what law thy chainless waves confined?
— That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time, whither dost thou flee?
— I travel to Eternity.

Eternity, what art thou, — say?
— Time past, time present, time to come, — *to-day*.

Ye Dead, where can your dwelling be?
— The house for all the living: — come and see.

O Life, what is thy breath?
— A vapor lost in death.

O Death, how ends thy strife?
— In everlasting life.

O Grave, where is thy victory?
— Ask Him who rose again from me.

YOUTH RENEWED.

Spring-flowers, spring-birds, spring-breezes,
Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart, — with sighs between;
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind;
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touch'd by Time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,
A dream more beautiful than truth,
— Returning Spring renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past;

In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burden down to cast,
— This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age:
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup, is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

Harrowgate, 1825.

THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

"BLESSED is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

I saw thee young and beautiful,
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day:
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang, —
"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweets to the sweet;
The winter's past, the rains are gone;
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on."

I saw thee poor and desolate,
I saw thee fade away,
In broken-hearted widowhood,
Before thy locks were grey;
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang, —
"Lilies, dress her winding-sheet;
Sweets to the sweet;
The summer's past, the sunshine gone;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
— They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

1824.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

I LOVED thee, Daughter of my heart;
My Child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
— How sweetly! how severely! —
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one, were few,
An Angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew,
'T was here, 't is gone, where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clew for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,
Then dash'd with infant sadness,
Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision: —

Where are they now? — those smiles, those tears,
Thy Mother's darling treasure?

She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life, at the well-spring drinking,
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking,
Thy dreams — no thought can guess them;
And mine — no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thy early bier;
No — changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from heaven detain'd thee.

Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only Mother.

Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then, — thou in heaven and I on earth, —
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth
When death shall re-unite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left;
But, oh! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!

Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hold thee in mine inmost heart;
There, there at least, thou canst not die.

Farewell on earth; Heaven claim'd its own;
Yet, when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone:
Let dust and ashes learn content.

Ha! those small voices silver-sweet!
Fresh from the fields my babes appear;
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet;
—"Oh! could your father see us here!"

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

The simple history of these stanzas is the following. A friend of mine, a scientific botanist, residing near Sheffield, had sent a package of sundry kinds of British seeds to the learned and venerable Doctor WILLIAM CAREY, one of the first Baptist Missionaries to India, where they had established themselves in the small Danish settlement of Serampore, in the province of Bengal. Some of the seeds had been inclosed in a bag, containing a portion of their native earth. In March, 1821, a letter of acknowledgment was received by his correspondent from the Doctor, who was himself well skilled in botany, and had a garden rich in plants, both tropical and European. In this inclosure he was wont to spend an hour every morning, before he entered upon those labors and studies which have rendered his name illustrious both at home and abroad, as one of the most accomplished of oriental scholars, and a translator of the Holy Scriptures into many of the Hindoo languages. In the letter afore-mentioned, which was shown to me, the good man says, — "That I might be sure not to lose any part of your valuable present, I shook the bag over a patch of earth in a shady place: on visiting which a few days afterwards, I found springing up, to my inexpressible delight, a *bellis perennis* of our English pastures. I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this *English* Daisy afforded me; not having seen one for upwards of thirty years, and never expecting to see one again."

On the perusal of this passage, the following stanzas seemed to spring up almost spontaneously in my mind, as the "little English Flower" in the good Doctor's garden, whom I imagined to be thus addressing it on its sudden appearance. — With great care and attention he was able to perpetuate "the Daisy in India," as an *annual* only, raised by seed from season to season. It may be observed that, amidst the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, there are comparatively few *small* plants, like the multifarious progeny of our native Flora.

There is a beautiful coincidence between a fact and a fiction in this circumstance. Among the many natural and striking expedients by which the ingenious author of *Robinson Crusoe* contrives to supply his hero on the desolate island with necessaries and comforts of life, not indigenous, we are informed, that Crusoe one day, long after his shipwreck and residence there, perceived some delicate blades of vegetation peeping forth, after the rains, on a patch of ground near his dwelling-place. Not knowing what they were, he watched their growth from day

to day, till he ascertained, to his "inexpressible delight," that they were plants of some kind of English corn. He then recollected having shaken out on that spot the dusty refuse of "a bag" which had been used to hold grain for the fowls on shipboard. "With great care and attention" he was enabled to preserve the precious stalks till the full corn ripened in the ear. He then reaped the first fruits of this spontaneous harvest, sowed them again, and, till his release from captivity there ate bread in his lonely abode,

"Placed far amid the melancholy main."

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
My mother-country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapors lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year:
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,

Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower,
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends, — with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May dew of that fair land,
Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk! — that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen:
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower,
For joys that were, or might have been,
I call to mind, how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

1822.

THE DROUGHT.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1826.

Hosea ii. 21, 22.

WHAT strange, what fearful thing hath come to pass?
The ground is iron, and the heavens are brass;
Man on the withering harvests casts his eye,
"Give me your fruits in season, or I die;"
The timely Fruits implore their parent Earth,
"Where is thy strength to bring us forth to birth?"
The Earth, all prostrate, to the Clouds complains,
"Send to my heart your fertilizing rains;"
The Clouds invoke the Heavens,— "Collect, dispense
Through us your quickening, healing influence;"
The Heavens to Him that made them raise their moan,
"Command thy blessing, and it shall be done:"
The Lord is in his temple: — hush'd and still,
The suppliant Universe awaits his will.

He speaks; and to the Clouds the Heavens dispense,
With lightning-speed, their genial influence;

The gathering, breaking Clouds pour down their
rains,
Earth drinks the bliss through all her eager veins;
From teeming furrows start the Fruits to birth,
And shake their treasures on the lap of Earth;
Man sees the harvest grow beneath his eye,
Turns, and looks up with rapture to the sky;
All that have breath and being now rejoice;
All Nature's voices blend in one great voice,
"Glory to GOD, who thus himself makes known!"
— When shall all tongues confess Him GOD alone?

Lord! as the rain comes down from Heaven, —
the rain
Which waters Earth, nor thence returns in vain,
But makes the tree to bud, the grass to spring,
And feeds and gladdens every living thing, —
So may thy word, upon a world destroy'd,
Come down in blessing, and return not void;
So may it come in universal showers,
And fill Earth's dreariest wilderness with flowers,
— With flowers of promise fill the world, within
Man's heart, laid waste and desolate by sin;
Where thorns and thistles curse the infested ground,
Let the rich fruits of righteousness abound;
And trees of life, for ever fresh and green,
Flourish where trees of death alone have been;
Let Truth look down from heaven, Hope soar above,
Justice and Mercy kiss, Faith work by Love;

Nations new-born their fathers' idols spurn;
The Ransom'd of the Lord with songs return;
Heralds the year of Jubilee proclaim;
Bow every knee at the Redeemer's name;
O'er lands, with darkness, thraldom, guilt, o'erspread,
In light, joy, freedom, be the Spirit shed;
Speak Thou the word: to Satan's power say, "Cease,"
But to a world of pardon'd sinners, "Peace."
—Thus in thy grace, LORD GOD, Thyself make known;
Then shall all tongues confess Thee GOD alone.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me." — *Matt.* xxv. 40.

A POOR wayfaring Man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; — not a word he spake; —
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, — but gave me part again;
Mine was an Angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:

I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
— I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me."

Scarborough, December, 1826.

A SEA PIECE.

IN THREE SONNETS.

SCENE. — *Bridlington Quay*, 1824.

I.

AT nightfall, walking on the cliff-crown'd shore,
Where sea and sky were in each other lost;
Dark ships were scudding through the wild uproar,
Whose wrecks ere morn must strew the dreary coast
I mark'd one well-moor'd vessel tempest-tost,
Sails reef'd, helm lash'd, a dreadful siege she bore,
Her deck by billow after billow cross'd,
While every moment she might be no more:
Yet firmly anchor'd on the nether sand,
Like a chain'd Lion ramping at his foes,
Forward and rearward still she plunged and rose,
Till broke her cable; — then she fled to land,
With all the waves in chase; throes following throes;
She 'scaped, — she struck, — she stood upon the strand.

II.

The morn was beautiful, the storm gone by;
Three days had pass'd; I saw the peaceful main,
One molten mirror, one illumined plane,
Clear as the blue, sublime, o'erarching sky:

On shore that lonely vessel caught mine eye,
Her bow was seaward, all equipt her train,
Yet to the sun she spread her wings in vain,
Like a caged Eagle, impotent to fly;
There fix'd as if for ever to abide;
Far down the beach had roll'd the low neap-tide,
Whose mingling murmur faintly lull'd the ear:
"Is this," methought, "is this the doom of pride,
Check'd in the onset of thy brave career,
Ingloriously to rot by piecemeal here?"

III.

Spring-tides return'd, and Fortune smiled; the bay
Received the rushing ocean to its breast;
While waves on waves innumerably prest,
Seem'd, with the prancing of their proud array,
Sea-horses, flash'd with foam, and snorting spray;
Their power and thunder broke that vessel's rest;
Slowly, with new expanding life possest,
To her own element she glid away;
Buoyant and bounding like the polar Whale,
That takes his pastime; every joyful sail
Was to the freedom of the wind unfurl'd,
While right and left the parted surges curl'd:
— Go, gallant Bark, with such a tide and gale,
I 'll pledge thee to a voyage round the world.

ROBERT BURNS.

What bird, in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the Bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused, — no Falcon, in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had Devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead! — In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

1820.

A THEME FOR A POET.

1814.

Written in contemplation of a Poem on the Evangelization of one of the most degraded tribes of heathens. This the Author some years afterwards attempted, and partly executed, in "GREENLAND," in five cantos, of which the following were the opening lines, but withdrawn, as inapplicable to the unfinished work, when it was published.

Give me a theme to grace an Angel's tongue,
A theme to which a lyre was never strung;
Barbarian hordes, by Satan's craft enthrall'd,
From chains to freedom, guilt to glory call'd;
The deeds of men unfriended and unknown,
Sent forth by Him who loves and saves his own,
With faithful toil a barren land to bless,
And feed his flocks amid the wilderness.

These lines were afterwards adopted as a motto to the second volume of the last edition of Crantz's Greenland, including the history of the Missions of the Moravian Brethren there, which was begun in the year 1733. (See also the notes to "GREENLAND," the leading Poem in this Volume.)

THE arrow that shall lay me low,
Was shot from Death's unerring bow,
The moment of my breath;
And every footstep I proceed,
It tracks me with increasing speed;
I turn, — it meets me, — Death
Has given such impulse to that dart,
It points for ever at my heart.

And soon of me it must be said,
That I have lived, that I am dead;
Of all I leave behind,
A few may weep a little while,
Then bless my memory with a smile:
What monument of mind
Shall I bequeathe to deathless Fame,
That after-times may love my name?

Let Southey sing of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,
The glory and the guilt, —
Of nations barb'rously enslaved,
Of realms by patriot valor saved,
Of blood insanely spilt,
And millions sacrificed to fate,
To make one little mortal great.

Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight
To chant the Lady and the Knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deed without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame;
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world on high,
The lake that seems a downward sky.

Let Byron, with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot and fiery brand,
Lit at the flames of hell,
Go down and search the human heart,

Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell:
Then let him fling the torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme,
Feelings ineffably sublime,
And sympathies unknown;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthrall,
His Genius shall possess us all,
His thoughts become our own,
And, strangely pleased, we start to find
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy and woe;
Hope's morning dreams display,
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild,
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day;
And still in each new form appear
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

Transcendent Masters of the lyre!
Not to your honors I aspire;
Humbler yet higher views
Have touch'd my spirit into flame:
The pomp of fiction I disclaim;
Fair Truth! be thou my muse;
Reveal in splendor deeds obscure,
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean cross'd,
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye, —
To seek and save the lost;
Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ.

O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the sinner's Friend!
— O Thou, enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will: —

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see,
My Lord, my God! look down on me;
My low affections raise;
The spirit of liberty impart;

Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
And, while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work, and make it thine.

1818.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah! visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;

Hopes, that were Angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and, on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for Death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends;—such death be mine

Harrowgate, September, 1821.

MEET AGAIN!*

Joyful words, — we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death, we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heaven at last.

* The seven following pieces were written for "Select Foreign Airs," published some time ago under the title of "Polyhymnia," which accounts for the peculiar rhythm adopted in several of them. The first were paraphrased from the German the words of the remaining three are original.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day: —
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms: —
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up;
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring: —
When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up;
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace: —
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up;

Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose: —
With noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up;
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life: —
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up;
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

THE PILGRIM.

How blest the Pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom-friend;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend;
Care flees before his footsteps, straying,
At daybreak, o'er the purple heath;
He plucks the wild flowers round him playing,
And binds their beauty in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves:
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;
Yea, when the storm of winter blusters,
'T is summer round his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he loved forsakes his view,
Sweet is affection's voice replying,
"I follow soon," to his "Adieu!"
Even then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end;
— Happy the man, whom Heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

GERMAN WAR SONG.*

HEAVEN speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word!
Come, brethren, hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land!

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake! put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone:
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in our veins.

On to the battle, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly,
We conquer, or we die!

* The simple and sublime original of these stanzas, with the fine air by Hümmel, became the national song of Germany, and was sung by the soldiers especially, during the latter campaigns of the war, when Bonaparte was twice dethroned, and Europe finally delivered from French predominance.

O Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm;
Away with fear, away,
Let justice win the day.

REMINISCENCES.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
— Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
— Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and, since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? — life's current faintly flowing
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well, — my spirit parts in peace.

THE AGES OF MAN.

Youth, fond youth! to thee, in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heaven and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth;
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,
Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought;
Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene;
Life was yesterday, 't is death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful eternity!

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather;

Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labors end.

A HERMITAGE.

Whose is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown?
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold stone.

Well, he has peace within and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger, deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he asks, nothing he cares
For all that tempts or troubles round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye, — that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

No gay companion here; no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children, — from the woes of life
To win him with their artless wiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here,
Nor throbbing heart, nor aching limb;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed;
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead.

1822.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Were I a trembling leaf,
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemn'd to fade and flee:

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

No, — on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been,
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene,
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like heaven's fire,
It is not quench'd, but gone.

Matlock, 1822.

ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring, by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling folds descry
The infant-image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold,
Then, on a smooth elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, — but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize;
Lady, I leave that part to thee;
Be thy next birth in Paradise,
Thy life to come eternity!

1824.

THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

A STAR would be a flower;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honeysuckle bower
Lit up its little flame.
There on a bank, beneath the shade,
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlook'd the garden-ground,
— A landscape stretching ten yards round;
O what a change of place
From gazing through the' eternity of space!

Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scatter'd far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes:
The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,
Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling everywhere.

Now all the flowers were up and drest
In robes of rainbow-color'd light;

The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might;
Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads;
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
Glittering with birthnight splendor, rose;
And polyanthuses display'd
The brilliance of their gold brocade:
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,
While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn,
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long,
Should wake them into beauty with his song.
The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.

Amidst this gorgeous train,
Our truant star shone forth in vain;
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
It seem'd no bigger to the view
Than the light spangle in a drop of dew.
— Astronomers may shake their polls,
And tell me, — every orb that rolls
Through heaven's sublime expanse
Is sun or world, whose speed and size

Confound the stretch of mortal eyes,
In Nature's mystic dance:
It may be so
For aught I know,
Or aught indeed that they can show;
Yet till they prove what they aver,
From this plain truth I will not stir,
— A star's a star! — but when I think
Of sun or world, the star I sink;
Wherefore in verse, at least in mine,
Stars like themselves, in spite of fate, shall shine.

Now, to return (for we have wander'd far)
To what was nothing but a simple star;
— Where all was jollity around,
No fellowship the stranger found.
Those lowliest children of the earth,
That never leave their mother's lap,
Companions in their harmless mirth,
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,
And fearing no mishap,
Save from the hand of lady fair,
Who, on her wonted walk,
Pluck'd one and then another,
A sister or a brother,
From its elastic stalk;
Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that star's hard lot,
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
Was but to witness on the spot
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.
At length the sun went down, and then
Its faded glory came again;
With brighter, bolder, purer light,
It kindled through the deepening night,
Till the green bower, so dim by day,
Glow'd like a fairy-palace with its beams;
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,
The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams.
Our star, in melancholy state,
Still sigh'd to find itself alone,
Neglected, cold, and desolate,
Unknowing and unknown.
Lifting at last an anxious eye,
It saw that circlet empty in the sky
Where it was wont to roll
Within a hair-breadth of the pole:
In that same instant, sore amazed,
On the strange blank all Nature gazed;
Travellers, bewilder'd for their guide,
In glens and forests lost their way;
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
Went fearfully astray.
The star, now wiser for its folly, knew
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home;
So up to heaven again it flew,
Resolved no more to roam.

One hint the humble bard may send
To her for whom these lines are penn'd
— O may it be enough for her
To shine in her own character!
O may she be content to grace,
On earth, in heaven, her proper place!

1825.

INSCRIPTION

UNDER THE PICTURE OF AN AGED NEGRO-WOMAN.

ART thou a *woman?* — so am I; and all
That woman can be, I have been, or am;
A daughter, sister, consort, mother, widow.
Whiche'er of these *thou* art, O be the friend
Of one who is what thou canst never be!
Look on thyself, thy kindred, home, and country,
Then fall upon thy knees, and cry "Thank God,
An English woman cannot be a SLAVE!"

Art thou a *man?* — Oh! I have known, have loved,
And lost, all that to woman man can be;
A father, brother, husband, son, who shared
My bliss in freedom, and my woe in bondage.
— A childless widow now, a friendless slave,
What shall I ask of thee, since I have nought
To lose but life's sad burden; nought to gain
But heaven's repose? — these are beyond thy power;
Me thou canst neither wrong nor help; — what then?
Go to the bosom of thy family,
Gather thy little children round thy knees,
Gaze on their innocence; their clear, full eyes,

All fix'd on thine; and in their mother, mark
The loveliest look that woman's face can wear,
Her look of love, beholding them and thee:
Then, at the altar of your household joys,
Vow one by one, vow altogether, vow
With heart and voice, eternal enmity
Against oppression by your brethren's hands;
Till man nor woman under Britain's laws,
Nor son nor daughter born within her empire,
Shall buy, or sell, or hold, or be a slave.

Scarborough, December, 1826.

THOUGHTS AND IMAGES

" Come like shadows, so depart." *Macbeth.*

The Diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye:
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night;
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, upspringing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Wooed by the sun, the wind, the shower:
In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care;
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form

To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm;
But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails, quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er express'd;
Then, though the Nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstasy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,
As though he drank from Indian floods
Life in a renovating stream:
Ages o'er him have come and fled;
Midst generations of the dead,
His bulk survives to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires;
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind occult or known
(Each exquisitely form'd to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone),
Through ocean, earth, and air fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed;
While through the whole his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the masterpiece of God,
Man, in his Maker's image framed, —
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named, —
In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears:
To labor, pain, and trouble born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he;
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

For, him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more:
A man? — a self-will'd piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,

His niche in Nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir! —

No; infinite the shades between
The motley millions of our race;
No two, the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
The least, the meanest, would be great;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give
Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope;
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of hope?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given;
To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.

It is not thus; — it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud:
Is there a God? — all Nature shows
There *is*, — and yet no *mortal* knows:

The mind that could this truth conceive,
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought.

1819.

NARRATIVES.

NARRATIVES.

FAREWELL TO WAR;

BEING A PROLOGUE TO "LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM," AND "ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, OR THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD.

PEACE to the trumpet! — no more shall my breath
Sound an alarm in the dull ear of death,
Nor startle to life from the truce of the tomb
The relics of heroes, to combat till doom.
Let Marathon sleep to the sound of the sea,
Let Hannibal's spectre haunt Cannæ for me;
Let Cressy and Agincourt tremble with corn,
And Waterloo blush with the beauty of morn;
I turn not the furrow for helmets and shields,
Nor sow dragon's teeth in their old fallow fields;
I will not, as bards have been wont, since the flood,
With the river of song swell the river of blood,
— The blood of the valiant, that fell in all climes,
— The song of the gifted, that hallow'd all crimes,
— All crimes in the war-fiend incarnate in one;
War, withering the earth — war, eclipsing the sun,

Despoiling, destroying, since discord began,
God's works and God's mercies, — man's labors and man.

Yet war have I loved, and of war have I sung,
With my heart in my hand and my soul on my tongue;
With all the affections that render life dear,
With the throbbings of hope and the flutterings of fear,
— Of hope, that the sword of the brave might prevail,
— Of fear, lest the arm of the righteous should fail.

But what was the war that extorted my praise?
What battles were fought in my chivalrous lays?
— The war against darkness contending with light;
The war against violence trampling down right;
— The battles of patriots, with banner unfurl'd,
To guard a child's cradle against an arm'd world;
Of peasants that peopled their ancestors' graves,
Lest their ancestors' homes should be peopled by slaves.
I served, too, in wars and campaigns of the mind;
My pen was the sword, which I drew for mankind;
— In war against tyranny throned in the West,
— Campaigns to enfranchise the negro oppress'd;
In war *against* war, on whatever pretence,
For glory, dominion, revenge, or defence,

While murder and perfidy, rapine and lust,
Laid provinces desolate, cities in dust.

Yes, war *against* war was ever my pride;
My youth and my manhood in waging it died,
And age, with its weakness, its wounds, and its scars,
Still finds my free spirit unquench'd as the stars,
And he who would bend it to war must first bind
The waves of the ocean, the wings of the wind;
For I call it not war, which war's counsels o'erthrows,
I call it not war which gives nations repose;
'T is judgment brought down on themselves by the proud,
Like lightning, by fools, from an innocent cloud.

I war against *all* war; — nor, till my pulse cease,
Will I throw down my weapons, because I love peace,
Because I love liberty, execrate strife,
And dread, most of *all* deaths, that slow death call'd life,
Dragg'd on by a vassal, in purple or chains,
The breath of whose nostrils, the blood in whose veins,
He calls not his own, nor holds from his God,
While it hangs on a king's or a sycophant's nod.

Around the mute trumpet, — no longer to breathe
War-clangors, my latest war-chaplets I wreathe,

Then hang them aloof on the time-stricken oak,
And thus in its shadow, heaven's blessing invoke:—
"Lord God! since the African's bondage is o'er,
And war in our borders is heard of no more,
May never, while Britain adores Thee, again
The malice of fiends or the madness of men,
Break the peace of our land, and by villainous wrong
Find a field for a hero, a hero for song."

1834.

LORD FALKLAND'S DREAM.

A. D. 1643.

"Io vo gridando, Pace! pace! pace!"

PETRARCA, *Canzone agli principi d'Italia, Esortazione alla Pace, A. D.* 1344.*

"In this unhappy battle (of Newbury) was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight of conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

'Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.'"

* * * * *

"From the entrance into that unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded; and a kind of sadness and dejection stole upon him, which he had never been used to. * * * After the King's return to Oxford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness or less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he minded before with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary and casual addresses to his place (being Secretary of State to King Charles,) so

* "I go exclaiming Peace! peace! peace!" — From PETRARCH'S *Canzone to the Princes of Italy, entitled "An Exhortation to Peace."*

quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free."

* * * * *

"When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press any thing which he thought might promote it; and, sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word '*Peace! peace!*' and would profess that the very agony of the war and view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart."

CLARENDON'S *History*, vol. ii. part i.

WAR, civil war, was raging like a flood,
England lay weltering in her children's blood;
Brother with brother waged unnatural strife,
Sever'd were all the charities of life:
Two passions, — virtues they assumed to be, —
Virtues they *were*, — romantic loyalty,
And stern, unyielding patriotism, possess'd
Divided empire in the nation's breast;
As though two hearts might in one body reign,
And urge conflicting streams from vein to vein.
On either side the noblest spirits fought,
And highest deeds on either side were wrought:
Hampden in battle yesterday hath bled,
Falkland to-morrow joins the immortal dead;
The one for freedom perish'd — not in vain;
The other falls — a courtier without stain.

'Twas on the eve of Newbury's doubtful fight;
O'er marshall'd foes came down the peace of night,
— Peace which, to eyes in living slumber seal'd,
The mysteries of the night to come reveal'd,

When that throng'd plain, now warm with heaving
breath,
Should lie in cold, fix'd apathy of death.
Falkland from court and camp had glid away, [stray,
With Chaucer's shade,* through Speenham woods to
And pour in solitude, without control,
Through the dun gloom, the anguish of his soul.
— Falkland, the plume of England's chivalry,
The just, the brave, the generous, and the free!
— Nay, task not poetry to tell his praise,
Twine but a wreath of transitory bays,
To crown him, as he lives, from age to age,
In Clarendon's imperishable page;
Look there upon the very man, and see
What Falkland was, — what thou thyself shouldst be;
Patriot and loyalist, who veil'd to none,
He loved his country and his king in one,
And could no more, in his affections, part
That wedded pair, than pluck out half his heart:
Hence every wound that each the other gave,
Brought their best servant nearer to the grave.
Thither he hasten'd, withering in his prime,
The worm of sorrow wrought the work of time;
And England's woes had sunk him with their weight,
Had not the swifter sword foreclosed his date.

In sighs for her his spirit was exhaled,
He wept for her till power of weeping fail'd;

* The estate of Speenhamland, near Newbury, Burks, is said to have been the property and residence of Chaucer.

Pale, wasted, nerveless, absent, — he appear'd
To haunt the scenes which once his presence cheer'd
As though some vampire from its cerements crept,
And drain'd health's fountain nightly while he slept
But he slept *not;* — sleep from his eyelids fled,
All restless as the ocean's foam his bed;
The very agony of war, — the guilt
Of blood by kindred blood in hatred spilt,
Crush'd heart and hope; till foundering, tempest-toss'd,
From gulfs to deeper gulfs, himself he lost.
Yet when he heard the drum to battle beat,
First at the onset, latest in retreat,
Eager to brave rebellion to the face,
Or hunt out peril in its hiding-place,
Falkland was slow to harm the' ignoble crowd,
He sought to raise the fall'n, strike down the proud,
Nor stood there one for parliament or throne
More choice of meaner lives, more reckless of his own.

Oft from his lips a shrill, sad moan would start,
And cold misgivings creep around his heart,
When he beheld the plague of war increase,
And but one word found utterance — "Peace! peace! peace!"

That eve he wander'd in his wayward mood,
Through thoughts more wildering than the maze of wood,

Where, when the moon-beam flitted o'er his face,
He seem'd the' unquiet spectre of the place:
Rank thorns and briars, the rose and woodbine's bloom
Perplex'd his path through checker'd light and gloom;
Himself insensible of gloom or light,
Darkness within made all around him night;
Till the green beauty of a little glade,
That open'd up to heaven, his footsteps stay'd:
Eye, breath, and pulse, the sweet enchantment felt,
His heart with tenderness began to melt;
Trembling, he lean'd against a Druid oak,
Whose boughs bare token of the thunder-stroke,
With root unshaken, and with bole unbroke:
Then thus, while hope almost forgot despair,
Breathed his soul's burden on the tranquil air:—

"O, Britain! Britain! to thyself be true;
Land which the Roman never could subdue:
Oft though he pass'd thy sons beneath the yoke,
As oft thy sons the spears they bow'd to broke;
Others with home-wrought chains he proudly bound,
His own too weak to fetter thee he found;
Though garrison'd by legions, legions fail'd
To quell thy spirit,—thy spirit again prevail'd.
By him abandon'd, island-martyr! doom'd
To prove the fires of ages unconsumed,
Though Saxon, Dane, Norwegian, Gallic hordes,
In dire succession, gave thee laws and lords,

Conquer'd themselves by peace, — in every field,
The victor to the vanquish'd lost his shield.
To win my country, to usurp her throne,
Canute and William must forsake their own;
Invading rivers thus roll back the sea,
Then lose themselves in its immensity.

"But 't was thine own distractions lent them aid,
Enslaved by strangers, because self-betray'd;
Still self-distracted; — yet should foreign foe
Land *now*, another spirit thy sons would show;
King, nobles, parliament, and people, — all,
Like the Red Sea's returning waves, would feel,
And with one burst o'erwhelm the mightiest host.
— Would such a foe this hour were on thy coast!

"How oft, O Albion! since those twilight times,
Have wars intestine laid thee waste with crimes!
Tweed's borderers were hereditary foes,
Nor can one crown even now their feuds compose;
Thy peasantry were serfs to vassal lords,
Yoked with their oxen, tether'd to their swords:
Round their cross-banners kings thy bowmen ranged,
Till York and Lancaster their roses changed.
Those days, thank Heaven! those evil days, are past,
Yet wilt thou fall by suicide at last?
O England! England! from such frenzy cease,
And on thyself have mercy, — Peace! peace! peace!"

"Who talks of Peace? — sweet Peace is in her grave:
Save a lone widow, — from her offspring save!"

Exclaim'd a voice, scarce earthly, in his ear,
Withering his nerves with unaccustom'd fear;
His hand was on his sword, but ere he drew
The starting blade, a suppliant cross'd his view;
Forth from the forest rush'd a female form,
Like the moon's image hurrying through the storm;
Down in a moment at his feet, aghast,
Lock'd to his smiting knees, herself she cast.
Rent were her garments, and her hair unbound,
All fleck'd with blood from many an unstaunch'd wound,
Inflicted by the very hands that press'd,
In rose-lipp'd infancy, her yearning breast;
And ever and anon she look'd behind,
As though pursuing voices swell'd the wind;
Then shriek'd insanely, — "Peace is in her grave!
Save a lost mother, — from her children save!"
Wan with heart-sickness, ready to expire,
Her cheeks were ashes, but her eye was fire,
— Fire fix'd, as through the horror of the mine,
Sparks from the diamond's still water shine;
So where the cloud of death o'ershadowing hung,
Light in her eye from depth of darkness sprung,
Dazzling his sight, and kindling such a flame
Within his breast as nature could not name;
He knew her not; — that face he never saw;
He loved her not, — yet love, chastised by awe
And reverence, with mysterious terror mix'd,
His looks on hers in fascination fix'd.

"Who? — whence? — what wouldst thou?" Falkland cried at length:
His voice inspired her; up she rose in strength,
Gather'd her robe and spread her locks, to hide
The unsightly wounds; then fervently replied: —
"Behold a matron, widow'd and forlorn,
Yet many a noble son to me was born,
Flowers of my youth, and morning-stars of joy!
— They quarrell'd, fought, and slew my youngest boy;
Youngest and best beloved! — I rush'd between,
My darling from the fratricides to screen;
He perish'd; from my arms he dropp'd in death;
I felt him kiss my feet with his last breath;
The swords that smote him, flashing round my head,
Pierced me, — the murderers saw my blood, and fled, —
Their parent's blood; and she, unconscious why
She sought *thee* out, came here — came here to die.
'T is a strange tale; — 't is true, — and yet 't is not;
Follow me, Falkland, thou shalt see the spot, —
See my slain boy, — my life's own life, the pride
And hope of his poor mother, — but he died;
He died, — and *she* did *not;* — how can it be?
But I'm immortal! — Falkland, come and see."

She spake; while Falkland, more and more amazed,
On her ineffable demeanor gazed;
So vitally her form and features changed,
He thought his own clear senses were deranged;

Outraged and desolate she seem'd no more;
He follow'd; stately, she advanced before:
The thickets, at her touch, gave way, and made
A wake of moonlight through their deepest shade.
Anon he found himself on Newbury's plain,
Walking among the dying and the slain;
At every step in blood his foot was dyed,
He heard expiring groans on every side.
The battle-thunder had roll'd by; the smoke
Was vanish'd; calm and bright the morning broke,
While such estrangement o'er his mind was cast,
As though another day and night had past.
There, midst the nameless crowd, oft met his view
An eye, a countenance, which Falkland knew,
But knew not him; — that eye to ice congeal'd,
That countenance by death's blank signet seal'd:
Rebel and royalist alike laid low,
Where friend embraced not friend, but foe grasp'd foe;
Falkland had tears for each, and patriot sighs,
For both were Britons in that Briton's eyes.

Silent before him trod the lofty dame,
Breathlessly looking round her, till they came
Where shatter'd fences mark'd a narrow road:
Tracing that line, with prostrate corpses strow'd,
She turn'd their faces upward, one by one,
Till, suddenly, the newly-risen sun
Shot through the level air a ruddy glow,
That fell upon a visage white as snow;
Then with a groan of agony, so wild,
As if the soul within her spake, — "My child!

My child!" she said, and pointing, shrinking back,
Made way for Falkland. — Prone along the track
(A sight at once that warm'd and thrill'd with awe)
The perfect image of himself he saw,
Shape, feature, limb, the arms, the dress he wore,
And one wide, honorable wound before.
Then flash'd the fire of pride from Falkland's eye,
"'T is glorious for our country thus to die;
'T is sweet to leave an everlasting name,
A heritage of clear and virtuous fame."
While thoughts like these his maddening brain possess'd,
And lightning pulses thunder'd through his breast;
While Falkland living stood o'er Falkland dead,
Fresh at his feet the corse's death-wound bled,
The eye met his with inexpressive glance,
Like the sleep-walker's in benumbing trance,
And o'er the countenance of rigid clay,
The flush of life came quick, then pass'd away;
A momentary pang convulsed the chest,
As though the heart, awaking from unrest,
Broke with the effort; — all again was still;
Chill through his tingling veins the blood ran, chill.
"Can this," he sigh'd, "be virtuous fame and clear?
Ah! what a field of fratricide is here!
Perish who may, — 't is England, England falls;
Triumph who will, — his vanquish'd country calls,
As I have done, — as I will never cease,
While I have breath and being — Peace! peace peace!"

Here stoop'd the matron o'er the dead man's face,
Kiss'd the cold lips, then caught in her embrace
The living Falkland; — as he turn'd to speak,
He felt his mother's tears upon his cheek:
He knew her, own'd her, and at once forgot
All but her earliest love, and his first lot.
Her looks, her tones, her sweet caresses, then
Brought infancy and fairy land again,
— Youth in the morn and maidenhood of life,
Ere fortune curst his father's house with strife,
And in an age when nature's laws were changed,
Mother and son, as heaven from earth, estranged.*

"Oh, Falkland! Falkland!" when her voice found speech,
The lady cried; then took a hand of each,
And joining clasp'd them in her own, — "My son!
Behold thyself, for thou and he are one."
The dead man's hand grasp'd Falkland's with such force,
He fell transform'd into that very corse,
As though the wound which slew his counterpart
That moment sent the death-shot through his heart.

When from that ecstasy he oped his eyes,
He thought his soul translated to the skies;

* There had been unhappy divisions in the family, both with respect to an inheritance which Falkland held from his grandfather, and the religion of his mother, who was a Roman Catholic.

The battle-field had disappear'd; the scene
Had changed to beauty, silent and serene;
City nor country look'd as heretofore;
A hundred years and half a hundred more
Had travell'd o'er him while entranced he lay;
England appear'd as England at *this* day,
In arts, arms, commerce, enterprise, and power,
Beyond the dreams of his devoutest hour,
When, with prophetic call, the patriot brought
Ages to come before creative thought.

With doubt, fear, joy, he look'd above, beneath,
Felt his own pulse, inhaled, and tried to breathe;
Next raised an arm, advanced a foot, then broke
Silence, yet only in a whisper spoke:
"My mother! are we risen from the tomb?
Is this the morning of the day of doom?"
No answer came; his mother was not there,
But, tall and beautiful beyond compare,
One, who might well have been an angel's bride,
Were angels mortal, glitter'd at his side.
It seem'd some mighty wizard had unseal'd
The book of fate, and in that hour reveal'd
The object of a passion all his own,
— A lady unexistent, or unknown,
Whose saintly image, in his heart enshrined,
Was but an emanation of his mind,
The ideal form of glory, goodness, truth,
Embodied now in all the flush of youth,
Yet not too exquisite to look upon:
He kneel'd to kiss her hand, — the spell was gone.

Even while his brain the dear illusion cross'd,
Her form of soft humanity was lost.
— Then, nymph nor goddess, of poetic birth,
E'er graced Jove's heaven, or stept on classic earth,
Like her in majesty; — the stars came down
To wreathe her forehead with a fadeless crown;
The sky enrobed her with ethereal blue,
And girt with orient clouds of many a hue;
The sun, enamour'd of that loveliest sight,
So veil'd his face with her benigner light, [streams,
That woods and mountains, valleys, rocks, and
Were only visible in her pure beams.

While Falkland, pale and trembling with surprise,
Admired the change, her stature seem'd to rise,
Till from the ground, on which no shadow spread,
To the arch'd firmament she rear'd her head;
And in the' horizon's infinite expanse,
He saw the British islands at a glance,
With intervening and encircling seas,
O'er which, from every port, with every breeze,
Exulting ships were sailing to all realms,
Whence vessels came, with strangers at their helms,
On Albion's shores all climes rejoiced to meet,
And pour their native treasures at her feet.

Then Falkland, in that glorious dame, descried
Not a dead parent, nor a phantom bride,
But *her* who ruled his soul, in either part,
At once the spouse and mother of his heart,

— His country, thus personified, in grace
And grandeur unconceived, before his face.
Then spake a voice, as from the primal sphere,
Heard by his spirit rather than his ear: —

"Henceforth let civil war for ever cease;
Henceforth, my sons and daughters, dwell in peace,
Amidst the ocean-waves that never rest,
My lovely Isle, be thou the halcyon's nest;
Amidst the nations, evermore in arms,
Be thou a haven, safe from all alarms;
Alone immovable 'midst ruins stand,
The' unfailing hope of every failing land:
To thee for refuge kings enthroned repair;
Slaves flock to breathe the freedom of thine air.
Hither, from chains and yokes, let exiles bend
Their footsteps; here the friendless find a friend;
The country of mankind shall Britain be,
The home of peace, the whole world's sanctuary."

The pageant fled; 't was but a dream: he woke,
And found himself beneath the Druid-oak,
Where first the phantom on his vigil broke.

Around him gleam'd the morn's reviving light;
But distant trumpets summon'd to the fight,
And Falkland slept among the slain at night.

1831.

THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD.

In the achievement of Arnold de Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss insurgents secured the freedom of their country, against the power of Austria, in the fourteenth century.

"MAKE way for liberty!" he cried,
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood;
A wall, — where every conscious stone
Seem'd to its kindred thousands grown,
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear:
A wood, — like that enchanted grove *
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit imprison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:
So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood.
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrent with projected spears,

* *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto xviii.

Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their father-land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the' ignoble yoke,
And beat their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords,
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd.
Marshall'd once more, at freedom's call
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead or living Tell;
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod,
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burn'd within,
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;

Where'er the' impatient Switzers gazed,
The' unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet:
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour
Annihilates the' invader's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 't were a secret known,
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him, — Arnold Winkelried;
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmark'd he stood amidst the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,

And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And by the' uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 't was no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points cross'd from side to side;
He bow'd amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly,
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart,
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

Redcar, 1827.

THE VOYAGE OF THE BLIND.

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark."
MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

The subject of the following poem was suggested by certain well-authenticated facts, published at Paris, in a medical journal, some years ago; of which a few particulars may be given here.

The ship *Le Rodeur*, Captain B., of two hundred tons' burden, left Havre on the 24th of January, 1819, for the coast of Africa, and reached her destination on the 14th of March following, anchoring at Bonny, on the river Calabar. The crew, consisting of twenty-two men, enjoyed good health during the outward voyage, and during their stay at Bonny, where they continued till the 6th of April. They had observed no trace of ophthalmia among the natives; and it was not until fifteen days after they had set sail on the return voyage, and the vessel was near the equator that they perceived the first symptoms of this frightful malady. It was then remarked, that the negroes, who, to the number of one hundred and sixty, were crowded together in the hold, and between the decks, had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes, which spread with singular rapidity. No great attention was at first paid to these symptoms, which were thought to be caused only by the want of air in the hold, and by the scarcity of water, which had already begun to be felt. At this time they were limited to eight ounces of water a day for each person, which quantity was afterwards reduced to the half of a wine-glass. By the advice of M. Maugnan, the surgeon of the ship, the negroes, who had hitherto remained shut up in the hold, were brought upon deck in succession, in order that they might breathe a purer air. But it became necessary to abandon this expedient, salutary as it was, because many of the negroes, affected with *nostalgia* (a passionate longing to return to their native land), threw themselves into the sea locked in each other's arms.

The disease which had spread itself so rapidly and frightfully among the Africans, soon began to infect all on board. The danger also was greatly increased by a malignant dysentery which prevailed at the time. The first of the crew who caught it was a sailor who slept under the deck near the grated hatch which communicated with the hold. The next day a landsman was seized with ophthalmia; and in three

days more the captain and the whole ship's company except one sailor, who remained at the helm, were blinded by the disorder.

"All means of cure which the surgeon employed, while he was able to act, proved ineffectual. The sufferings of the crew, which were otherwise intense, were aggravated by apprehension of revolt among the negroes, and the dread of not being able to reach the West Indies, if the only sailor who had hitherto escaped the contagion, and on whom their whole hope rested, should lose his sight like the rest. This calamity had actually befallen the *Leon*, a Spanish vessel which the Rodeur met on her passage, and the whole of whose crew, having become blind, were under the necessity of altogether abandoning the direction of their ship. These unhappy creatures, as they passed, earnestly entreated the charitable interference of the seamen of the Rodeur; but these, under their own affliction, could neither quit their vessel to go on board the Leon, nor receive the crew of the latter into the Rodeur, where, on account of the cargo of negroes, there was scarcely room for themselves. The vessels, therefore, soon parted company, and the Leon was never seen or heard of again, so far as could be traced at the publication of this narrative. In all probability, then, it was lost. On the fate of *this* vessel the poem is founded.

"The Rodeur reached Guadaloupe on the 21st of June, 1819; her crew being in a most deplorable condition. Of the negroes, thirty-seven had become perfectly blind, twelve had lost each an eye, and fourteen remained otherwise blemished by the disease. Of the crew, twelve, including the surgeon, had entirely lost their sight; five escaped with an eye each, and four were partially injured."

PART I.

O'ER Africa the morning broke,
  And many a negro-land reveal'd,
From Europe's eye and Europe's yoke,
  In nature's inmost heart conceal'd:
Here roll'd the Nile his glittering train,
From Ethiopia to the main;
And Niger there uncoil'd his length,
That hides his fountain and his strength,
  Among the realms of noon;
Casting away their robes of night,

Forth stood in nakedness of light,
The mountains of the moon.

Hush'd were the howlings of the wild,
The leopard in his den lay prone;
Man, while creation round him smiled,
Was sad or savage, man alone;
— Down in the dungeons of Algiers,
The Christian captive woke in tears;
— Caffraria's lean, marauding race
Prowl'd forth on pillage or the chase;
— In Libyan solitude,
The' Arabian horseman scour'd along;
— The caravan's obstreperous throng,
Their dusty march pursued.

But woe grew frantic in the west;
A wily rover of the tide
Had mark'd the hour of Afric's rest,
To snatch her children from her side:
At early dawn, to prospering gales,
The eager seamen stretch their sails;
The anchor rises from its sleep
Beneath the rocking of the deep;
Impatient from the shore,
A vessel steals; — she steals away,
Mute as the lion with his prey,
— A human prey *she* bore.

Curst was her trade and contraband,
Therefore that keel, by guilty stealth,

Fled with the darkness from the strand,
Laden with living bales of wealth:
Fair to the eye her streamers play'd
With undulating light and shade;
White from her prow the gurgling foam
Flew backward tow'rds the negro's home,
Like his unheeded sighs;
Sooner that melting foam shall reach
His inland home, than yonder beach
Again salute his eyes.

Tongue hath not language to unfold
The secrets of the space between
That vessel's flanks, — whose dungeon-hold
Hides what the sun hath never seen;
Three hundred writhing prisoners there
Breathe one mephitic blast of air
From lip to lip; — like flame suppress,
It bursts from every tortured breast,
With dreary groans and strong;
Lock'd side to side, they feel by starts,
The beating of each other's hearts,
— Their breaking too, ere long.

Light o'er the blue untroubled sea,
Fancy might deem that vessel held
Her voyage to eternity,
By one unchanging breeze impell'd;
— Eternity is in the sky,
Whose span of distance mocks the eye;

Eternity upon the main,
The horizon there is sought in vain;
  Eternity below
Appears in heaven's inverted face;
And on, through everlasting space,
  The' unbounded billows flow.

Yet, while his wandering bark career'd,
  The master knew, with stern delight,
That full for port her helm was steer'd,
  With aim unerring, day and night.
— Pirate! that port thou ne'er shalt hail;
Thine eye in search of it shall fail:
But, lo! thy slaves expire beneath;
Haste, bring the wretches forth to breathe:
  Brought forth, — away they spring,
And headlong in the whelming tide,
Rescued from thee, their sorrows hide
  Beneath the halcyon's wing.

PART II.

There came an angel of eclipse,
  Who haunts at times the' Atlantic flood,
And smites with blindness, on their ships,
  The captives and the men of blood.
— *Here*, in the hold the blight began,
From eye to eye contagion ran;

Sight, as with burning brands, was quench'd;
None from the fiery trial blench'd,
But, panting for release,
They call'd on death, who, close behind,
Brought pestilence to lead the blind,
From agony to peace.

The twofold plague no power could check;
Unseen its withering arrows flew;
It walk'd in silence on the deck,
And smote from stem to stern the crew:
— As glow-worms dwindle in the shade,
As lamps in charnel-houses fade,
From every orb, with vision fired,
In flitting sparks the light retired;
The sufferers saw it go,
And o'er the ship, the sea, the skies,
Pursued it with their failing eyes,
Till all was black below.

A murmur swell'd along the gale,
All rose, and held their breath to hear;
All look'd, but none could spy a sail,
Although a sail was near;
— "Help! help!" our beckoning sailors cried;
"'Help! help!" a hundred tongues replied:
Then hideous clamor rent the air,
Questions and answers of despair:
Few words the mystery clear'd
The pest had found that second bark,

Where every eye but his was dark,
Whose hand the vessel steer'd.

He, wild with panic, turn'd away,
And thence his shrieking comrades bore;
From either ship the winds convey
Farewells, that soon are heard no more:
— A calm of horror hush'd the waves;
Behold them! — merchant, seamen, slaves,
The blind, the dying, and the dead;
All help, all hope, for ever fled;
Unseen, yet face to face!
Woe past, woe present, woe to come,
Held for a while each victim dumb,
— Impaled upon his place.

It is not in the blood of man
To crouch ingloriously to fate;
Nature will struggle while she can;
Misfortune makes her children great;
The head which lightning hath laid low,
Is hallow'd by the noble blow:
The wretch who yields a felon's breath,
Emerges from the cloud of death,
A spirit on the storm:
But virtue perishing unknown,
Watch'd by the eye of heaven alone,
Is earth's least earthly form.

What were the scenes on board that bark?
The tragedy which none beheld,

When (as the deluge bore the ark),
By power invisible impell'd,
The keel went blindfold through the surge,
Where stream might drift, or tempest urge;
— Plague, famine, thirst, their numbers slew,
And frenzy seized the hardier few
Who yet were spared to try
How everlasting are the pangs,
When life upon a moment hangs,
And death stands mocking by.

Imagination's daring glance
May pierce that vale of mystery,
As in the rapture of a trance,
Things which no eye hath seen to see;
And hear by fits along the gales,
Screams, maniac-laughter, hollow wails:
— They stand, they lie, above, beneath,
Groans of unpitied anguish breathe,
Tears unavailing shed;
Each, in abstraction of despair,
Seems to himself a hermit there,
Alive among the dead.

Yet respite, — respite from his woes,
Even here, the conscious sufferer feels;
Worn down by torture to repose,
Slumber the vanish'd world reveals:
— Ah! then the eyes, extinct in night,
Again behold the blessed light;

Ah! then the frame of rack'd disease
Lays its delighted limbs at ease;
Swift to his own dear land,
The unfetter'd slave with shouts returns,
Hard by his dreaming tyrant burns
At sight of Cuba's strand.

To blank reality they wake,
In darkness opens every eye:
Peace comes;—the negro's heart-strings break,
To him 't is more than life to die:
— How feels, how fares the man of blood?
In endless exile on the flood,
Rapt, as though fiends his vessel steer'd,
Things which he once believed and fear'd,
— Then scorn'd as idle names, —
Death, judgment, conscience, hell conspire,
With thronging images of fire,
To light up guilt in flames.

Who cried for mercy in that hour,
And found it on the desert sea?
Who to the utmost grasp of power
Wrestled with life's last enemy?
Who, Marius-like, defying fate,
(Marius on fallen Carthage) sate?
Who, through a hurricane of fears,
Clung to the hopes of future years?
And who, with heart unquail'd,
Look'd from time's trembling precipice

Down on eternity's abyss,
  Till breath and footing fail'd?

Is there among this crew not one,
  — One whom a widow'd mother bare, —
Who mourns far off her only son,
  And pours for him her soul in prayer?
Even *now*, when o'er his soften'd thought,
Remembrance of her love is brought,
To soothe death's agony, and dart
A throb of comfort through his heart, —
  Even *now* a mystic knell
Sounds through *her* pulse; — she lifts her eye,
Sees a pale spirit passing by,
  And hears *his* voice, "farewell!"

Mother and son shall meet no more:
  — The floating tomb of its own dead,
That ship shall never reach a shore;
  But, far from track of seamen led,
The sun shall watch it, day by day,
Careering on its lonely way;
Month after month, the moon shine pale
On falling mast and riven sail;
  The stars, from year to year,
Mark the bulged flanks, and sunken deck,
Till not a ruin of the wreck
  On ocean's face appear.

1820.

AN EVERY-DAY TALE.

Written for a benevolent Society in the metropolis, the object of which is to relieve poor women during *the first month of their widowhood*, to preserve what little property they may have from wreck and ruin, in a season of embarrassment, when kindness and good counsel are especially needed; and, so far as may be practicable, to assist the destitute with future means of maintaining themselves and their fatherless children.

"The short and simple annals of the poor." GRAY.

MINE is a tale of every day,
Yet turn not thou thine ear away;
For 't is the bitterest thought of all,
The wormwood *added* to the gall,
That such a wreck of mortal bliss,
That such a weight of woe as this,
Is no strange thing, — but, strange to say!
The tale, the truth of every day.

At Mary's birth, her mother smiled
Upon her first, last, only child,
And, at the sight of that young flower,
Forgot the anguish of her hour;
Her pains return'd; — she soon forgot
Love, joy, hope, sorrow, — she was not.

Her partner stood, like one bereft
Of all; — not all, their babe was left:

By the dead mother's side it slept,
Slept sweetly; — when it woke, it wept.
"Live, Mary, live, and I will be
Father and mother both to thee!"
The mourner cried, and while he spake,
His breaking heart forebore to break;
Faith, courage, patience, from above,
Flew to the help of fainting love.
While o'er his charge that parent yearn'd,
All woman's tenderness he learn'd,
All woman's waking, sleeping care,
— That sleeps not to her babe, — her prayer,
Of power to bring upon its head,
The richest blessings heaven can shed;
All these he learn'd, and lived to say,
"My strength was given me as my day."

So the Red Indian of those woods,
That echo to lake Erie's floods,
Reft of his consort in the wild,
Became the mother of his child!
Nature (herself a mother) saw
His grief, and loosed her kindliest law:
Warm from its fount life's stream, propell'd,
His breasts with sweet nutrition swell'd,
At whose strange springs, his infant drew
Milk, as the rose-bud drinks the dew.

Mary from childhood rose to youth,
In paths of innocence and truth;

— Train'd by her parent, from her birth,
To go to heaven by way of earth,
She was to him, in after-life,
Both as a daughter and a wife.

Meekness, simplicity, and grace,
Adorn'd her speech, her air, her face;
The spirit, through its earthly mould,
Broke, as the lily's leaves unfold;
Her beauty open'd on the sight,
As a star trembles into light.

Love found that maiden; love will find
Way to the coyest maiden's mind;
Love found and tried her many a year,
With hope deferr'd, and boding fear;
To the world's end her hero stray'd;
Tempests and calms his bark delay'd;
What then could her heart-sickness soothe?
"The course of true love ne'er ran smooth!"
Her bosom ached with drear suspense,
Till sharper trouble drove it thence:
Affliction smote her father's brain,
And he became a child again.
Ah! then, the prayers, the pangs, the tears,
He breathed, felt, shed on her young years,
That duteous daughter well repaid,
Till in the grave she saw him laid,
Beneath her mother's church-yard stone:
— *There* first she felt herself alone;

But while she gazed on that cold heap,
Her parents' bed, and could not weep,
A still small whisper seem'd to say,
"Strength shall be given thee as thy day:"
Then rush'd the tears to her relief;
A bow was in the cloud of grief.

Her wanderer now, from clime to clime,
Return'd, unchanged by tide or time,
True as the morning to the sun;
— Mary and William soon were one;
And never rang the village bells
With sweeter falls or merrier swells,
Than while the neighbors, young and old,
Stood at their thresholds, to behold,
And bless them, till they reach'd the spot,
Where woodbines girdled Mary's cot,
Where throstles, perch'd on orchard trees,
Sang to the hum of garden bees:
And there — no longer forced to roam —
William found all the world at home;
Yea more than all the world beside,
— A warm, kind heart to his allied.

Twelve years of humble life they spent,
With food and raiment well content;
In flower of youth and flush of health,
They envied not voluptuous wealth;
The wealth of poverty was theirs,
— Those riches without wings or snares,

Which honest hands, by daily toil,
May dig from every generous soil.
A little farm, while William till'd,
Mary her household cares fulfill'd;
And love, joy, peace, with guileless mirth,
Sate round their table, warm'd their hearth;
Whence rose, like incense, to the skies,
Morning and evening sacrifice,
And contrite spirits found, in prayer,
That home was heaven, for God was there.

Meanwhile the May-flowers on their lands
Were yearly pluck'd by younger hands;
New comers watch'd the swallows float,
And mock'd the cuckoo's double note;
Till, head o'er head, in slanting line,
They stood, — a progeny of nine,
That *might* be ten; — but ere that day,
The father's life was snatch'd away:
Faint from the field one night he came;
Fever had seized his sinewy frame,
And left the strong man, when it pass'd,
Frail as the sere leaf in the blast;
A long, long winter's illness, bow'd
His head; — spring-daisies deck'd his shroud.
Oh! 't was a bitter day for all,
The husband's, father's funeral;
The dead, the living, and the unborn
Met there, — were there asunder torn.

Scarce was he buried out of sight,
Ere his tenth infant sprang to light,
And Mary, from her child-bed throes,
To instant, utter ruin rose;
Harvests had fail'd, and sickness drain'd
Her frugal stock-purse, long retain'd;
Rents, debts, and taxes all fell due,
Claimants were loud, resources few,
Small, and remote; — yet time and care
Her shatter'd fortunes might repair,
If but a friend, — a friend in need, —
Such friend would be a friend indeed, —
Would, by a mite of succor lent,
Wrongs irretrievable prevent!
She look'd around for such an one,
And sigh'd but spake not, —"*Is there none?*"
— Oh! if he come not ere an hour,
All will elapse beyond her power,
And homeless, helpless, hopeless, lost,
Mary on this cold world be tost
With all her babes! * * * * *

Came such a friend? — I must not say;
Mine is a tale of every day:
But wouldst thou know the worst of all,
The wormwood mingled with the gall,
Go visit thou, in their distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And thou shalt find such woe as this,
Such breaking up of earthly bliss,

Is no strange thing, — but, strange to say!
The tale — the truth — of every day.

Go, visit *thou*, in their distress,
THE WIDOW and the FATHERLESS.

1830.

A TALE WITHOUT A NAME.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
— When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

SCOTT'S *Marmion*, canto vi.

PART I.

HE had no friend on earth but thee;
No hope in heaven above;
By day and night, o'er land and sea,
No solace but thy love;
He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
A fugitive like Cain;
And mourn'd like him, in dark despair,
A brother rashly slain.

Rashly, yet not in sudden wrath,
They quarrell'd in their pride,
He sprang upon his brother's path,
And smote him that he died.
A nightmare sat upon his brain,
All stone within he felt;
A death-watch tick'd through every vein,
Till the dire blow was dealt.

As from a dream, in pale surprise,
Waking, the murderer stood;
He met the victim's closing eyes,
He saw his brother's blood:
That blood pursued him on his way,
A living, murmuring stream;
Those eyes before him flash'd dismay,
With ever-dying gleam.

In vain he strove to fly the scene,
And breathe beyond that time;
Tormented memory glared between;
Immortal seem'd his crime:
His thoughts, his words, his actions all
Turn'd on his fallen brother;
That hour he never could recall,
Nor ever live another.

To him the very clouds stood still,
The ground appear'd unchanged;
One light was ever on the hill,
— That hill where'er he ranged:
He heard the brook, the birds, the wind,
Sound in the glen below;
The self-same tree he cower'd behind,
He struck the self-same blow.

Yet was not reason quite o'erthrown,
Nor so benign his lot,
To dwell in frenzied grief alone,
All other woe forgot:

The world within and world around,
Clash'd in perpetual strife;
Present and past close interwound
Through his whole thread of life.

That thread, inextricably spun,
Might reach eternity;
For ever doing, never done,
That moment's deed might be;
This was a worm that would not die,
A fire unquenchable:
Ah! whither shall the sufferer fly?
Fly from a bosom-hell?

He had no friend on earth but thee,
No hope in heaven above;
By day and night, o'er land and sea,
No refuge but thy love;
Not time nor place, nor crime nor shame,
Could change thy spousal truth;
In desolate old age the same
As in the joy of youth.

Not death, but infamy, to 'scape,
He left his native coast;
To death in any other shape,
He long'd to yield the ghost:
But infamy his steps pursued,
And haunted every place,
While death, though like a lover wooed,
Fled from his loathed embrace.

He wander'd here, he wander'd there,
And she his angel-guide, —
The silent spectre of despair,
With mercy at his side;
Whose love and loveliness alone
Shed comfort round his gloom,
— Pale as the monumental stone
That watches o'er a tomb.

PART II.

They cross'd the blue Atlantic flood;
A storm their bark assail'd;
Stern through the hurricane he stood,
All hearts, all efforts fail'd:
With horrid hope, he eyed the waves,
That flash'd like wild-fires dim:
But ocean, 'midst a thousand graves,
Denied a grave to him.

On shore he sought delirious rest,
In crowds of busy men,
When suddenly the yellow pest
Came reeking from its den:
The city vanish'd at its breath;
He caught the taint, and lay
A suppliant at the gate of death,
— Death spurn'd the wretch away

In solitude of streams and rocks,
Mountains and forests dread,
Where nature's free and fearless flocks
At her own hand are fed,
They hid their pangs; — but oh! to live
In peace, — in peace to die, —
Was more than solitude could give,
Or earth's whole round supply.

The swampy wilderness their haunt,
Where fiery panthers prowl,
Serpents their fatal splendors flaunt,
And wolves and lynxes howl;
Where alligators throng the floods,
And reptiles, venom-arm'd,
Infest the air, the fields, the woods,
They slept, they waked unharm'd.

Where the Red Indians, in their ire,
With havoc mark the way,
Skulk in dark ambush, waste with fire,
Or gorge inhuman prey:
Their blood no wild marauder shed;
Secure without defence,
Alike, were his devoted head,
And her meek innocence.

Weary of loneliness, they turn'd
To Europe's carnage-field;
At glory's Moloch-shrine, he burn'd
His hated breath to yield:

He plunged into the hottest strife;
  He dealt the deadliest blows;
To every foe exposed his life;
  Powerless were all his foes.

The iron thunder-bolts, with wings
  Of lightning, shunn'd his course;
Harmless the hail of battle rings,
  The bayonet spends its force;
The sword to smite him flames aloof,
  Descends, — but strikes in vain;
His branded front was weapon-proof,
  He wore the mark of Cain.

"I cannot live, — I cannot die!"
  He mutter'd in despair;
"This curse of immortality,
  O, could I quit, — or bear!"
— Of every frantic hope bereft,
  To meet a nobler doom,
One refuge, — only one, was left, —
  To storm the' unyielding tomb.

Through his own breast the passage lay,
  The steel was in his hand;
But fiends upstarting fenced the way,
  And every nerve unmann'd:
The heart that ached its blood to spill,
  With palsying horror died;
The arm rebellious to his will,
  Hung withering at his side.

O, woman! wonderful in love,
Whose weakness is thy power,
How did thy spirit rise above
The conflict of that hour!
— She found him prostrate; — not a sigh
Escaped her tortured breast,
Nor fell one tear-drop from her eye,
Where torrents were supprest.

Her faithful bosom stay'd his head,
That throbb'd with fever heat;
Her eye serene compassion shed,
Which his could never meet:
Her arms enclasp'd his shuddering frame,
While at his side she kneel'd,
And utter'd nothing but his name,
Yet all her soul reveal'd.

Touch'd to the quick, he gave no sign
By gentle word or tone;
In him affection could not shine,
'T was fire within a stone;
Which no collision by the way
Could startle into light,
Though the poor heart that held it, lay
Wrapt in Cimmerian night.

It was not always thus; — erewhile
The kindness of his youth,
His brow of innocence, and smile
Of unpretending truth, —

Had left such strong delight, — that she
  Would oft recall the time,
And live in golden memory,
  Unconscious of his crime.

Though self-abandon'd now to fate,
  The passive prey of grief,
Sullen, and cold, and desolate,
  He shunn'd, he spurn'd relief:
Still onward in its even course
  Her pure affection press'd,
And pour'd with soft and silent force
  Its sweetness through his breast.

Thus Sodom's melancholy lake
  No turn or current knows;
Nor breeze, nor billow sounding, break
  The horror of repose;
While Jordan, through the sulphurous brine,
  Rolls a translucent stream,
Whose waves with answering beauty shine
  To every changing beam.

PART III.

At length the hardest trial came,
  Again they cross the seas;
The waves their wilder fury tame,
  The storm becomes a breeze:

Homeward their easy course they hold,
And now in radiant view,
The purple forelands, tinged with gold,
Larger and lovelier grew.

The vessel on the tranquil tide
Then seem'd to lie at rest,
While Albion, in maternal pride,
Advanced with open breast
To bid them welcome on the main:
— Both shrunk from her embrace;
Cold grew the pulse through every vein;
He turn'd away his face.

Silent, apart, on deck he stands
In ecstasy of woe;
A brother's blood is on his hands,
He sees, he hears it flow:
Wilder than ocean tempest-wrought,
Though deadly calm his look;
— His partner read his inmost thought,
And strength her limbs forsook.

Then first, then last, a pang she proved
Too exquisite to bear:
She fell, — he caught her, — strangely moved,
Roused from intense despair;
Alive to feelings long unknown,
He wept upon her cheek,
And call'd her in as kind a tone
As love's own lips could speak.

Her spirit heard that voice, and felt
  Arrested on its flight;
Back to the mansion where it dwelt,
  Back from the gates of light,
That open'd paradise in trance,
  It hasten'd from afar,
Quick as the startled seaman's glance
  Turns from the polar star.

She breathed again, look'd up, and lo!
  Those eyes that knew not tears,
With streams of tenderness o'erflow;
  That heart, through hopeless years,
The den of fiends in darkness chain'd,
  That would not, dared not rest,
Affection fervent, pure, unfeign'd,
  In speechless sighs express'd.

Content to live, since now she knew
  What love believed before;
Content to live, since he was true,
  And love could ask no more, —
This vow to righteous heaven she made,
  — "Whatever ills befall,
Patient, unshrinking, undismay'd,
  I'll freely suffer all."

They land, — they take the wonted road,
  By twice ten years estranged;
The trees, the fields, their old abode,
  Objects and men had changed:

Familiar faces, forms endear'd,
Each well-remember'd name,
From earth itself had disappear'd,
Or seem'd no more the same.

The old were dead, the young were old;
Children to men had sprung;
And every eye to them was cold,
And silent every tongue;
Friendless, companionless, they roam
Amidst their native scene;
In drearier banishment at home,
Than savage climes had been.

PART IV.

Yet worse she fear'd; — nor long they lay
In safety or suspense;
Unslumbering justice seized her prey,
And dragg'd the culprit thence:
Amid the dungeons darken'd walls,
Down on the cold damp floor,
A wreck of misery he falls,
Close to the bolted door.

And she is gone, — while he remains,
Bewilder'd in the gloom,
To brood in solitude and chains
Upon a felon's doom:

Yes she is gone, — and he forlorn
Must groan the night away,
And long to see her face at morn,
More welcome than the day.

The morning comes, — she reappears
With grief-dissembling wiles;
A sad serenity of tears,
An agony of smiles,
Her looks assume; his spectral woes
Are vanish'd at the sight;
And all within him seem'd repose,
And all around him light.

Never since that mysterious hour,
When kindred blood was spilt, —
Never had aught in nature power
To soothe corroding guilt,
Till the glad moment when she cross'd
The threshold of that place,
And the wild rapture, when he lost
Himself in her embrace.

Even then, while on her neck he hung,
Ere yet a word they spoke,
As by a fiery serpent stung,
Away at once he broke:
Frenzy, remorse, confusion, burst
In tempest o'er his brain;
He felt accused, condemn'd, accurst,
He was himself again.

Days, weeks, and months, had mark'd the flight
Of time's unwearied wing,
Ere winter's long, lugubrious night
Relented into spring:
To him who pined for death's release,
An age the space between!
To her who could not hope for peace,
How fugitive the scene!

In vain she chid forewarning fears,
In vain repress'd her woe,
Alone, unseen, her sighs and tears
Would freely heave and flow:
Yet ever in his sight, by day,
Her looks were calm and kind,
And when at evening torn away,
She left her soul behind.

Hark! — hark! — the Judge is at the gate,
The trumpets' thrilling tones
Ring through the cells, the voice of fate!
Reëchoed thence in groans:
The sound hath reach'd her ear, — she stands,
In marble chillness dumb;
He too hath heard, and smites his hands:
"I come," he cried, "I come."

Before the dread tribunal now,
Firm in collected pride,
Without a scowl upon his brow,
Without a pang to hide,

He stood; — superior in that hour
To recreant fear and shame;
Peril itself inspired the power
To meet the worst that came.

'T was like the tempest when he sought
Fate in the swallowing flood;
'T was like the battle, when he fought
For death through seas of blood:
— A violence which soon must break
The heart that would not bend,
— A heart that almost ceased to ache
In hope of such an end.

On him, while every eye was fix'd,
And every lip express'd,
Without a voice, the rage unmix'd,
That boil'd in every breast;
It seem'd, as though that deed abhorr'd,
In years far distant done,
Had cut asunder every cord
Of fellowship but one, —

That *one* indissolubly bound
A feeble woman's heart:
— Faithful in every trial found,
Long had she borne her part;
Now at his helpless side alone,
Girt with infuriate crowds,
Like the new moon her meekness shone,
Pale through a gulf of clouds.

Ah! well might every bosom yearn,
Responsive to her sigh;
And every visage, dark and stern,
Soften beneath that eye:
Ah! well might every lip of gall,
The unutter'd curse suspend;
Its tones for her in blessings fall,
Its breath in prayer ascend.

"Guilty!" — that thunder-striking sound,
All shudder'd when they heard;
A burst of horrid joy around
Hail'd the tremendous word;
Check'd in a moment, — *she* was there!
The instinctive groan was hush'd;
Nature, that forced it, cried, — "Forbear;"
Indignant justice blush'd.

PART V.

One woe is past, another speeds
To brand and seal his doom;
The third day's failing beam recedes,
She watch'd it into gloom:
That night, how swift in its career,
It flew from sun to sun!
That night, the last of many a dear,
And many a dolorous one! —

That night, by special grace she wakes
In the lone convict's cell,
With him for whom the morrow breaks,
To light to heaven or hell:
Dread sounds of preparation rend
The dungeon's ponderous roof;
The hammer's doubling strokes descend,
The scaffold creaks aloof.

She watch'd his features through the shade,
Which glimmering embers broke;
Both from their inmost spirit pray'd;
They pray'd, but seldom spoke:
Moments meanwhile were years to him;
Her grief forgot their flight,
Till on the hearth the fire grew dim;
She turn'd, and lo! the light; —

The light less welcome to her eyes,
The loveliest light of morn,
Than the dark glare of felons' eyes
Through grated cells forlorn:
The cool fresh breeze from heaven that blew,
The free lark's mounting strains,
She felt in drops of icy dew,
She heard, like groans and chains.

"Farewell!" — 't was but a word, yet more
Was utter'd in that sound,
Than love had ever told before,
Or sorrow yet had found:

They kiss like meeting flames, — they part,
Like flames asunder driven;
Lip cleaves to lip, heart beats on heart
Till soul from soul is riven.

Quick hurried thence, — the sullen bell
Its pausing peal began;
She hearkens, — 'tis the dying knell,
Rung for the living man:
The mourner reach'd her lonely bower,
Fell on her widow'd bed,
And found, through one entrancing hour,
The quiet of the dead.

She woke, — and knew he was no more:
"Thy dream of life is past;
That pang with thee, that pang is o'er,
The bitterest and the last!"
She cried: — then scenes of sad amaze
Flash'd on her inward eye;
A field, a troop, a crowd to gaze,
A murderer led to die!

He eyed the ignominious tree,
Look'd round, but saw no friend;
Was plunged into eternity;
— Is this — is this the end?
Her spirit follow'd him afar
Into the world unknown,
And saw him standing at that bar,
Where each must stand alone.

Silence and darkness hide the rest
— Long she survived to mourn;
But peace sprang up within her breast,
From trouble meekly borne:
And higher, holier joys had she,
A Christian's hopes above,
The prize of suffering constancy,
The crown of faithful love.

1821.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

A TALE FOR CHILDREN: FOUNDED ON FACTS.

She had a secret of her own,
That little girl of whom we speak,
O'er which she oft would muse alone,
Till the blush came across her cheek,
A rosy cloud, that glow'd awhile,
Then melted in a sunny smile.

There was so much to charm the eye,
So much to move delightful thought,
Awake at night she loved to lie,
Darkness to her that image brought;
She murmur'd of it in her dreams,
Like the low sounds of gurgling streams.

What secret thus the soul possess'd
Of one so young and innocent?
Oh! nothing but a robin's nest,
O'er which in ecstasy she bent;
That treasure she herself had found,
With five brown eggs, upon the ground.

When first it flash'd upon her sight,
Bolt flew the dam above her head;

She stoop'd, and almost shriek'd with fright;
  But spying soon that little bed
With feathers, moss, and horse-hairs twined,
Rapture and wonder fill'd her mind.

Breathless and beautiful she stood,
  Her ringlets o'er her bosom fell;
With hands uplift, in attitude,
  As though a pulse might break the spell,
While through the shade her pale, fine face
Shone like a star amidst the place.

She stood so silent, stay'd so long,
  The parent-birds forgot their fear;
Cock-robin trill'd his small, sweet song,
  In notes like dew-drops trembling, clear;
From spray to spray the shyer hen
Dropt softly on her nest again.

There Lucy mark'd her slender bill
  On this side, and on that her tail,
Peer'd o'er the edge, — while, fix'd and still,
  Two bright black eyes her own assail,
Which, in eye language, seem'd to say,
"Peep, pretty maiden! then, away!"

Away, away at length she crept,
  So pleased, she knew not how she trode,
Yet light on tottering tiptoe stept,
  As if birds' eggs strew'd all the road;

With folded arms, and lips compress'd,
To keep her joy within her breast.

Morn, noon, and eve, from day to day,
By stealth she visited that spot:
Alike her lessons and her play
Were slightly conn'd, or half forgot;
And when the callow young were hatch'd,
With infant fondness Lucy watch'd:—

Watch'd the kind parents dealing food
To clamorous suppliants all agape;
Watch'd the small, naked, unform'd brood
Improve in size, and plume, and shape,
Till feathers clad the fluttering things,
And the whole group seem'd bills and wings.

Unconsciously within her breast,
Where many a brooding fancy lay,
She plann'd to bear the tiny nest,
And chirping choristers away,
In stately cage to tune their throats,
And learn untaught their mother-notes.

One morn, when fairly fledged for flight,
Blithe Lucy, on her visit, found
What seem'd a necklace, glittering bright,
Twined round the nest, twined round and round,
With emeralds, pearls, and sapphires set,
Rich as my lady's coronet.

She stretch'd her hand to seize the prize,
When up a serpent popt its head,
But glid like wild-fire from her eyes,
Hissing and rustling as it fled;
She utter'd one short shrilling scream,
Then stood, as startled from a dream.

Her brother Tom, who long had known
That something drew her feet that way,
Curious to catch her there alone,
Had follow'd her that fine May-day;
— Lucy, bewilder'd by her trance,
Came to herself at his first glance.

Then in her eyes sprang welcome tears;
They fell as showers in April fall;
He kiss'd her, coax'd her, soothed her fears,
Till she in frankness told him all:
— Tom was a bold, adventurous boy,
And heard the dreadful tale with joy.

For he had learnt, — in some far land, —
How children catch the sleeping snake;
Eager himself to try his hand,
He cut a hazel from the brake,
And like a hero set to work,
To make a lithe, long-handled fork.

Brother and sister then withdrew,
Leaving the nestlings safely there;

Between their heads the mother flew,
Prompt to resume her nursery care:
But Tom, whose breast for glory burn'd,
In less than half an hour return'd.

With him came Ned, as cool and sly
As Tom was resolute and stout;
So fair and softly, they drew nigh,
Cowering and keeping sharp look-out,
Till they had reach'd the copse, — to see,
But not alarm the enemy.

Guess, with what transport they descried,
How, as before, the serpent lay
Coil'd round the nest, in slumbering pride; —
The urchins chuckled o'er their prey,
And Tom's right hand was lifted soon,
Like Greenland whaler's with harpoon.

Across its neck the fork he brought,
And pinn'd it fast upon the ground;
The reptile woke, and quick as thought
Curl'd round the stick, curl'd round and round;
While, head and tail, Ned's nimble hands
Tied at each end, with pack-thread bands.

Scarce was the enemy secured,
When Lucy timidly drew near,
But by their shouting well assured,
Eyed the green captive void of fear;

The lads, stark wild with victory, flung
Their caps aloft, — they danced, they sung.

But Lucy, with an anxious look,
Turn'd to her own dear nest, when lo!
To legs and wings the young ones took,
Hopping and tumbling to and fro;
The parents chattering from above
With all the earnestness of love.

Alighting now among their train,
They peck'd them on new feats to try;
But many a lesson seem'd in vain,
Before the giddy things would fly:
Lucy both laugh'd and cried, to see
How ill they play'd at liberty.

I need not tell the snake's sad doom,
You may be sure he lived not long;
Cork'd in a bottle for a tomb,
Preserved in spirits and in song,
His skin in Tom's museum shines,
You read his story in these lines.

1831.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DANTE.

UGOLINO AND RUGGIERI.

The sufferings of Ugolino on earth, and his cannibal revenge in hell, on his betrayer and murderer, Ruggieri, are better known in this country than any other part of the Divina Commedia, having been often translated, and several times made the subject of painting, especially in the rival pictures of Reynolds and Fuseli. One version more may be tolerated, and it will probably be long before it can be said that yet another is not wanted, to give the English reader an adequate idea of the poet's power in the delineation, — not so much of the supernatural horrors of his infernal caverns, as of a real earthly scene (like the death by starvation in the dungeon of a father and his four innocent children), "so simply, so severely great," that of the narrative, in his own Italian, it may be said,

"The force of nature could no further go."

Ugolino, Count of Gherardesca, having united with the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini to expel his own nephew, Nino Giudice di Gallura from the sovereignty of Pisa, seized it for himself. But the archbishop soon turned against him, and being supported by Lanfranchi, Sismondi, and Gualandi, three of the principal inhabitants, they raised a tumult in the city, during which Ugolino was dragged from his palace, and with his two sons, and their two sons (he calls all four his children in the story), imprisoned in a tower on the Piazza degli Anziani, for several months, at the expiration of which the portals were all locked, and the keys thrown into the river Arno: the miserable captives being thus left to perish with hunger, whence the hold itself obtained the name of "*Famine*." With great skill, to produce the most pathetic impression, as well as with consummate knowledge of human nature, Dante makes Ugolino dwell wholly on the treachery and cruelty exercised towards himself, without any allusion to his own atrocious injustice towards his nephew, for which he is doomed to the second round of the ninth or lowest gulf of Hell, with no mitigation of the pains of eternal hunger

except the ravenous feast, like that of the eagle on the liver of Prometheus, upon the never-satisfying and never-wasting brain of the traitor Ruggieri.

Dante (accompanied by Virgil, his conductor,) finds in this department of "the doleful city" the victims tormented variously, according to their crimes,

"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;"

and, among others, the two personages aforenamed.

SCARCE had we parted thence, when I beheld
Two in one well of ice, so grouped together
The head of one to the other seem'd the cowl,
While, like a hungry man devouring bread,
The uppermost had fasten'd with his teeth
Upon the lower, where skull and neck are join'd;
Nor more voraciously did Tydeus tear
The front of Menalippus, in his rage,*
Than on that head and brain the' assailant prey'd.

"O thou!" I cried, "who show'st by such brute token
Hatred to him whom thou devourest, say,
Why dost thou so? — I ask on this condition,
That knowing who thou art, and what his crime,
If thou have cause of wrong against thy victim,
I yet may right thee in the upper world,
Should *that* with which I speak be not dried up."

Dell' Inferno, canto xxxii.

The sinner paused amidst his dire repast,
And wiped his mouth upon the hairy scalp

* STATIUS, *Theb.* l. vii.

Of him whose head he raven'd on behind,
Then answer'd: —
"Thou wouldst have me to renew
Horrible pangs, of which the very thought
So wrings my heart, I scarce find power for utterance
Yet if my words prove seed, of which the traitor,
Whom thus I gnaw, may reap the' accursed fruit,
Thou shalt behold me weep and speak at once.

"I know not who thou art, nor by what means
Thou hast come hither, but a Florentine,
By speech, I deem thee. — Know me, then,
Count Ugolino, — this, the' Archbishop Ruggier,
And why I'm such a neighbor thou shalt hear.
— I need not say how, by his foul devices,
Reposing on his faith, I was ensnared, [thee,
And murder'd: — but, what cannot have been told
How cruel was that murder, thou shalt know;
Then judge if he have injured me or not.

"When the small casement of that dungeon cage,
Which hath from me the name of 'Famine,' — where
Others may yet be left like me to perish, —
Through its dim aperture, had more than once
Shown the new moon, an evil sleep fell on me,
Which from the future rent the veil.
— Methought
This wretch, as lord and master of the field,
Hunted a he-wolf and his whelps along
The mountain which from Pisa shadows Lucca.

With meagre, staunch, and noble-blooded hounds,
Gualandi, and Sismondi, and Lanfranchi
Swept on before him. — After a short chase,
Parent and young fell, fainting from fatigue,
And with keen fangs I saw them torn to pieces.

"When I awoke at daybreak, — in their sleep,
I heard my children moan, and ask for bread
(For they were with me); — cruel is thine heart
If it grieves not for what mine then foreboded,
And if thou weep'st not now, what wilt thou weep for
— Ere long they woke; the hour drew nigh when food
Was wont to be brought to us; but in each
Secret misgivings from his dream arose;
And of the horrible tower, I heard the portal
Lock'd underneath our cell. Thereat I look'd
Full on my children, but spake not a word,
Nor wept, so petrified I felt within.
They wept, and little Anselm said to me,
'You look so, father! Ah! what mean those looks?
Still I wept not, nor answer'd all that day,
Nor the next night.
At sunrise on the morrow,
When a faint ray gleam'd through our doleful prison,
And in four haggard faces show'd me mine,
I worried both my hands with agony:
They, thinking that I did so in the rage
Of hunger, all together rose and cried,
Father! 't will hurt us less if you will feed

On us; you clothed these limbs with suffering flesh,
Now strip them!'
Then I quieted myself,
Not to make them more wretched. — All that day,
And all the next, we sat, and held our peace;
Ah! earth, hard earth! why didst thou not then open?

"When we had linger'd on till the fourth day,
My Gaddo threw himself down at my feet,
Crying, 'My father! why do you not help me?'
Then died. — As plainly as thou seest me now,
I saw the other three fall, one by one,
Between the fifth day and the sixth. Then blind
I groped about to feel and clasp their bodies;
Three days I call'd them by their names, though dead,
Then famine did for me what grief could not."

Dell' Inferno, canto xxxiii.

MAESTRO ADAMO.

The hideously comic interview and adventure with Maestro Adamo (Master Adam), the coiner, — in another of the lower rounds of the infernal gulf, where traitors of the baser sort are tormented with unappeasable thirst, in various diseases that excite it, — is thoroughly *Dantesque*, but in the poet's coarser vein. It may form a singular companion-piece to the fearfully sublime, but simply told and tenderly affecting, narrative of Count Ugolino.

I saw one shapen like a lute, had he
Been shorten'd where the man becomes a fork; *
Enormous dropsy (which had swoln his limbs
With stagnant humors, till his ghastly cheek
But ill agreed with his unwieldy paunch,)
Made him, for thirst, gasp like a hectic, — one
Lip lolling on his chin, upcurl'd the other.

"Oh! you," he cried, "that without pain (though why
I know not) pass through this unhappy world,
Hear, and mark well the sorrows of Adāmo;
Living, I had whatever heart could wish,
And now, alas! I lack a drop of water.
The murmuring rivulets down the verdant hill

* The strange phrase employed in the original quaintly signifies,
— "if he had been shortened from the waist."

Of Cassentino, flowing into Arno,
Which keep their little channels moist and cool,
Are ever in mine eye; — and not in vain,
For their sweet images inflame my thirst
More than the malady that shrinks my visage.
The rigid justice, which torments me here,
Even from the place where I committed sin,
Draws means to mock and multiply my groans;
Romena stands before me, where I forged
The lawful coin and Baptist's seal, for which
I left my wretched body in the flames.*
— Yet could I spy the woeful ghost of Guido,
Of Alessandro, or their brother, here,
I would not quit the sight for Brandra's fountain!
Somewhere among these pits dwells one, — if truth
Be told by those mad souls that roam at large, —
But what is that to me whose limbs are bound?
Oh! were I light enough to move an inch
A century, I had set out ere now
In search of him among the hideous throng,
Through all the eleven long miles of this sad circle,
Which hath not less than half a mile in breadth!
They brought me to this family of fiends,
They tempted me to falsify the florin,
And mix it with three carats of alloy."

* This miserable culprit had been a metallurgist of Brescia, who, at the instance of Guido, Alessandro, and Aginulpho, three nobles of Romena, counterfeited the gold florin of Tuscany which bore the impress of the Baptist's head. — Branda is a beautiful fountain at Siena.

Then I to him: — "And who are these two wretches,
That smoke like hands in winter plunged through snow
Lying close fetter'd on the right of thee?"

"I found them here, and they have never stirr'd
Since I was dropt into this ditch," he answer'd;
"One's the false woman who accused young Joseph,
And t'other Sinon, the false Greek at Troy,
Who, in the excruciate pangs of putrid fever,
Send up such steam."

That moment one of them,
Wroth to be named so ignominiously,
Struck with the fist on his distended hide,
That thunder'd like a drum; — but Master Adam
Repaid the blow upon the assailant's face,
Not less afflictive, with his arm; exclaiming,
"Though reft of locomotion, being so large,
I have a hand at liberty for *that*."

To whom the other: — "Thou wert not so prompt,
When thou wast going to the stake; and yet
More prompt than now when thou didst stamp the coin."

"Thou speak'st the truth," the dropsical replied,
"But not so at Troy, when truth was ask'd thee."

"False words I utter'd then, as thou false money;

If for one crime I suffer, thou art damn'd
For more than any demon here," quoth Sinon.

"Remember! perjured one, the hollow horse,
With its full belly," Adam cried, "and stand
Guilty through all the world."

"Stand guilty thou!"
The Greek retorted; "witness that huge round,
That quagmire, which ingulfs thee in thyself."

The coiner then: — "Thy mouth for evilspeaking
Is quite as open as it wont to be;
If I have drought while humors swell me up,
Thou haste a burning heart and aching head,
And wouldst not need much coaxing to the task
To lap the mirror of Narcissus dry."

I stood all fix'd to hear them. — "Little more
Would make me quarrel with thee; so be warn'd,"
Cried Virgil: — when I heard him speak in warmth,
I turn'd about, and color'd with such shame,
The very thought brings back the blush upon me.
Like one who dreams of harm befalling him,
And dreaming wishes it may *be* a dream,
Desiring that which *is* as though it *were not*,
So I, unable to excuse myself
(For I stood mute), excused myself the more,
Unwittingly. — "Less shame than thine might make
Atonement for a greater fault than thine,"

My Master said, "so cast away thy sadness;
And know that I am ever at thy side;
If fortune brings thee where such knaves fall out,
— To love their broils betrays a base-born mind."

Dell' Inferno, canto xxx.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

There is no circumstance in the whole compass of the *Divina commedia* more exquisitely imagined than the *unfelt* swiftness with which Dante and Beatrice, by the mere act of volition on their part, are transported from planet to planet in the *Paradiso*; nor is the *evidence* of their *arrival* at each new stage, in the increased loveliness of the lady to the eyes of the poet, less delicately conceived.

I FELT not our ascension to that star,
But soon of this my lady gave me warning,
For she had grown more beautiful.
Del Paradiso, canto viii.

Their first flight from the Hill of Purgatory was to the moon. Their entrance within the sphere of "that eternal pearl" is thus described.

The native-born and everlasting thirst
For that pure realm, resembling God himself,
Carried us thither, swift as move the heavens.

My lady look'd aloof, and I on her
Then, in as brief a space as, on the string,
An arrow rests, escapes, and flits away,*

* The same comparison is used on another like occasion, with a singular though minute variation.

And as an arrow hits the mark, before
The cord hath ceased to tremble on the bow,
Thus had we reach'd the second region.
Del Paradiso, canto v.

I found myself transported, and arrived,
Where a strange thing surprised me; but my guide,
From whom nought in my heart could be conceal'd,
Turn'd, with a sweet and gracious countenance,
Exclaiming, "Now, thank God! that we have reach'd
The nearest star." * — Methought a lucid, dense,
And brilliant cloud, like diamond, which the sun
Transpierces, compass'd us on every side:
Within the orb of that eternal pearl,
We enter'd, — as a ray of light pervades
The crystal wave, united yet unbroken."

Del Paradiso, canto ii.

The sign which spiritual intelligences in heaven give of their desire to converse with the travellers that visit their respective abodes, by shining out from among their companions with intenser lustre, is of the same happy character of thought with the idea of Beatrice's beauty brightening as she mounts from sphere to sphere.

She ceased, and seem'd to enter a new round
Within the wheel where she revolved before; †
That other ardor, known to me already,
Now flash'd out marvellously upon my sight,
Like a fine ruby smitten by the sun;
For joy in heaven brings splendor, as it brings
Laughter on earth; — but, in the abyss of hell,
Horror grows blacker as the mind more sad.

Del Paradiso, canto ix.

* The moon.

† A mystic dance, most curiously described in the original, in which the celestials are engaged.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The greater part of the *Paradiso*, — while it exemplifies, almost beyond example, the power of human language to vary a few ideas and images in themselves so simple, pure, and hallowed, that they hardly can be altered from their established associations without being degraded, — shows also the utter impotence of any other terms than those which Scripture has employed "as in a glass darkly," — and who can *there* add light? — to body forth what eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive. One elaborate specimen (however defective the translation may be) will elucidate this failure even in the noble original, which, like its ineffable theme, in this part is "dark with excessive light." The poet here copies more directly than he is wont from the sacred Oracles; or, as in the sublime simile of the rock, illustrates his subject with not unworthy natural objects; at the same time, with characteristic ingenuousness, he explains his own feelings on beholding "things which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

As sudden lightning dissipates the sight,
And leaves the eye unable to discern
The plainest objects, — living light so flash'd
Around me, and involved me in a veil
Of such effulgence, that I *ceased to see.*
"Thus Love, which soothes this heaven, all kindly fits
The torch to take his flame!" * — These few, brief words
Had scarcely reach'd mine ear, when I perceived
Power from on high diffuse such virtue through me,
And so rekindle vision, that no flame,

* Beatrice addresses this remark to Dante.

However pure, could 'scape mine eyes.
I saw
Light, like a river clear as crystal, flowing
Between two banks with wondrous spring adorn'd;
While from the current issued vivid sparks,
That fell among the flowers on either hand,
Glitter'd like rubies set in gold, and then,
As if intoxicate with sweetest odors,
Replunged themselves into the mystic flood,
Whence, as one disappear'd, another rose.

"The intense desire that warms and stirs thy thoughts
To understand what thou beholdest, yields
More joy to me, the more it urges thee;
But ere such noble thirst can be assuaged,
Behoves thee first to drink of this clear fount."
The sun that lights mine eyes* thus spake, and added:
—"Yon stream, those jewels flitting to and fro,
And all the joyance of these laughing flowers,
Are shadowy emblems of realities,
Not dark themselves, but the defect is thine,
Who hast not yet obtain'd due strength of vision."

Ah! then, no infant, startled out of sleep,
Long past his time, springs to the mother's milk
More eagerly than o'er that stream I bow'd,
To make more perfect lustres of mine eyes,

* Beatrice.

Which, when the fringes of their lids had touch'd it,
Seem'd, from a line, collapsed into a round.
— As maskers, when they cast their visors off,
Appear new persons, stript of such disguise,
The sparks and flowers assumed sublimer forms,*
And both the courts of heaven were open'd round me.

O splendor of the Deity! by which
The lofty triumph of thy real reign
I saw, — give power to paint it *as* I saw.

There is a light, which renders visible
The Maker to the creature who desires
Felicity in seeing Him alone:
— Though but a ray of uncreated glory,
Sent from the fountain-head of life and power,
It forms a circle, whose circumference
Would be too wide a girdle for the sun:
And, as a cliff in water, from its foot,
Looks down upon its height in that broad mirror,
And seems therein contemplating its beauty,
What verdure clothes, what flowers its flanks adorn,
So, standing round about that sea of glass,
As many souls as earth hath sent to heaven,
Upon ten thousand thrones and more, beheld
Their happy semblances reflected there.

* They were transfigured from symbols into their spiritual identities; and, as intimated below, the sparks were the souls of all the saints who had been removed in past ages to the bliss of heaven.

If, round its lowest stem such pomp appear,
What must the full-expanded foliage show
Of that celestial rose? * and yet my sight,
Through its whole amplitude and elevation,
Gazed unbewilder'd; yea, at once took in
The measure and the amount of all that joy.

Del Paradiso, canto XXX.

* This refers to a dry conceit, which runs through much of the *Paradiso*, arranging the happy spirits throughout the various heavens, in different forms, such as an eagle, a cross, etc., and here a rose.

THE PORTAL OF HELL.

Awfully contrasted with the foregoing dazzling spectacle, but far more real in its picturesque and imaginable grandeur, is the famous description of the entrance upon the infernal regions.

"THROUGH me, ye go into the doleful city,
Through me, ye go into eternal pain,
Through me, ye go among the lost for ever:
'T was justice moved my Founder; Power divine,
Infinite Wisdom and primeval Love,
Ordain'd and fix'd me here. Before me nought
That is existed, save eternal things,
And I unto eternity endure;
— Abandon every hope, all ye that enter!"

These words in sombre colors I beheld
Inscribed upon the summit of a portal:
"'Tis a hard sentence, Master!" I exclaim'd:
When he, like one of ready speech, replied;
"Leave all mistrust, all base misgiving here,
We now have reach'd the place of which I told thee,
Where thou shalt see the miserable throngs,
Who mourn the loss of intellectual good."

Then straightway, in his hand enclasping mine,
With brightening countenance that cheer'd my heart,
He led me down among the things of darkness: —

There sighs, and groans, and lamentable wailings,
So rang throughout that region without star,
That on the threshold I began to weep:
Horrible tongues, discordant languages,
Words full of dolor, accents of sharp anger,
Shrill and hoarse voices, sounds of smitten hands,
Rose in wild tumult, eddying through the gloom,
Like sands before the whirlwind of the desert.

Dell' Inferno, canto iii.

ANTEUS.

Dante and Virgil, in the lowest gulf but one, find the ancient giants bound on rocks or wedged in caverns. From one of these they solicit help, namely,—a lift downward into the last abyss, where Lucifer (three-faced, and eternally worrying at each of his mouths, Judas Iscariot, Brutus, and Cassius,) is embedded in adamantine ice. The negotiation is conducted with great *finesse* on the part of Virgil, who assails the monster on his weak side, the "*laudum immensa cupido*," unextinguished even there, where "hope never comes;" the poet himself, at the same time, betraying, though from the lips of his guide, that pride of conscious power to praise or give renown, which often, and unexpectedly throws a passing glory over his human nature, even when the infirmity of the latter is most frankly confessed.

— We journey'd on, and reach'd Anteus,
Who stood above the pit's mouth five good ells,
Besides his head. — "O thou! who in the field
Of fortune, that made Scipio glory's heir,
When Hannibal with all his veterans fled,
Didst catch an hundred lions for thy prey;
And 't is believed, that, in their war with heaven,
Hadst thou been with thy brethren they had triumph'd,
— *Land us below* — (nay, scowl not thus askance) —
Where cold congeals Cocytus. Force us not
Aid to implore of Tithyus or of Typhon:
This man can give thee what ye covet here;
Bow then, nor grin upon us like a griffin; *

* "Torcer lo grifo," an Italian phrase for "to make an ugly face."

He yet can make thee famous through the world,
For he still lives, and counts on length of days,
If grace remove him not before his time.

So spake my Master, and in haste the giant
Stretch'd forth the hand, whose gripe cramp'd Hercules,
To take us up: — when Virgil felt his grasp,
"Hither," he cried, "come hither, let me hold thee;"
He caught me, and we both became one burden.
Then, as the tower of Carisenda seems
Itself in motion, to the eye beneath,
When a cloud sails above its leaning top;
So seem'd Anteus, when I watch'd him bend,
And wish'd myself elsewhere; but easily,
Down in the gulf that gorges Lucifer
And Judas, he deposited us twain:
Nor stooping staid he, but anon, erect,
Rose like a ship's mast from the rocking surge.

Dell' Inferno, canto xxxi.

CAIN.

If, in the scene with Anteus, the emphasis of silence, and the perspicuity of graphic delineation, are happily exemplified, in the following brief passage the force of mere sounds (where no image or personification is presented to the eye) is made to produce a surprising effect. On one of the sloping mazes of the spiral Hill of Purgatory, the travellers having parted with some agreeable company, which had long engaged them, it is said:—

We knew those friendly spirits heard us going,
Their silence therefore show'd our path was right:
Now left alone, proceeding on our journey,
Like lightning when it rends the region, rush'd
A voice beside us, lamentably crying,
"Ah! every one that findeth me shall slay me!" *
And then it fled, like thunder that explodes,
All in a moment, from the riven cloud:
— Scarce from that sound our ears had truce, when lo!
Brake forth another, with astounding peal,
"I am Aglauros who was turned to stone." †
Closer behind the poet's back I cower'd,
— Then was the air in every quarter still.

Dell' Purgatorio, canto xiv.

* Genesis iv. 14. † Ovid. Metam. lib. ii.

FARINATA.

In the tenth canto of the "Inferno," where heretics are described as being tormented in tombs of fire, the lids of which are suspended over them till the day of judgment, Dante finds Farinata D'Uberti, an illustrious commander of the *Ghibellines* (the adherents of the emperor,) who, at the battle of Monte Aperto, in 1260, had so utterly defeated the *Guelfs* (the Pope's party) of Florence, that the city lay at the mercy of its enemies, by whom counsel was taken to raze it to the ground; but Farinata, because his bowels yearned towards the place of his nativity, stood up alone to oppose the barbarous design; and partly by menace — having drawn his sword in the midst of the assembly — and partly by persuasion, preserved it from destruction. Notwithstanding this patriotic interference, when the Guelfs afterwards regained the ascendency, he and his kindred were most inveterately proscribed there, and doomed to perpetual exile.

The interview between Dante and this magnanimous foe, in those

> "Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
> That comes to all; but torture without end
> Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
> With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."—
> (*Paradise Lost*, book i.)

is painted with transcendent power of coloring, and stern undecorated energy of style. To prepare the reader for well understanding the episode, which abruptly breaks through the order of this high dramatic scene, it is necessary to state that Cavalcante Cavalcanti, whose head appears out of an adjacent sepulchre, was the father of Guido Cavalcanti, a poet, the particular friend of Dante, and chief of the Bianchi party who was banished during his priorship.

"O TUSCAN! Thou, who, through this realm of fire,
Alive dost walk, thus courteously conversing,
Pause, if it please thee here. Thy dialect
Proclaims thy lineage from that noble land,

Which I perhaps too much have wrong'd."
Such sounds
Suddenly issued forth from one of those
Sepulchral caverns. — Tremblingly I crept
A little nearer to my guide; but he
Cried, "Turn again! what would'st thou do? Behold
'T is Farinata, that hath raised himself:
There may'st thou see him, upward from the loins."
— Already had I fix'd mine eyes on his,
Who stood, with bust and visage so erect,
As though he look'd on hell itself with scorn.
My Master then, with prompt and resolute hands,
Thrust me among the charnel-vaults towards him,
Saying: — "Thy words be plain!" When I had
reach'd
His tomb-stone-foot, he look'd at me awhile
As in disdain; then loftily demanded, —
"Who were thine ancestors?"
— Eager to tell,
Nought I conceal'd, but utter'd all the truth.
Arching his brow a little, he return'd,
"Bitter antagonists of mine, of me,
And of my party, were thy sires; but twice
I scatter'd them."
"If scatter'd twice," said I,
"Once and again they came from all sides back,
— A lesson, which *thy* friends have not well learn'd."

Just then, a second figure, at his side,
Emerged to view; unveil'd above the chin,

And kneeling, as methought. — It look'd around
So wistfully, as though it hoped to find
Some other with me; but, that hope dispell'd,
Weeping it spake: — "If through this dungeon-gloom
Grandeur of genius guide thy venturous way,
My son! — Where is he? — and why not with *thee?*"

Then I to him: — "Not of myself I came;
He who awaits me yonder brought me hither,
— One whom perhaps thy Guido held in scorn." *
His speech and form of penance had already
Taught me his name; my words were therefore pointed.
Upstarting he exclaim'd, — "How? — saidst thou *held?*
Lives he not then? and doth not heaven's sweet light
Fall on his eyes?" — when I was slow to answer,
Backward he sunk and re-appear'd no more.

Meanwhile that other most majestic form,
Near which I stood, neither changed countenance,
Nor turn'd his neck, nor lean'd to either side:
"And if," quoth he, our first debate resuming,
"They have not well that lesson learn'd, the thought

* Alluding, it is supposed, to the fact that Guido had forsaken poetry for philosophy, or preferred the latter so much to the former as to think lightly of Virgil himself in comparison with Aristotle.

Torments me more than this infernal bed:
And yet, not fifty times *her* changing face,
Who here reigns sovereign, shall be re-illumined,
Ere *thou* shalt know how hard that lesson is.*
— But tell me — so may'st thou return in peace
To the dear world above! — why are thy people
In all their acts so mad against my race?"

"The slaughter and discomfiture," said I,
"That turn'd the river red at Mont' Aperto,
Have caused such dire proscriptions in our temples."

He shook his head, deep-sighing, and rejoin'd:
"I was not *there* alone, nor without cause
Engaged with others; but I *was* alone,
And stood in her defence with open brow,
When all our council, with one voice, decreed,
That Florence should be razed from her foundation.'

"So may thy kindred find repose, as thou
Shalt loose a knot which hath entangled me!"
Thus I adjured him: — "Ye foresee what time
(If rightly I have learn'd) will bring to pass,
But to the present, otherwise, are blind."

"We see, like him that hath an evil eye,
Far distant things," said he, "so highest God
Enlightens us, but yet when they approach,

* He foretells Dante's own expulsion from his country within fifty lunar months.

Or when they are, our intellect falls short;
Nor can we know, save by report from others,
Aught of the state of man below the sun:
Hence may'st thou comprehend, how all our knowledge
Shall cease for ever from that point, which shuts
The portal of the future."

At that moment,
Compunction smote me for my recent fault,
And I cried out:—"O tell that fallen one,
His son is yet among the living:—say,
That if I falter'd to reply at first,
With that assurance, 't was because my thoughts
Were harass'd by the doubt which thou hast solved."

Dell' Inferno, canto x.

The reader of these lines (however inferior the translation may be) cannot have failed to perceive by what natural action and speech, the paternal anxiety of Cavalcanti respecting his son is indicated. On his bed of torture he hears a voice which he knows to be that of his son's friend: he starts up, looks vagerly about, as expecting to see his son; but observing the friend only, he at once interrupts the dialogue between Dante and Farinata, and in broken exclamations inquires concerning him. The poet happening to employ the past tense of a verb in reference to what his "Guido" might have done, the miserable parent instantly lays hold of that minute circumstance, as an intimation of his death, and asks hurried questions of which he dreads the answers, precisely in the manner of Macduff, when he learns from the messenger that his wife and children had been murdered by Macbeth. Dante hesitating to reply, Cavalcanti takes the worst for granted, falls back in despair, and appears not again. Thus with him

"Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries."

The poet, however, at the close of the scene, unexpectedly

recurs to his own fault with the tenderness of compunction and delicacy due to an unfortunate being, whom he had unintentionally agonized by his silence, and sends a message to the old man that his son yet lives. Contrasted with this trembling sensibility of a father's affection, stronger than death, and outfeeling the pains of hell, is the proud, calm, patient dignity of Farinata, who, though wounded to the quick by the sarcastic retort of Dante, at the instant when the discourse was interrupted, stands unmoved in mind, in look, in posture, till the episode is ended; and then, without the slightest allusion to it, he takes up the suspended argument at the last words of his opponent, as though his thoughts had been all the while ruminating on the disgrace of his friends, the afflictions of his family, and the inextinguishable enmity of his countrymen against himself. His noble rejoinder, on Dante's reference to the carnage at Monte Aperto, as the cause of his people's implacability, is above all praise. Indeed it would be difficult to point out in ancient or modern tragedy, a passage of more sublimity or pathos, in which so few words express so much, yet leave more to be imagined by any one who has "a human heart," as the whole of this scene in the original Italian exhibits.

END OF VOL III.

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